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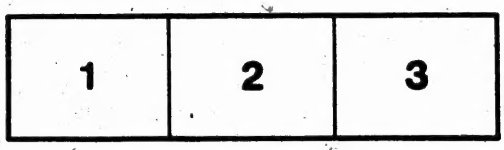

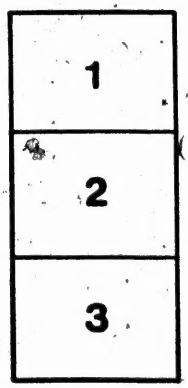

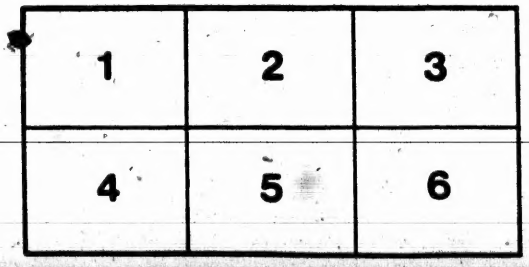

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TRUMPET NOTES

FOR

THE TEMPERANCE BATTLE-FIELD.

A CAREFUL COMPILATION

FROM THE BEST SOURCES, INCLUDING NEW SONGS WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE WORK BY NOTED COMPOSERS,

FOR

TEMPERANCE ASSEMBLIES, GOSPEL TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION MEETINGS, REFORM CLUBS, W. C. T. UNIONS, COUNCILS, ETC., USED IN THE REVIVAL WORK OF THE

ROYAL TEMPLARS OF TEMPERANCE.

BY J. N. STEARNS
AND H. P. MAIN.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO:
ROYAL TEMPLAR BOOK AND PUBLISHING HOUSE,
W. W. BUCHANAN, Manager.

PREFACE.

THE power of song in the Temperance movement cannot be overestimated, and many of the foremost song-writers have given some of their contributions in this direction.

The National Temperance Society and Publication House was the first in the modern Temperance movement to recognize its importance and to meet its demands. In 1867 it published "The Temperance Chimes," and later on "Bugle Notes," "Ripples of Song," "Prohibition Songster," "Temperance and Gospel Songs," "The Temperance Evangel," "Band of Hope Songster," and "Rallying Songs," all of which have been most favorably received by the temperance public.

In "TRUMPET NOTES" we have sought to combine the choicest gems from all the books, with many of the *very best* from other sources, and to give a large number of new tunes from some of the most popular composers in the country, together with many of the old familiar Gospel songs, and adapted to all organizations and Temperance assemblies, and to supply a Standard Book of Song suitable for every phase of the movement.

We send it forth with the sincere hope that it may be instrumental in aiding the growing sentiment against drink and the saloons, and help to usher in the "Better time coming," "so long foretold," when "Right shall win the day."

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THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND PUBLICATION HOUSE.

TRUMPET NOTES

FOR THE

TEMPERANCE BATTLE-FIELD.

Lift up your Voice in Trumpet Notes.

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Lift up your voice, ye faith-ful, In trum-pet notes of song;
2. Lift up your voice, tri-umphant, In trum-pet notes of song;
3. Lift up your voice, ex-ult-ant, In trum-pet notes of song;

In-spire our hearts with cour-age, Let ev-'ry heart be strong
Our bat-tle cry is on-ward, Pro-claim it loud and long;
Un-furl our glo-rious ban-ner And proud-ly march a-long.

To fight a-gainst op-pression; Like he-roes brave, we go
The Lord our God is with us, While for-ward still we go,
The powers of dark-ness trem-ble While for-ward still we go,

With might and right to con-quer King Al-co-hol, our foe.
With might and right to con-quer King Al-co-hol, our foe.
With might and right to con-quer King Al-co-hol, our foe.

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God's Clock has struck the Hour.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. A tone pealed thro' the sol-emn night, The cit - y clock tolled One;
2. The whole world hears the welcome stroke, And fresh-er forc - es rise
3. With God there is no com-pro-mise, He hat - eth ev - ery wrong;

It said to ev - ery list'ning ear, An - oth - er day's be - gun;
To join the few who long have fought, With faith that nev - er dies;
With Him as Lead - er of our cause, With bal - lot, prayer and song,

So, in our na - tion's gloom, a peal Rings out our tri - umph hour;
Our foes fall back in wav'ring lines, And trem-ble for their power;
We'll work u - nit - ed, brave and strong, Un - til the whis - ky power,

It tells how hon - est, ear - nest work Breaks down the tyrant's power.
They know de - feat is drawing near,—God's clock has struck the hour.
Throughout the world, shall sure - ly know God's clock has struck the hour.

REFRAIN.

God's clock has struck the hour, The hour of vic - to - ry;

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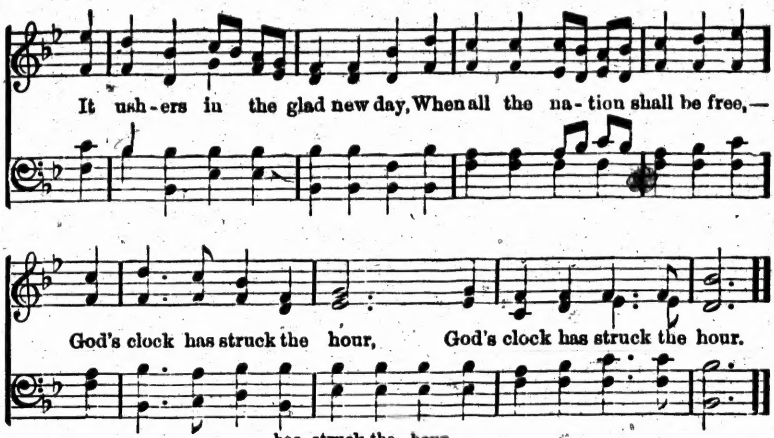
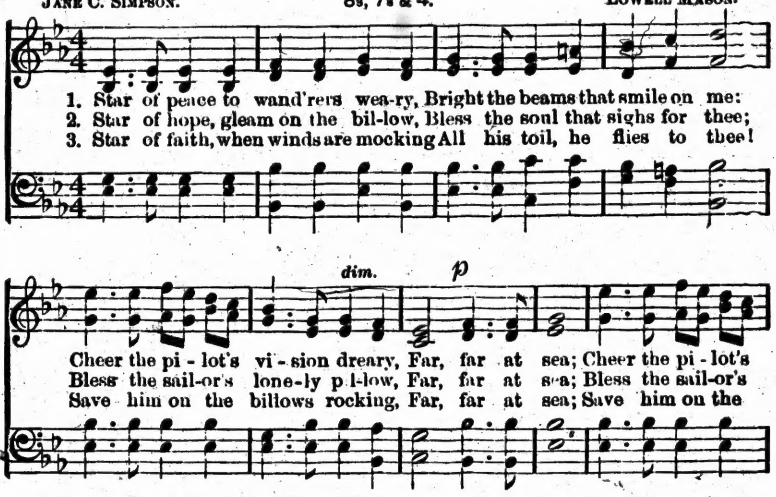
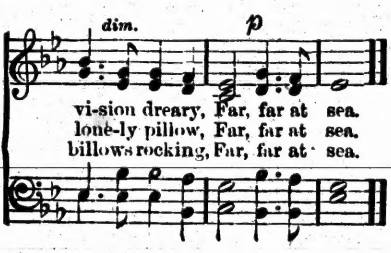
God's Clock has struck the Hour.—Concluded.



Star of Peace to Wanderers Weary.

JANE C. SIMPSON. 8s, 7s & 4. LOWELL MASON.





4.

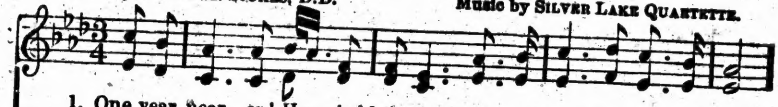
Star divine, O safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to thee;
||: Sore temptations long have tried him
Far, far at sea. :||

5.

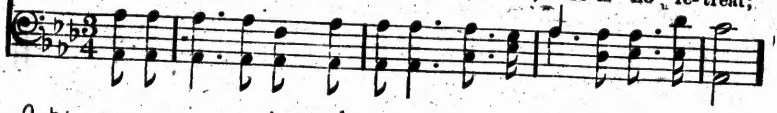
Star of hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
||: Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea. :||

Daybreak.

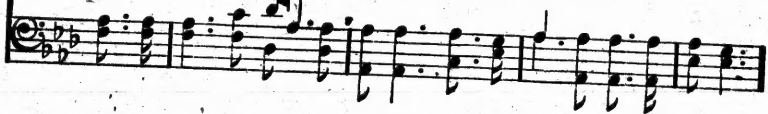
Words by Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D. Music by Silver Lake Quartette.



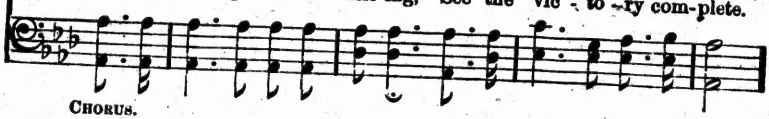
1. One year near - er! Hope is blooming: Dawns the day of ru - in's death;
2. Hear the roll of dis - tant thunder! See the lightning's wrathful glare;
3. Wrong the right is hard as - sail-ing, All ad - vanc - es to de - fy;
4. Up! Hur-rah! The world is ris - ing, Right and truth no more a - fraid—
5. Truth is might-y, wrongs ex - pir- ing, On - ward, there is no re- treat;



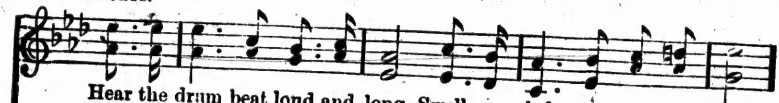
Sun-light breaking, lifts the glooming, Raid-ing ranks, the right assuming,
Down the day of le - gal plunder, Li - cense is the nation's blunder,
Nev - er mind! God's help a -vailing, Right will conquer wrongs entailing:—
Tear the mask of wrongs contriving, List no more to her ad - vis-ing,
Mill - ions are the right de - sir-ing, Mill-ions to the right as - pir-ing,



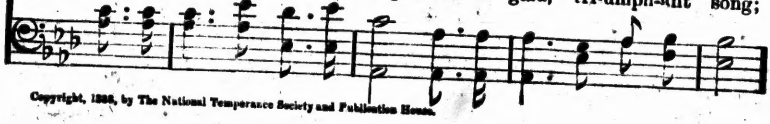
Rum and ru - in are en - tombing,—Tar - dy statesmen hold your breath!
High and low must both go un-der, So pro - phet - ic words de - clare;
For -ward, ban-ners nev-er trailing— Forward, let us do or die.
But with strength and speed surprising, Rush and rise the up - ward grade;
God and an - gels all ad - mir-ing, See the vic - to - ry com-plete.



Chorus.



Hear the drum beat loud and long, Swell a glad, tri-umph-ant song;
Hear the drum beat loud and long, Swell a glad, tri-umph-ant song;
Let the drums beat loud and long, Swell a glad, tri-umph-ant song;
Let the drum beat loud and long, Swell a glad, tri-umph-ant song;
Bu - gle blast and drum beat long, Swell a glad, tri-umph-ant song;



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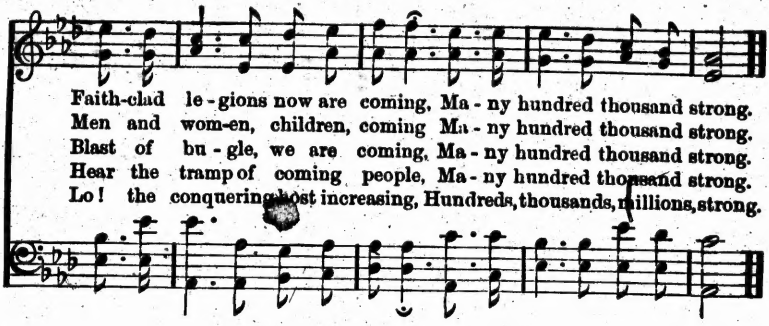
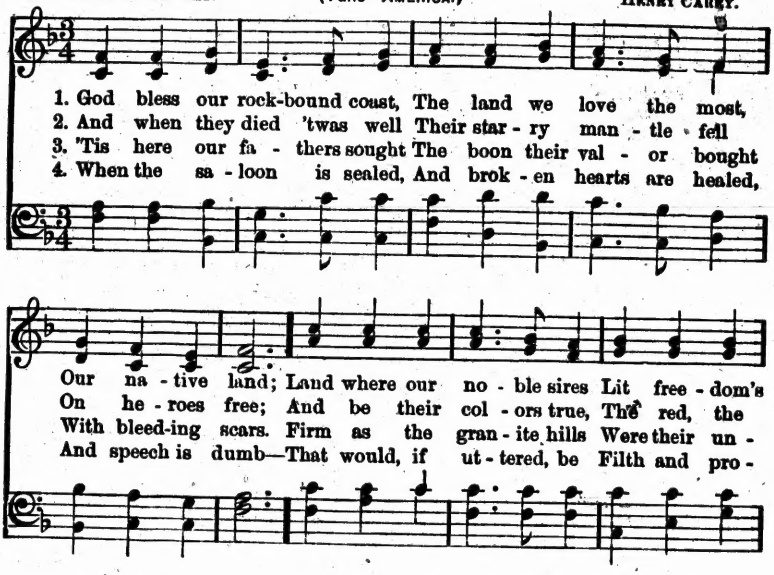
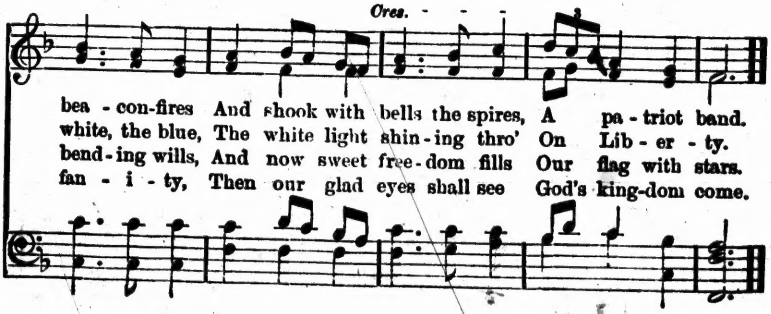
Daybreak.—Concluded.



Freedom's Day.

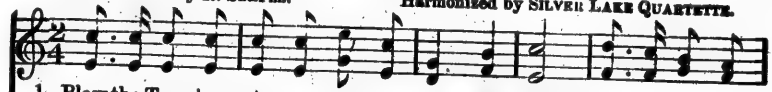
GEORGE W. BUNGAY. (Tune—AMERICA.) HENRY CAREY.



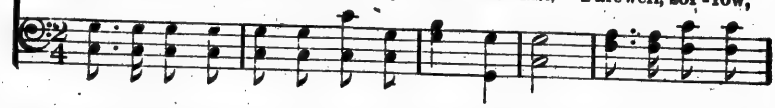


Blow the Temperance Trumpet.

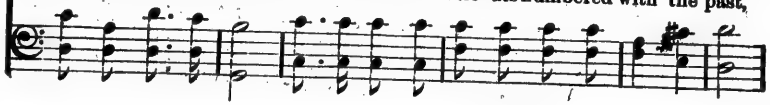
Words and Air by R. Semple. Harmonized by Silver Lake Quartette.



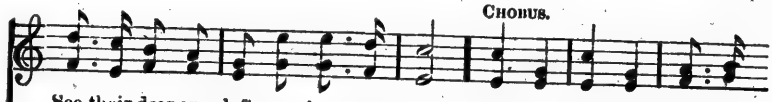
1. Blow the Temp'rance trumpet, sound it night and day, Rouse the gal-lant
2. Blow the Temp'rance trumpet, let the mar - tial sound Thrill with hope in
3. Blow the Temp'rance trumpet, vic-t'ry comes at last, Farewell, sor - row,



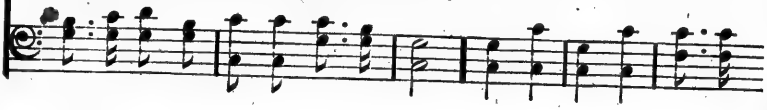
soldiers from their sleep; See how men are fall-ing vic-tims in the way!
ev - ery sufferer's ear; Send the ech-o peal-ing all the world a - round,
pov-er - ty and pain; All our doubts and tri - als numbered with the past,



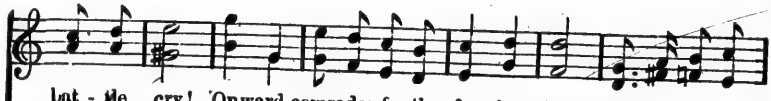
Chorus.



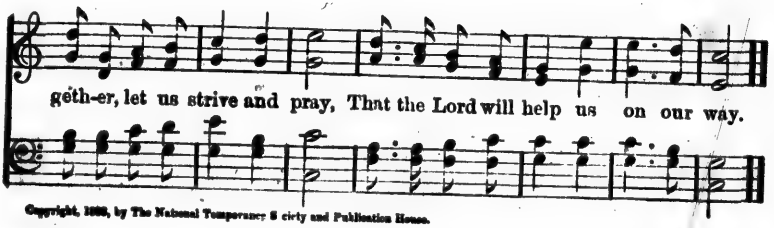
See their dear ones left a - lone to weep! On-ward! on-ward! sound the
And our foes shall trem-ble when they hear.
We shall sing no more the mar-tial strain.



bat - tle cry! Onward, comrades, for the foe is nigh! Marching on to -



geth-er, let us strive and pray, That the Lord will help us on our way.



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The Right Shall Win the Day.

EBEN E. REXFORD. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Thro' the mists of night is shining fair and clear a glorious star, And the splen - dor of its brightness, like a bea - con seen a - far, Flash-es out the cheering message o'er the fields where workers are, That vic - t'ry is at hand. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal-le - lu - jah, Glo - ry, glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah, Glo - ry, glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah. For right shall win the day.

2. 'Tis the star that heralds morning af - ter long and gloomy night; 'Tis the star of pro - hi - bi - tion, and its pure and stead-y light Guides the temp'rance ar - my onward to the bat - tle-field in sight, Where vic-t'ry will be won.

3. Oh, be brave of heart, my brothers, in the bat - tle lift your eye To the star whose ray of promise flash-es grand - ly forth on high, And our hearts shall gain such courage that the en - e - my will fly, And vic - t'ry will be ours.

4. Think of home and loved ones, comrades, when you face the desperate foe; For your boy and mine, my brothers, strike a strong and tell-ing blow; Shall we, can we, yield the bat-tle? by our homes and dear ones, no! The vic - t'ry must be ours.

CHORUS.

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The Prohibition Army.

Rev. A. T.

Vigorously.

Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

1. The Pro - hi - bi - tion ar - my O'er all the land goes forth,
2. The powers of drink are deal - ing Their fiero-est, heaviest blows,

And calls from far its men of war, East, West, and South and North.
'Tis no childs' play for us to-day, When hosts like these op - pose.

Come, warriors, to the bat - tle! Come, join the fu - rious fray!
The con - flict sharply ra - ges, The shots fly thick and fast;

Come, bravely stand with read - y hand To meet the foe to - day;
God is our Friend; on Him de - pend For vic - to - ry at last;

Come, brave-ly stand with read - y hand To meet the foe to - day.
God is our Friend; on Him de-pend For vic - to - ry at last.

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Who is the Coming Man?

Rev. John O. Foster. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. Hail to the com - ing un-known chief, Who'll blow the fi - nal
2. Let's sound the toc - sin long and loud, Let's sing the con - q'ring
3. Great God, as - sist our work once more, Give an - swers to our

bu - gle call, And lead the forc - es in the fight A - gainst the
he - ro's song, Let's ring the chang-es of our faith, Till man shall
fer-vent pray'r; Let mer - cy, peace and love pre - vail, Till Christ has

Chorus.

de - mon Al - co - hol. Who is the com - ing man, Who will
shout the doom of wrong.
triumphed ev - ery where.

mar-shall ev - ery tribe and clan? O hail him, pray for him, ral - ly

when he comes, And fol - low him in bat - tle for your hearts and homes.

Copyright, 1867, by Robert Lowry.

Thy Lord is with Thee.

Rev. Alfred Taylor. Rev. John B. Dykes.

1. Thy Lord is with thee, mighty man of val - or, Rise and o - bey the
2. Thy Lord is with thee, for the fight He needs thee, He will de - fend, what-
3. Gath-er the host, be bold, be calm, be cheer-ful, Trust not to num - bers,
4. Charge on the foe, sword of the Lord and Gid - eon! Blow now the trumpets

word He speaks to thee; Go in thy might, put from thy face its pal - lor;
ev - er may op - pose; Strange tho' the way, yet fol-low where he leads thee,
choose the strong and brave; Send to their homes the cowards and the fear - ful,
thro' the hostile camp! Put to the rout the frightened hosts of Midian,

Chorus.

Strong in His strength, go set thy peo - ple free. Thy Lord is with thee,
He leads to vic - t'ry ov-er all thy foes.
In His own way the Lord thy God will save.
Break ev - ery pitcher! wave each blaz-ing lamp.

dark tho' the night, With thee, to keep thee in thickest of the fight;

With thee, to bring thee to vic - t'ry, to vic - t'ry and to light.

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Star of Temperance.

JOHN ANDERSON. (May be sung as a Solo.) ROBERT LOWRY.

1. When darkness brooded o'er the scene, And grief was rag - ing sore;
2. In dis - tant lands beyon l the sea, On many a far - off strand,
3. 'Twas love a - woke its sa - cred fires, Love keeps them still a - glow;
4. In beau - ty, power, and grandeur, still Its ge - nius proudly strays,

While an - guish dire and hun - ger keen A - round their ter - rors bore,—
Hope hails its sil - ver beams with glee, As broad - ly they ex - pand;
Love reg - u - lates its pure de - sires, As hours and sea - sons go;
An aid and help to all who will, On all the earth's highways;

A - bove the gloom, di - vine - ly clear, A bright'ning radiance shows,
From faint-est streak on sorrow's sky, Where bright its splendor grows,
Love la - bors to ex - alt and bless, Ex - changing gifts for blows;
And sweet as light, and bright as spring, Its fruit and flowers dis-close;

And sent from heaven to guide and cheer, The Star of Temp'rance rose.
For man and na - tions, far and nigh, The Star of Temp'rance rose.
And, for an aim sub - lime as this, The Star of Temp'rance rose.
To bet - ter ev - ery mor - tal thing The Star of Temp'rance rose.

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Onward! Onward! Band Victorious!

Spirited. *m* *cres.* *f*

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. On - ward! onward! band vic - torious! Rear the Temperance banner high!
2. On - ward! onward! songs and praises Ring to heaven's top-most arch,
3. To the ven - der and dis - till - er Thunder truth with startling tone;

m *cres.*

Thus far had your course been glorious; Now your day of triumph's nigh.
Whereso - e'er your standard ris - es, And your conquering legions march.
Swell the ac - cents loud - er, shrill-er, Make their gilt e - normous known.

f

Vice and er - ror flee be - fore you, As the darkness flies the sun;
Gird the Temperance ar - mor on you, Look for guidance from a - bove;
On - ward! on - ward! nev - er fal - ter, Cease not till the earth is free;

m

Onward! vic - tory hovers o'er you, Soon the bat - tle will be won! Yes!
God and an - gels smile up - on you, Hasten then your work of love! Yes!
Swear, on Temperance' holy al - tar, Death is yours, or vic - to - ry! Yes!

f *ff* *f*

Yes! Onward! vic - tory hovers o'er you, Soon the bat - tle will be won!
Yes! God and an - gels smile up - on you, Has ten then your work of love!
Yes! Swear, on Temperance' holy al - tar, Death is your's, or vic to - ry!

Grandly the People are rising.

Rev. C. W. Ray, D.D. — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Grandly the people are ris - ing, Hailing the great and the small;
2. Children, the hope of the na - tion— Men from the hills and the glade;
3. Widows and orphans in sor - row, Tell us their hunger and woe;

And with a courage sur - pris-ing, Numbers respond to our call.
Some from the worthiest sta - tion, Ea - ger - ly come to our aid.
Smil - ing we whisper— to-mor-row We shall to vic - to - ry go.

Chorus.

O - ver each mountain and o - ver each val - ley Will ech - o the will
Tem - per - ance song..... 'Till round us for du - ty shall
ech - o the Tem - perance song.

ral - ly, shall ral - ly, The hope - ful, the brave and the strong.

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We'll make the Foe retreat, Boys.

JOSEPH MALINS. English.

1. We have to fight a foe, boys, Of e - vil name and birth, One
now these sons of earth, boys, With us to - geth - er meet, And
2. The horn - y hand-ed work-men, The plough men from the farms, And
us they shoulder arms, boys, While drums — by quakers beat — Shall

1st.

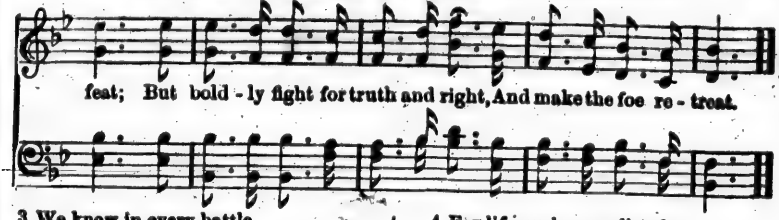
"Al - co - hol," who would en-slave The no - blest sons of earth. But
all do now de - vout - ly vow, (*Omit*.....)
dig - gers from the gold.. mines Have come to shoulder arms. With
cheer us on, till vic - t'ry won, (*Omit*.....)

2nd. CHORUS. *ff*

To make this foe re - treat. We think not of a truce, boys, Nor
We see the foe re - treat.

compromise with wrong; We nev - er doubt the is - sue, Our faith in

God is strong: Our faith in God is strong, boys, We'll nev - er know de -

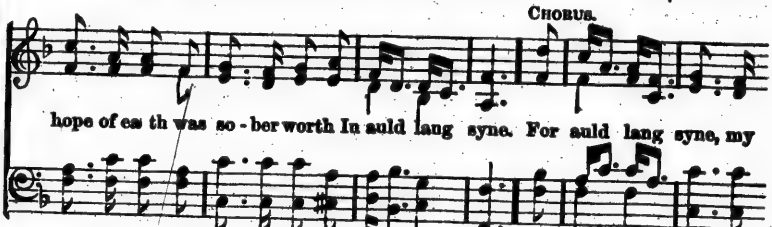


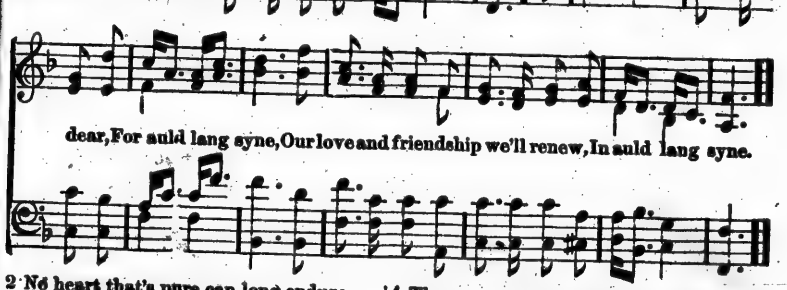
3 We know in every battle
Some useful lives are lost;
But though our task is mighty,
We've counted up the cost.
Yes, counted all the cost, boys,
And though it will be great,
We'll pay the bill with right good will,
To make the foe retreat.—Cho.

4 For life we have enlisted,
And free from doubt and fear
We sight the hostile forces,
And give a hearty cheer!
We give a ringing cheer, boys!
And rush with footsteps fleet
Upon the foe, with blow on blow
To force him to retreat.—Cho.

Cold Water Clear and Friendship Dear.

(A New Version of Auld Lang Syne.)





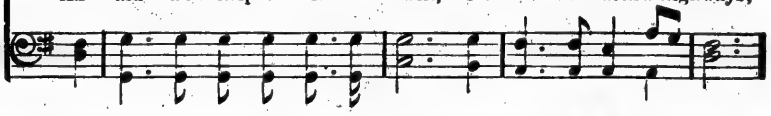
2 No heart that's pure can long endure
The curse of rum and wine;
Drink made hearts sore the wide world o'er
In auld lang syne.—Cho.

3 By sunny bowers and bonny flowers
Young hearts were glad and kind;
Now down life's stream they sing serene,
Of auld lang syne.—Cho.

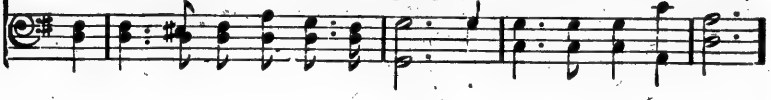
4 The song we sung when we were young,
Aye round our hearts will twine;
The temperate ways and sunny days
Of auld lang syne.—Cho.

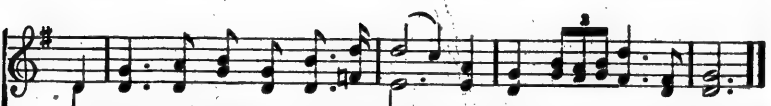
5 There's hope before, aye, more and more,
When evening days are fine,
And memories dear, our hearts to cheer,
Like auld lang syne.—Cho.

An aid and help to all who will, On all the earth's highways;

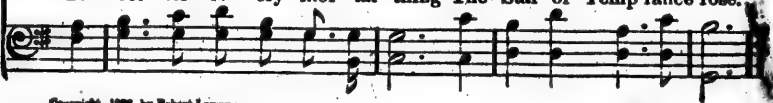


A - bove the gloom, di - vine - ly clear, A bright'ning radiance shows,
From faint-est streak on sorrow's sky, Where bright its splendor grows,
Love la - bors to ex - alt and bless, Ex - changing gifts for blows;
And sweet as light, and bright as spring, Its fruit and flowers dis-close;





And sent from heaven to guide and cheer, The Star of Temp'rance rose.
For man and na - tions, far and nigh, The Star of Temp'rance rose.
And, for an aim sub - lime as this, The Star of Temp'rance rose.
To bet - ter ev - ery mor - tal thing The Star of Temp'rance rose.



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The New Flag-Star.

Rev. Dwight Williams. H. P. Danks.

Allegretto.

1. The crys - tal wave is ris - ing, Our craft is on the sea;
2. The stars and stripes dis - hon - ored And held by shameless hands,
3. Ye sons of loy - al fa - thers, The land twice dis - en - thralled,

And with our can - vas spread - ing Our course shall on - ward be;
Must from their grasp be wrest - ed; Come forth, ye loy - al bands,
Be - sieged a - gain is striv - ing A - gainst the bas - tion walled;

Duet.

Our flag - star on the breez - es Is bea - ti - ful and bright,
Put down the great op - pres - sion, Write [illegible] tion's flag
But God, who freedom - plant - ed, Leads [illegible] once m[illegible]

[illegible] flag - star, pro - hi - bi - tion, And here we all u - nite.
[illegible] watchword "pro - hi - bi - tion," To float o'er sea and crag!
[illegible] we shall swing our ban - ner In joy, from shore to shore.

Chorus.

The crys - tal wave is ris - ing That bears the flag - star on;

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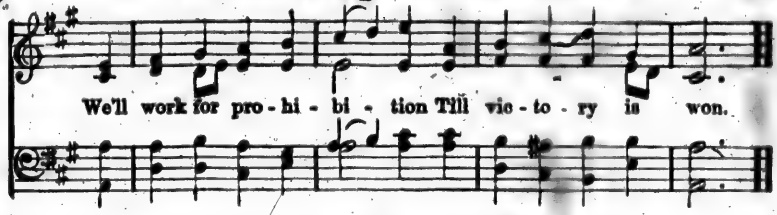
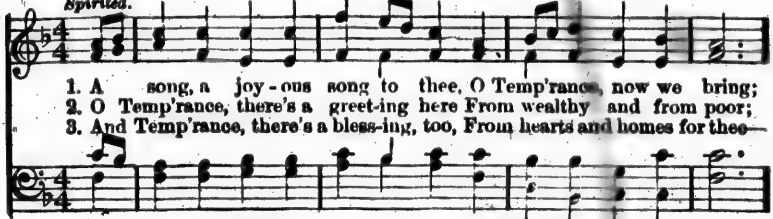
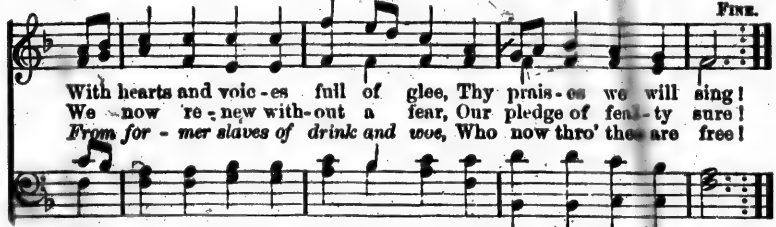


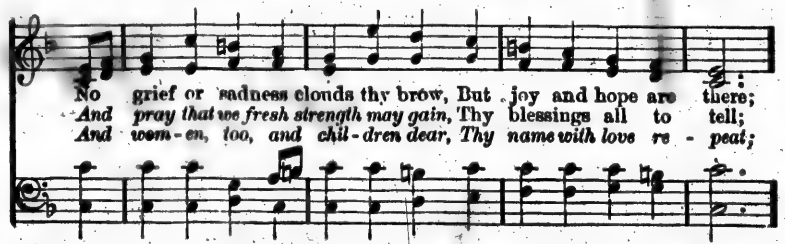
A Joyous Song we Sing.

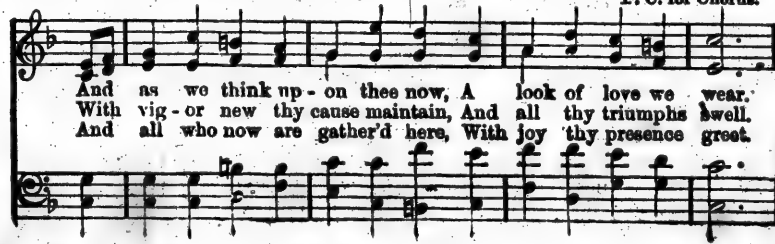
W. H. Bonner. T. Crampton.

Spirited.









Lift High the Banner.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock.

Maestoso.

D. B. Towner.

1. Lift it high! 'tis pure as the morn-ing light, Let it wave o'er land and sea,.... 'Twill be borne a-loft in the cause of right, Till the whole wide world is free. It will bring the dawn of a brighter day To the weak and tempest-tossed, Like a star that
2. Lift it high! in sight of the vaunting foe; For the vic-t'ry we will win.... Is to save the lost from the depths of woe, From the gloom-y haunts of sin. And we come, with faith in the pow'r di-vine, And a cour-age bold and high, Where the poi-son
3. Lift it high! we fight on a bloodless field, But the con-quest will en-dure,... For the Lord him-self is our might-y shield, And His prom-is-es are sure. Like the stars that shine in the vault a-bove, Is the crown the vic-tors wear, When they give their

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shines with a cheer-ing ray, For the wand'ring and the lost.....
lurks in the fumes of wine, To the res-cue we will fly.....
lives to the cause they love, And a spot-less ban-ner bear....

CHORUS.

Lift it high,..... lift the temp'rance ban-ner high! Let it

Lift it high,

wave o'er land and sea,..... 'Twill be borne.... a-loft in the

o'er land and sea, 'Twill be proudly borne aloft,

Rall.

cause of right, Till the whole wide world is free.....

the world is free.

All-gracious God to Thee we Raise.

Tune—MELCOMBE. L. M.

1 All-gracious God to Thee we raise
Our voice in solemn prayer and praise;
We praise Thee for Thy mercy shown;
Lord, let that mercy now be known!

2 Intemperance on every hand
Abounds in this our guilty land;
While drunkards glory in their shame,
And pour contempt on Jesus' name.

3 Lord! let Thy banner be displayed,
And check the ruin sin hath made;
The foe with power divine assail,
Nor let the hosts of hell prevail.

Why Farmer Jones went to the Meeting.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. GEO. E. CHAMBERS.

1. You all look as-ton-ished to see farmer Jones Come in - to the meet-ing to-night; He said he'd have nothing to do with the work,
2. I told him that liq-uor has al-read-y made Most se - ri - ous work in his life,— Al-tho' not a drop of the stuff has been drank
3. "You're cry-ing hard times be-cause pric-es are low, Now pric-es are fixed by de-mand; Sir, nine hun-dred millions of dol-lars are spent
4. "Near six hundred millions of dol-lars in time Each year by the drink-curse is lost; Add loss of em-ployment of la-bor-ing men,

And doubtless he thought he was right. He said that his sons have grown up steady lads, His daughters have all married well; 'Twas like-ly that
By hus-band, or chil-dren, or wife. He looked quite amazed, but I has-tened to say, "I'll show you, dear sir, how it is; I've stud-ied it
For liq-uor, each year, in our land; But eight hundred mil-lions of dol-lars will buy The most of the food that we eat; For those who buy
To make up the bur-densome cost. For there would be plen-ty of work for them all, If des-ti-tute vic-tims of rum Could spend all the

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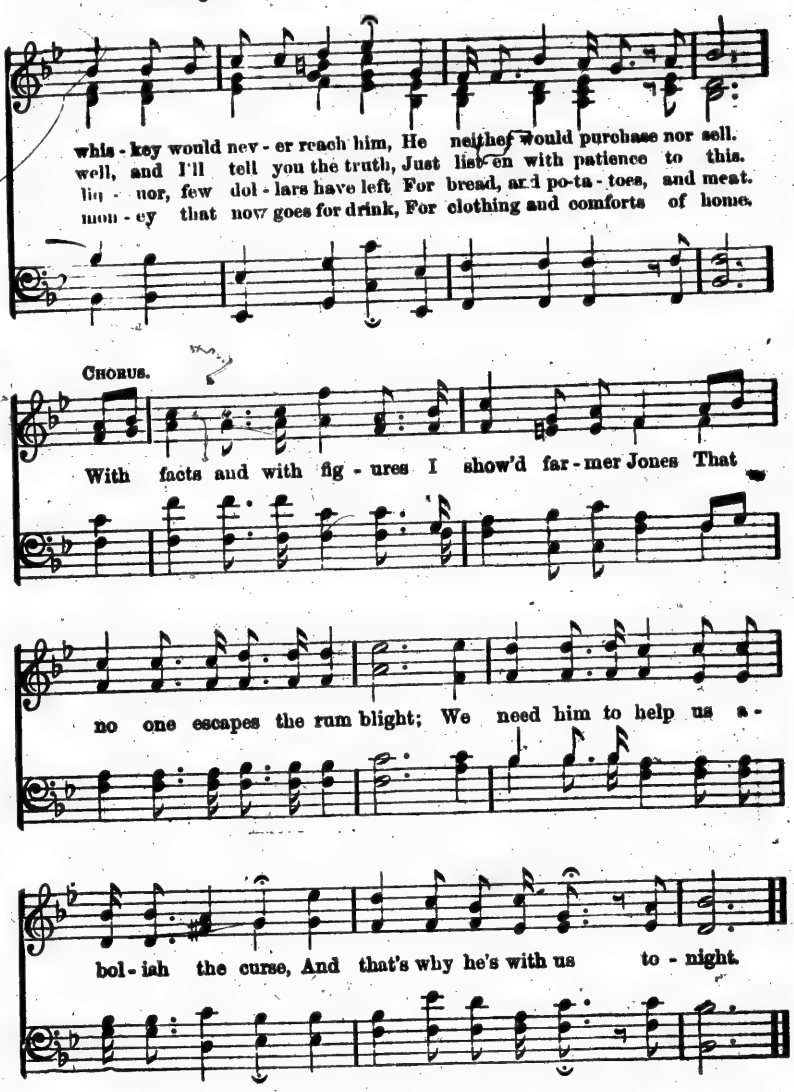

5 "You see that these millions of dollars of waste,
Directly decrease the demand;
And lessens the prices of every thing
That farmers produce from the land!"
These practical statements convinced farmer Jones,
That no one escapes the rum blight,
He vowed he would help us abolish the curse,
And that's why he's with us to-night.

Drink, Drink. Glee.

C. M. CADY. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Drink not, ye mer - ry girls and boys, Of wine that spar - kles,
2. When Bacchus first the wine-cup bro't, 'Twas found with pur - est
3. Well, let him shake his jol - ly sides, As years of fol - ly

but de - coys; Drink wa - ter pure and bright, Drink wa - ter
grape-juice fraught—A jol - ly rogue was he, A jol - ly
he de - rides, 'Twill be our time to laugh, Ha! ha! our

pure..... and bright; It bringeth nei - ther care nor pain, But
rogue..... was he; For when he saw man free - ly quaffed, He
time..... to laugh; When men re - fuse to "go it blind," And

wa - ter pure and bright;
jol - ly rogue was he;
time, our time to laugh;

cheer - eth like the gen - tle rain: Drink wa - ter, pure
drugg'd the bowl, and sly - ly laughed, Ha, ha, ha, ha,
Bac - chus can no fol - low'rs find, We'll laugh, ha, ha,

Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
We'll laugh, ha, ha, ha,

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wa - ter, Drink wa - ter, pure wa - ter.
ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
ha, ha! We'll laugh, ha, ha, ha, ha!

drink, drink, drink, Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink.
ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

CHORUS.

Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, Drink, drink, drink,

drink, drink, drink, Drink wa - ter, pure wa - ter, Drink

Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink,

wa - ter, wa - ter pure and bright, Drink wa - ter, pure

drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink,

wa - - ter, Drink wa - ter pure and bright.

drink, drink, drink, Drink wa - ter pure and bright,

Coming Victory.

G. W. Collins. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. There's a mur - mur in the val - ley, and there's mu - sic on the
2. Lo! it whis - pers of the com - ing of a bet - ter, brighter

hills, There's a mes - sage full of prom - ise ev - ery-where; We can
day, And it bids us watch to see the glo-rious dawn; When the

read it in the sunbeams as they dance up-on the rills, We can
mists of sin and sor - row shall be driv - en far a - way, As the

catch the float - ing ca - dence in the air. On-ward, on-ward now the
ar - my in its tri - umph march-es on.

Chorus.

ar - my still ad-vanc - es, See its ban-ners wav - ing in the

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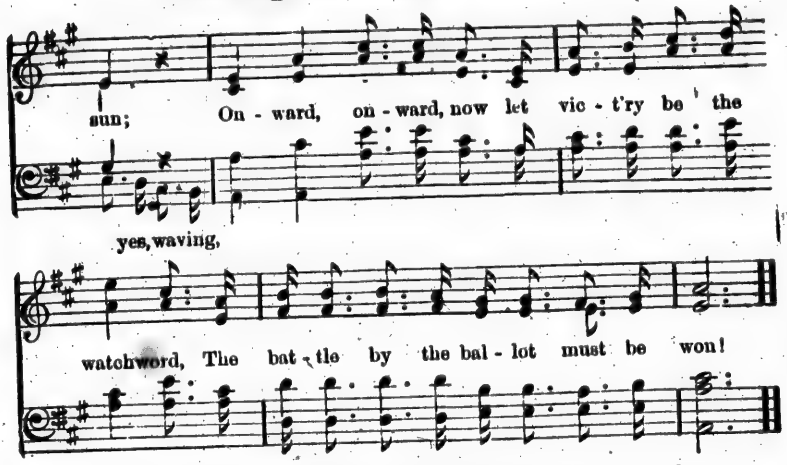
Coming Victory.—Concluded.

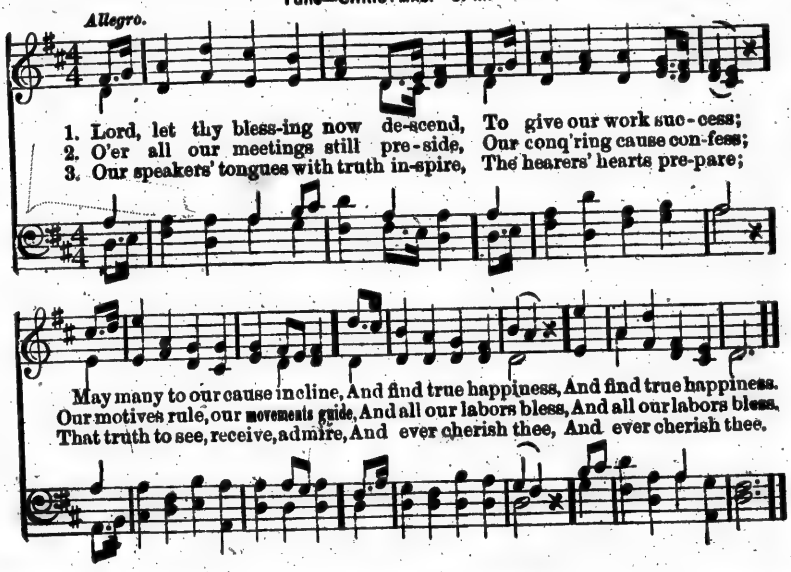


3 Hear this army's heavy footfall, how it shakes the solid ground,
As it gathers to do battle for the right,
Hear the ringing voice of captains, and the thrilling bugle sound,
They are calling us to muster for the fight.—Cho.

4 Soon will come a day of gladness, when the victory we gain,
And our land, redeemed and ransomed shall be free;
We will join the voice of millions as they shout the glad refrain
To the welcome song of Freedom's Jubilee.—Cho.

Lord, Let Thy Blessing now Descend.

Tune—Christmas. C. M. G. F. Handel, 1728.



The Drunkard's March.

MARY T. LATHRAP. L. B. JEWELL.

p *mf*

1. Tramp, tramp, tramp in the drunkard's way, March the feet of a
2. Tramp, tramp, tramp to a drunkard's doom, Out of boy - hood so
3. Tramp, tramp, tramp till a drunkard's grave Hides the wreck of a

cres.

mill-ion men; If none shall pit - y and none shall save, Where will the
pure and fair; So soon for - get - ting the joys of home—Slighting a
life of shame, And souls, whom Je-sus has died to - save, Meet with a

p

march they are mak - ing end? The young, the strong, the old are
sad moth - er's love and prayer; And swift and sure, in paths of
fut - ure we dare not name. God help us all the cross to

f *m*

there, In woe - ful ranks as they hur - ry past, With not a
crime—A - way from sor - row - ing wife and child, He breaks the
bear, And work to res - cue the might - y throng, God give us

Legato. *Rit.*

mo - ment to think or care What is the fate that comes at last?
ho - li - est ties of time—Rea - son dethroned and soul gone wild!
cour-age till toil and prayer End in the vic-tor's joy - ful song.

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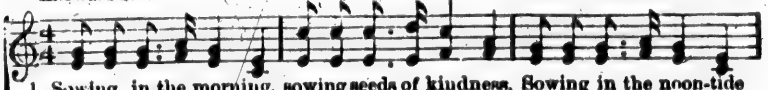
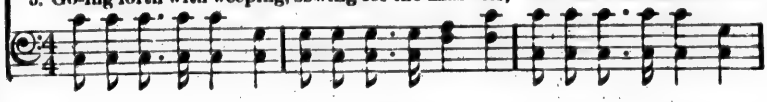
Bringing in the Sheaves.

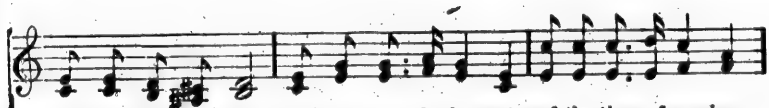
KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR, by per.



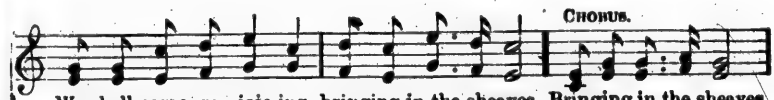
1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide
2. Sowing in the sun-shine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sowing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustain'd our



and the dew-y eve; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
winter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la-bor end-ed,
spir-it of-ten grieves, When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us welcome,

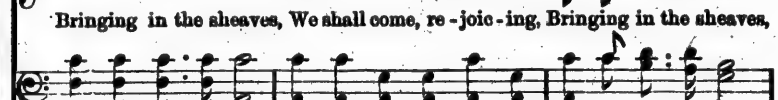


CHORUS.

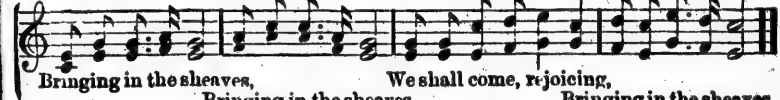


We shall come, re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
We shall come, re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.

Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, re-joic-ing, Bringing in the sheaves,



Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves.



The Sword of Gideon.

Rev. S. W. Spencer.

Con spirito.

1. Up and on, ye true three hundred, Faith is more than odds;
2. Jer - i - cho fell down be - fore us, Mid-ian's hosts shall flee;
3. God that rides the sky to help us, God—whose maj-es - ty
4. Thine the cause, O God of ar - mies, Gird us for the fight;
5. Yes - ter - day, to - day, for - ev - er, Right shall hold the field;

Do the do - ing you are bid - den, And the day is God's.
Is - ra - el's Prince shall out be-fore us, Thrust the en - e - my.
Cleav'd the flood, and paved the riv - er, Pledg - es vic - to - ry.
With the glo - ry of the morning Smite the hosts of night.
Ev - ery - where the truth shall ral - ly, Powers of dark - ness yield.

CHORUS.

Wake the trum-pet, shout the watchword, Lift the flam - ing lamp;

ff

Bear the sword of God and Gid - e - on, Truth shall rout their camp.

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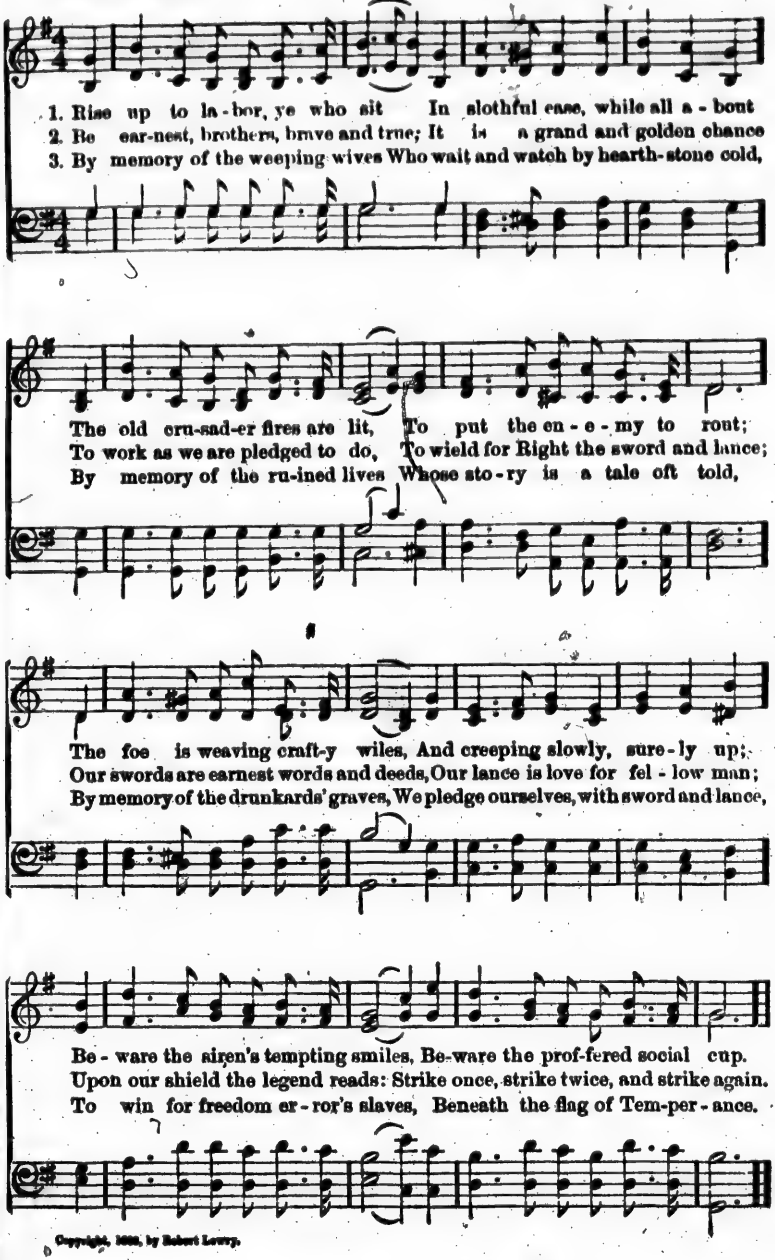
Rise Up to Labor.

Eben E. Rexford. Robert Lowry.



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Betty and the Baby.

[In the Amendment Campaign in Iowa, a poor fellow—trembling with the palsy of drink, when urged to vote for whiskey, said, "I'd do it, if I voted for myself, but this day, though it be my last act on earth, I'll vote for Betty and the Baby."]

Words and Music by THE SILVER LAKE QUARTET.

SOLO.

1. Oh, the drink has made a wretched man of me, And
2. From the de-mon of the cup I've tried to flee, But, a-
3. I'm a drunk-ard, lost and ruined, don't you see! But to

from its curs-ed power I can't get free; While I know I nev-er
las! the aw-ful thirst won't let me be; Of my rea-son I'm be-
do a righteous thing I now a-gree; On the verge of ru-in's

can, Yet I'd like to be a man For Bet-ty and the
reft, And no good is in me left For Bet-ty and the
brink, I will vote a-gainst the drink For Bet-ty and the

CHORUS.

Ba-by, don't you see! For Bet-ty and the Baby, don't you see, Are the

on-ly ones on earth who care for me; And although it be my last, A

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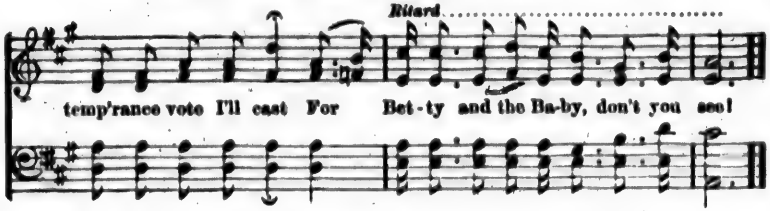
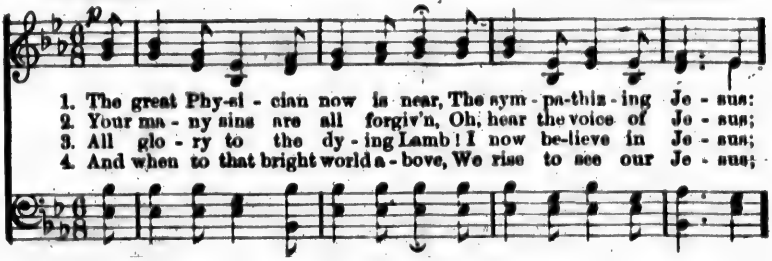
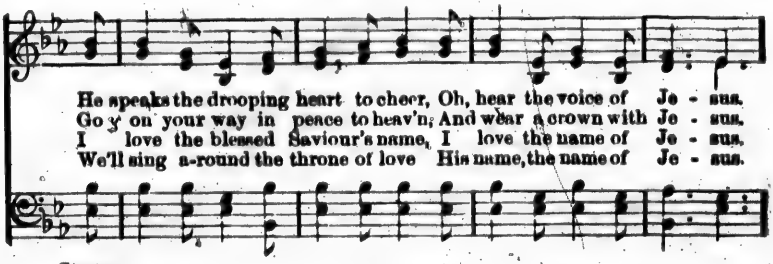
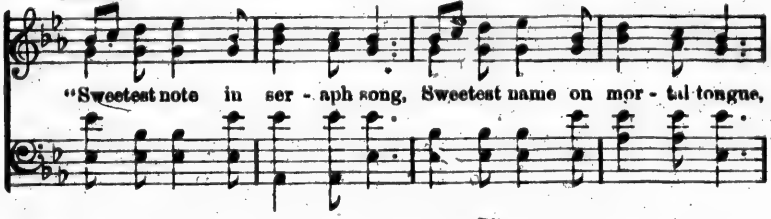


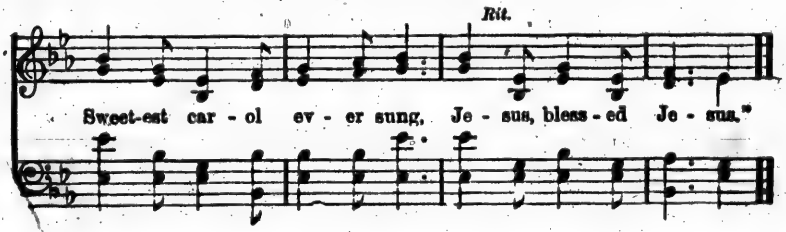
The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. Arr. by J. H. Stockton.









Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is waiting, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the erring one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive. Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gen - tly:

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save. Res - cue the per - ish-ing,
He will forgive if they on - ly be-lieve.

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer-ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness, [more.
Chords that were broken will vibrate once

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it; [vide:
Strength for thy labor the Lord will pro-
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

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Waiting for the Morning.

B M. Lawrence, M.D. H. P. Danks.

Allegretto.

1. We are wait-ing for the dawning Of that bright and glorious day,
2. We are wait-ing for the morning Night has been so dark and long,
3. We are wait-ing for the morning And our cour-age will not fail,
4. We have wait-ed for this morning Thro' the long dark night of years,

For the good time so long coming, When old wrongs shall pass a-way,
Dim-ly now the day is dawning, And we hail it with a song.
While our soul for light is yearning, Un-til truth and right pre-vail.
But we now be-hold the dawning While the light of truth ap-pears.

We have longed for light and freedom, Truth to triumph o-ver vice,
Light and truth to ev-ery na-tion, Brightly now be-gins to shine,
We will work to ban-ish sor-row, Work and wait for hu-man good,
Hu-man hearts are sweet-ly singing, "Mor-tals see with an-gels' ken,

Love to make the earth an E-den, And each home a par-a-dise.
Pæ-ans rise from ev-ery sta-tion "Peace on earth and love di-vine."
Trust-ing to the com-ing mor-row, For the per-fect broth-er-hood.
Dove-winged Faith and Hope are bringing Peace on earth, good will to men."

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Temperance Work.

SOLO. W. F. SHERWIN.

1. 'Tis a work of pre - ven - tion and cure;.... A work for the rich and the poor;.... A work that is stead - y and sure;... A
2. To - tal ab - sti-nence ban - ish - es crime,.... It bless - es the day and the night,.... Its paths out of mis - er - y climb.. A -
3. 'Tis a wo k for the pen and the tongue;.. A work for the pul - pit and pew;.... A work for the old and the young. A

From Spare Notes, by per

DECLAMATORY STYLE.

work that will ev - er en - dure...
loft to re - lig-ion's pure light...
work that's for me and for you....

With vigor and strong accent.

Then shout for it, hearer and

preach - er! Shout for it, Mas-ter and man! Shout for it,

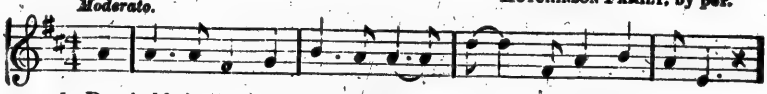
schol - ar and teach - er, Praise it wher - ev - er you

can— you can— Oh! praise it wher - ev - er you can...

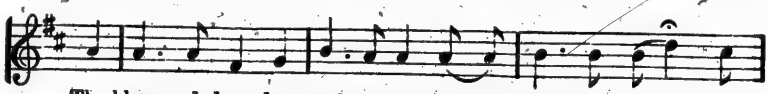
Coming Right Along.

HUTCHINSON FAMILY, by per.

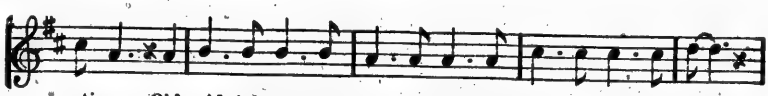
Moderato.



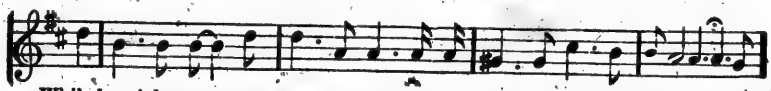
1. Be - hold the day of prom-ise comes, Full of in - spi - ra-tion,
2. Al - read - y in the gold- en east The glo - ri - ous light is dawning,
3. And all the old dis - til - ler-ies Shall perish and burn to - gether,



The bless - ed day, by proph-ets sung, For the heal - ing of the
And watchmen from the mountain-tops, Can see the bless - ed
The Bran - dy, Rum, and Gin, and Beer, And all such, what - so -

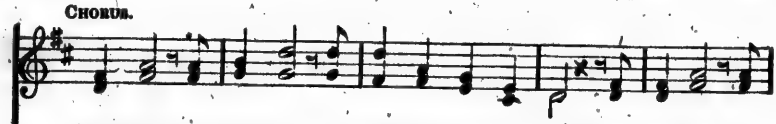


nations. Old midnight er-rors flee a-way; They soon will all be gone;
morning. O'er all the land their voic-es ring, While yet the world is napping,
ev - er. The world begins to feel the fire, And e'en the poor be-sot-ter,

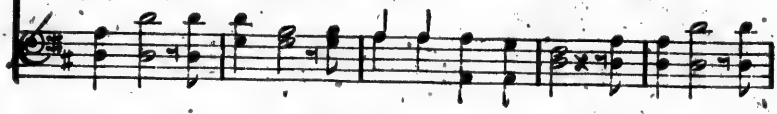


While heav'nly an - gels seem to say, "The good time's coming" on, O! the
Till e'en the sluggards begin to spring, As they hear the spirits "rapping," O! the
To save him-self from burning up, Jumps in the cooling water. O! the

CHORUS.

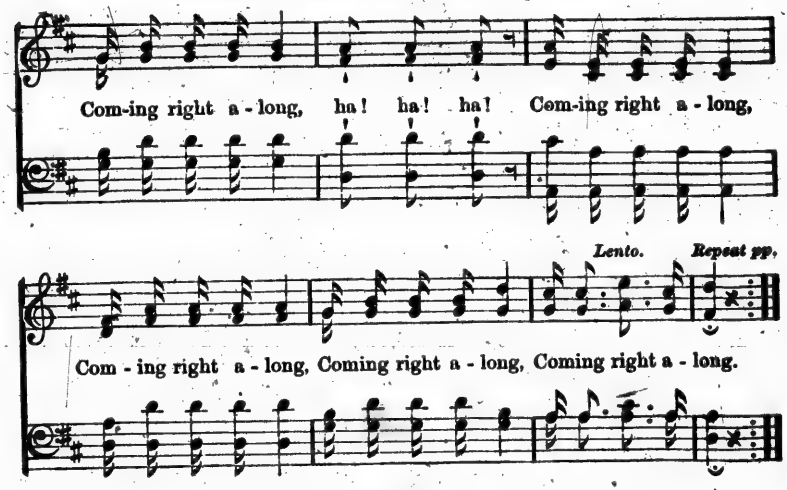


Good time, the good time, The good time's coming on; The good time, the



Rall. *Allegretto.*

good time, The good time's coming on. Com-ing right a - long,

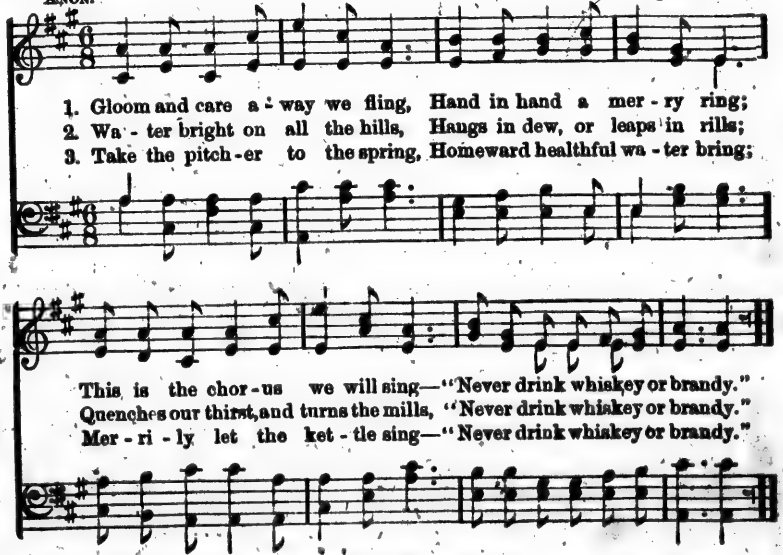


Never Drink Whiskey or Brandy.

Children join hands. Stamp right foot once as they take up the words, "Never drink whiskey," etc.

ANON.

English Air.

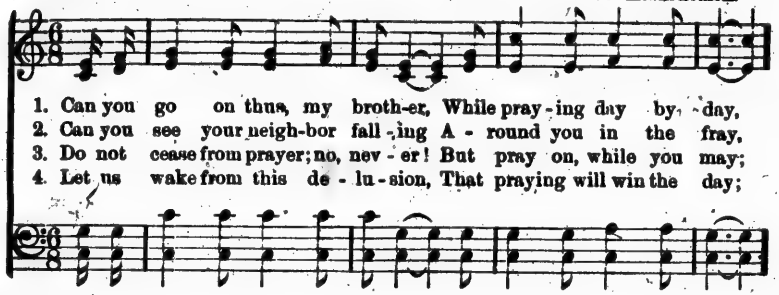


4 Some drink beer to quench their thirst,
We will try the water first;
Beer is bad, but whiskey is worse,
"Never drink whiskey or brandy."

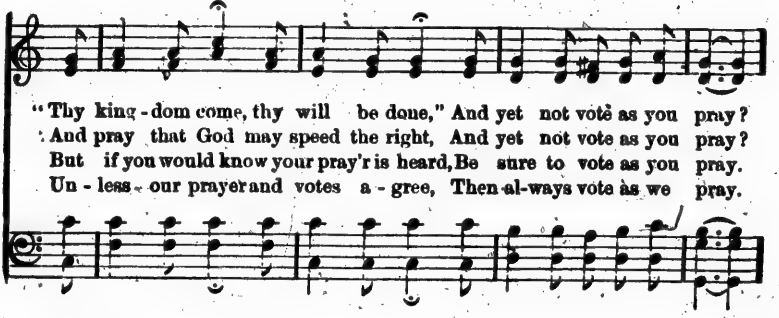
5 Drink is blighting old and young,
Maiden fair and manhood strong;
Filling the world with sin and wrong,
"Never drink whiskey or brandy."

Vote as You Pray.

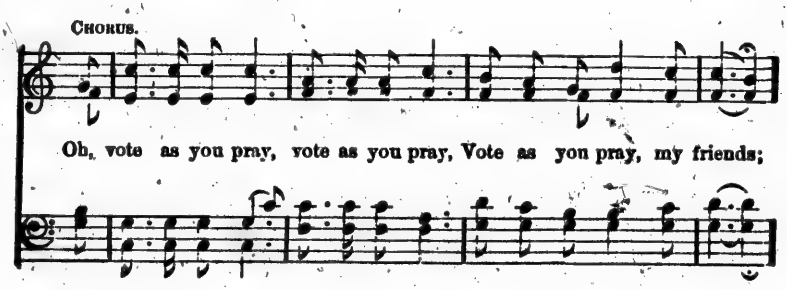
Mrs. E. D. Hand. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. Can you go on thus, my broth-er, While pray-ing day by day,
2. Can you see your neigh-bor fall-ing A-round you in the fray,
3. Do not cease from prayer; no, nev-er! But pray on, while you may;
4. Let us wake from this de-lu-sion, That praying will win the day;

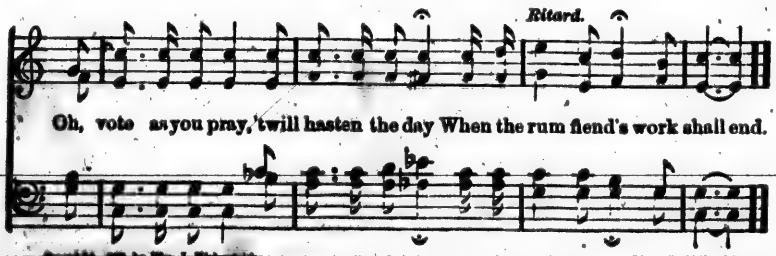


"Thy king-dom come, thy will be done," And yet not vote as you pray?
And pray that God may speed the right, And yet not vote as you pray?
But if you would know your pray'r is heard, Be sure to vote as you pray.
Un-less our prayer and votes a-gree, Then al-ways vote as we pray.



Chorus.

Oh, vote as you pray, vote as you pray, Vote as you pray, my friends;



Ritard.

Oh, vote as you pray, 'twill hasten the day When the rum fiend's work shall end.

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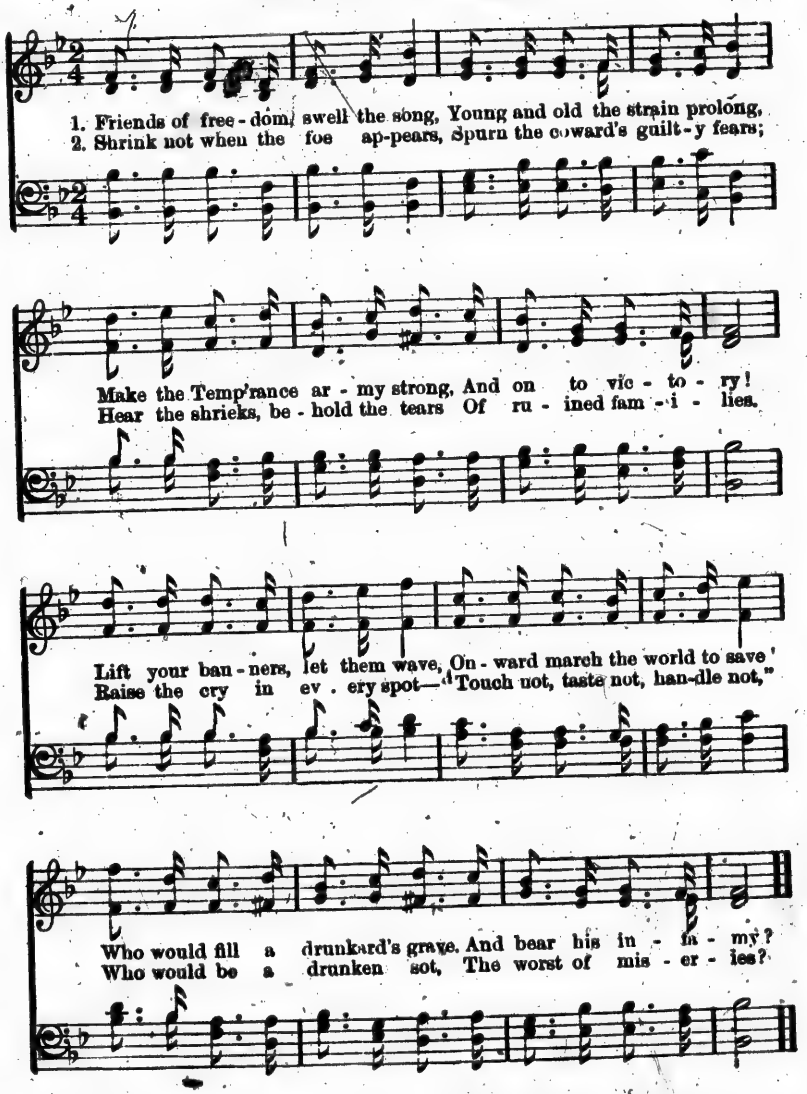

3 Give the aching bosom rest,
Carry joy to every breast,
Make the wretched drunkard blest,
By living soberly.
Raise the glorious watchword high,
"Touch not, taste not, till you die,"
Let the echo reach the sky,
And earth keep jubilee.

4 God of mercy, hear us plead,
For Thy help we intercede;
See how many bosoms bleed,
And heal them speedily.
Haste, O haste the happy day,
When beneath its gentle ray,
Temp'rance all the world shall sway,
And reign triumphantly.

Little by Little.

B. C. Unseld.

1. Lit - tle by lit - tle the time goes by— Short if you sing thro' it,
long if you sigh; Lit - tle by lit - tle—an hour a day, Gone with the
years that have vanished a - way; Lit - tle by lit - tle the race is run,
Trou-ble and wait-ing and toil are done; Lit - tle by lit - tle the
time goes by— Short if you sing thro' it, long if you sigh.

2 Little by little the skies grow clear;
Little by little the sun comes near—
Little by little the days smile out
Gladder and brighter on pain and doubt;
Little by little the seed we sow
Into a beautiful yield will grow.

3 Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battle of Right or Wrong—
Little by little the Wrong gives way,
Little by little the Right has sway:
Little by little all longing souls
Struggle up near to the shining goals.

4 Little by little the good in men
Blossoms to beauty in human ken;
Little by little the angels see
Prophecies better of good to be;
Little by little the God of all
Lifts the world nearer the pleading call.

Repeat first two lines of each verse for ending.

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The Drunkard's Woe.

WILLIAM BENNETT. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Who hath woe and bit - ter sigh - ing? Who in an - guish deep do groan?
2. Who, in fierce con - ten - tion striv - ing, In vain bab-blings loud en - gage?
3. Would'st thou 'scape the drunkard's sorrow? Would'st thou shun his dreadful doom?

Who in hope - less grief are cry - ing? Who in dire dis - tress do moan?
Who from causeless wounds are grieving, Which no med-'cine can as - suage?
Wait not for the com - ing mor - row, Take the pledge, there yet is room.

CHORUS. *(A little faster.)*

They who tar - - ry long at wine, Ev -'ry cheer - ing prospect

They who tar-ry long at wine, Ev - 'ry cheer - ing prospect
They who tar-ry long at wine, Ev -'ry cheering

They who tar-ry long at wine, Ev-'ry cheering prospect

gone;

gone; They who woship at the shrine, Where the rosy god doth reign.
prospect gone;

gone; They who wor - ship at the shrine,

From Bugle Notes, by pen.

Clear the Way.

Boldly. W. O. PERKINS.

D.C.—1. Men of thought! be up and stir-ring, Night and day, Night and day;

Sow the seed, with-draw the cur - tain, Clear the way!

Clear the way! Men of ac - tion, aid and cheer them,

rit. FINE. There's a fount a - bout to

As we may! As we may! There's a fount a-bout to

stream, There's a light a - bout to beam, There's a

stream, There's a light a - bout to beam,

From THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN, by per Russell Bros.

warmth a - bout to glow, There's a flower a -

There's a warmth a - bout to glow, There's a flower a -

bout to blow; There's a mid - - night black-ness changing

bout to blow; There's a mid-night blackn ss chang-ing

In - to gray, In - to gray, There's a mid - - night

In - to gray, In - to gray, There's a mid-night

D.C. "*Men of thought*," &c.

black - ness chang - ing In - to gray, In - to gray.

2 Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say, Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day? Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ways? In its ways?
Aid the dawning tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper, aid it, type,
Aid it, for the hour is ripe.
||: And our earnest must not slacken
Into play, Into play. :||

3 Lo! a cloud about to vanish
From the day, From the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay, Into clay;
Lo! the right's about to conquer;
Clear the way! Clear the way!
With the right shall many more
Enter, smiling at the door;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
||: That for ages long have held us
For their prey, For their prey. :||

The Life-Boat at Sea.

Arr. by C. H. Mead.

1. Come, brother sail-ors, and don't fall a-sleep, Pray night and day, or you'll
2. Now, brother sail-ors, the voy-age is short; Hoist up the sails, and we'll
3. The storms are heav-y, the winds are... loud, The thunder is roll-ing and

sink in the deep; Hope is the an-chor, and this you must keep, If you
soon make the port. Call for the sail-ors and send them a-loft. For
bursting in the cloud, Fathers and mothers are cry-ing a-loud, Je-sus

Chorus.

want to sit with Je-sus in the life-boat. Let me in the life-boat,
Christ.. is.... com-ing in the life-boat.
will.... take.. us.... in the life-boat.

She will stand the rag-ing storm; Let me in the life-boat,

Let me in the life-boat, She will bear my spir-it home.

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4 Now, brother sailors, the voyage is done,
The battle is fought, the victory won;
Go tell your shipmates what Jesus has done,
He took the dying sailor in the life-boat.

5 All glory to Jesus for what He has done.
The storm is past, and I have reached my home,
With angels in glory I now sing the song,
My soul has safely landed in the life-boat.

Speed the Happy Day.

WILLIAM BENNETT. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Lo, a brighter day is break-ing O'er our heav-en-fa-vor'd land;
2. O, the glo-ry of the morn-ing, When the joy-ful time shall come,
3. In that welcome hour of glad-ness, When the ty-rant's reign is o'er,

Men are ev-'ry-where a-wak-ing, Bold-ly for the Right to stand.
When all men shall heed the warning, And for-sake the de-mon, Rum!
Free from bit-ter woe, and sad-ness, We shall feel his power no more.

CHORUS.

Speed, O speed the hap-py day, happy day, May it meet no ling'ring pause, 'Till the curse shall pass away, And vict'ry crown the Temp'rance cause.
ling'ring pause.

From BUGLE NOTES, by per.

The Handwriting on the Wall.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW. 1877, ARR.

1. At the feast of Bel-shazzar and a thousand of His lords,
2. See the brave cap-tive, Daniel, as he stood be-fore the throng,
3. See the faith, zeal and courage, that would dare to do the right,
4. So our deeds are re-cord-ed—there's a hand that's writing now,

While they drank from golden ves-sels, as the Book of truth re-cords—
And re-buk'd the haughty monarch for his might-y deeds of wrong;
Which the Spir-it gave to Dan-iel—this the se-cret of his might—
Sin-ner, give your heart to Je-sus, to His roy-al man-date bow;

In the night, as they revelled in the roy-al pal-ace hall,
As he read out the writing—twas the doom of one and all,
In his home in Ju-de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall—
For the day is approaching—it must come to one and all,

They were s-ized with con-ster-nation,—'twas the hand up-on the wall!
For the king-dom now was finished—said the hand up-on the wall!
He un-der-stood the writing of his God up-on the wall!
When the sin-ners con-dem-nation will be writ-ten on the wall!

Arr. Copyright 1883, by the National Temperance Society and Publication House.

CHORUS.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall,
that is writ - ing on the wall;

'Tis the hand of God on the wall;
that is writ - ing on the wall;

Shall the re-cord be "Found wanting," Or shall it be "Found trusting?"

While that hand is writing, on the wall.
writ - ing on the wall.

Fight for Prohibition.

TUNE—RING THE BELLS OF HEAVEN. B Flat.

1 Fight for prohibition, gird our armor on,
Valiantly we'll march against the foe;
We will wield the scepter till the battle's won,
Till we stay the stream of blood and woe.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, let the people sing,
Glory, glory, make the welkin ring;
'Tis for Prohibition we will take our stand,
Till we drive intemp'rance from the land.

2 Vote for Prohibition—hear the bondmen call;
From the weak and fallen comes the cry,
"Come, undo the shackles, burst the chains that gall,
Come and rescue, save us ere we die."

3 Work for Prohibition—now the father calls,
Calling for the safety of his child;
O, he loves him dearly, can not see him fall
By intemp'rance, and by sin defiled.

Mrs. J. A. Cadbury.

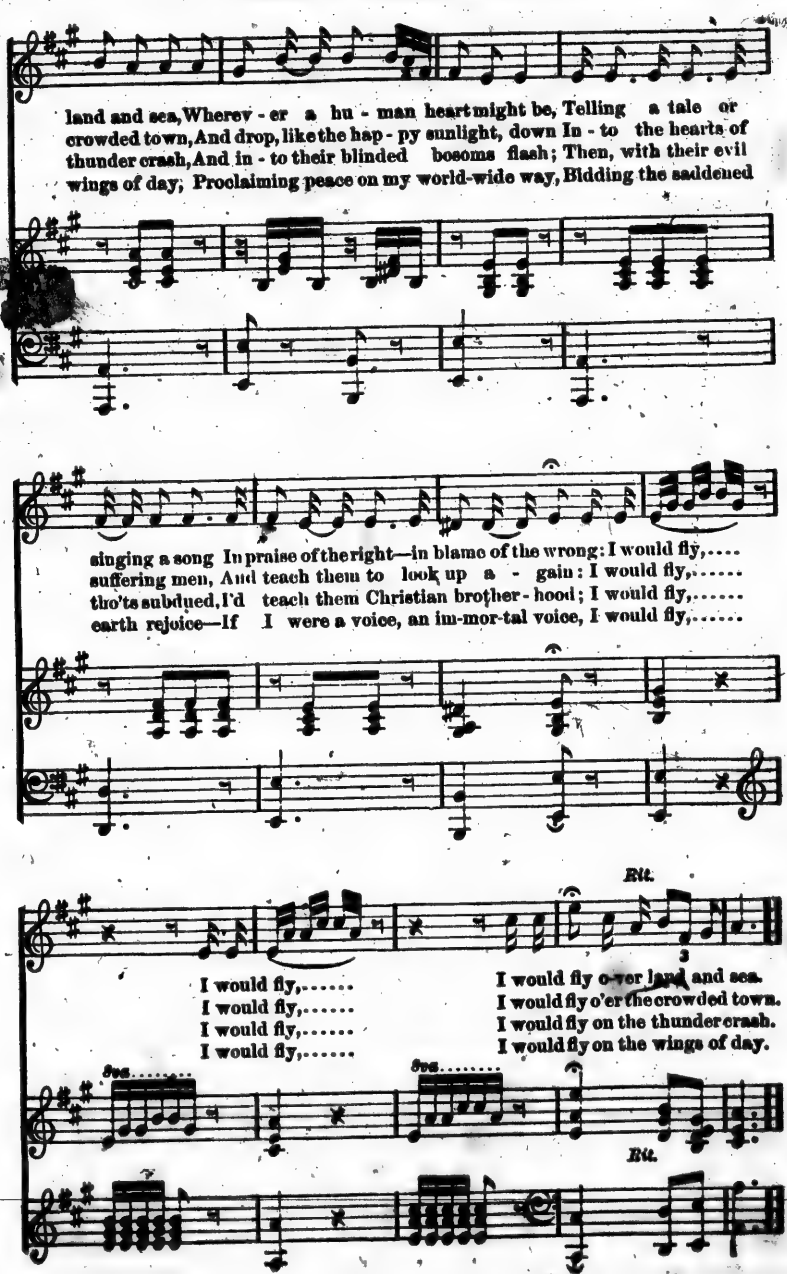
If I were a Voice.

CHARLES MACKAY. ISAAC B. WOODBURY, 1851.

1. If I were a voice, a persuasive voice, That could travel the wide world through, I would fly on the beams of the morning light, And speak to men with a gen - tle might, And tell them to be true. I would fly, I would fly o - ver
2. If I were a voice, a con - sol - ing voice, I'd fly on the wings of the air; The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek, And calm and truth-ful words I'd speak To save them from despair. I would fly, I would fly o'er the
3. If I were a voice, a con - vincing voice, I would travel with the wind, And wherev-er I saw the nations torn, By warfare, jeal - ous-y, spite or scorn, Or hatred of their kind. I would fly, I would fly on the
4. If I were a voice, an im - mortal voice, I would fly the earth a - round; And wherev-er man to his idols bowed, I'd pub-lish in notes both long and loud The Gospel's joy-ful sound. I would fly, I would fly on the

Piano or Organ.

From the Sacred Choir. Used by per. Oliver Ditson & Co., owners of copyright.


land and sea, Wherev - er a hu - man heart might be, Telling a tale or
crowded town, And drop, like the hap - py sunlight, down In - to the hearts of
thunder crash, And in - to their blinded bosoms flash; Then, with their evil
wings of day; Proclaiming peace on my world-wide way, Bidding the saddened
singing a song In praise of the right—in blame of the wrong: I would fly,....
suffering men, And teach them to look up a - gain: I would fly,.....
tho'ts subdued, I'd teach them Christian brother - hood; I would fly,.....
earth rejoice—If I were a voice, an im-mor-tal voice, I would fly,.....
Rit.
I would fly,.....
I would fly,.....
I would fly,.....
I would fly,.....
I would fly o-ver land and sea.
I would fly o'er the crowded town.
I would fly on the thunder crash.
I would fly on the wings of day.
8va.....
8va.....
Rit.

The Sweetest Draught.

T. F. Seward.

1. Come, let us sing of fount and spring, Of brook-let, stream and riv - er,
2. Down fall the showers to feed the flowers, And in the summer, night - ly,
3. Each lit - tle bird, whose song is heard Thro' grove, and meadow ring - ing,

And tune our praise to Him al - ways The great and gra - cious Giv - er.
The blossoms sip with ro - sy lip The dew-drops gleaming brightly.
At streamlet's brink, will blithely drink, To tune its voice for sing - ing.

What drink with wa - ter can compare, That na - ture loves so dear - ly?

The sweetest draught that can be quaff'd, Is wa - ter, wa - ter,

wa - ter, wa - ter, wa - ter that spar - kles so clear - ly.

From Tunes Gems, by permission.

Awake! Arise!

CORNEY SIMMONDS. CARL WILHELM.

Boldly.

1. A - wake! a - rise! who would be free! The call resounds from sea to sea; Look on our na - tion's sin and woe, And deal de - struction to the foe. Sweet Peace with Hope and Love en - twine, Where en - ters not the tempt-ing wine. Tell the poor wan - der - er, these may be thine, Tell the poor wan - der - er, these may be thine.

p dolce. the foe. *cres.* *f*

2 They hear, they rise—the brave and true,
With stalwart heart to dare and do;
From hill to hill, from plain to plain,
Ten thousand voices swell the strain,—
Sweet Peace with Hope and Love entwine,
Where enters not the tempting wine.
‖: Rise, rise, poor wanderer, these may be thine. :‖

3 And while a voice is left to sing,
Still shall the song of freedom ring:
Still shall the truth our forces cheer,
And smite the nation's waking ear.
Sweet Peace with Hope and Love entwine,
Where enters not the tempting wine.
‖: Rise, rise, poor wanderer, these may be thine. :‖

The King's Highway.

ARR. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Wher-ev-er you may be, What-ev-er you may see, That would
2. The meadows may be green Where by-path stile is seen; Turn a-
3. For, on en-chant-ed ground There's dan-ger all a-round, And a
4. Our God will give us light, And, walk-ing in the light, We shall

lead you in-to e-vil, say you nay, say you nay, I
side, the lit-tle flow-ers seem to say, seem to say, Be
thousand pleasant voic-es bid you stay, bid you stay; With
win a crown of glo-ry in the day, in the day When

will not turn a-side, What-ev-er may be-tide; Just
sure you take no heed, They're try-ing to mis-lead; Just
fin-gers stop your ears, And nev-er mind their jeers; Just
Je-sus calls his own To-geth-er round the throne, Who

D. S.—ev-er you may be, What-ev-er you may see, Just

FINE. CHORUS.

keep along the middle of the King's highway. The King's highway, the
keep along the middle of the King's highway.
keep along the middle of the King's highway.
kept along the middle of the King's highway.

keep a-long the middle of the King's High-way.

Copyright, 1900, by E. S. Lorenz. From HEAVENLY GARDEN, by permission.

D. S.

King's highway, Oh, turn a-side from everything that leads a - stray; *Where -*

Or this CHORUS, by J. M. WHYTE.

Just keep a - long the mid-dle of the King's
Just keep a - long the mid-dle of the King's high - way. Just keep a - long the

high - way, Just keep a - long the mid-dle
mid-dle of the King's highway; Don't you turn to the right of the King's highway.

of the King's high - way, Just keep a - long the
Don't you turn to the left of the King's highway, But keep a - long the middle, just

mid-dle of the King's high - way.
keep a - long the middle, just keep a - long the mid-dle of the King's highway.

Water from the Spring.

SOLO. SYDNEY NELSON.

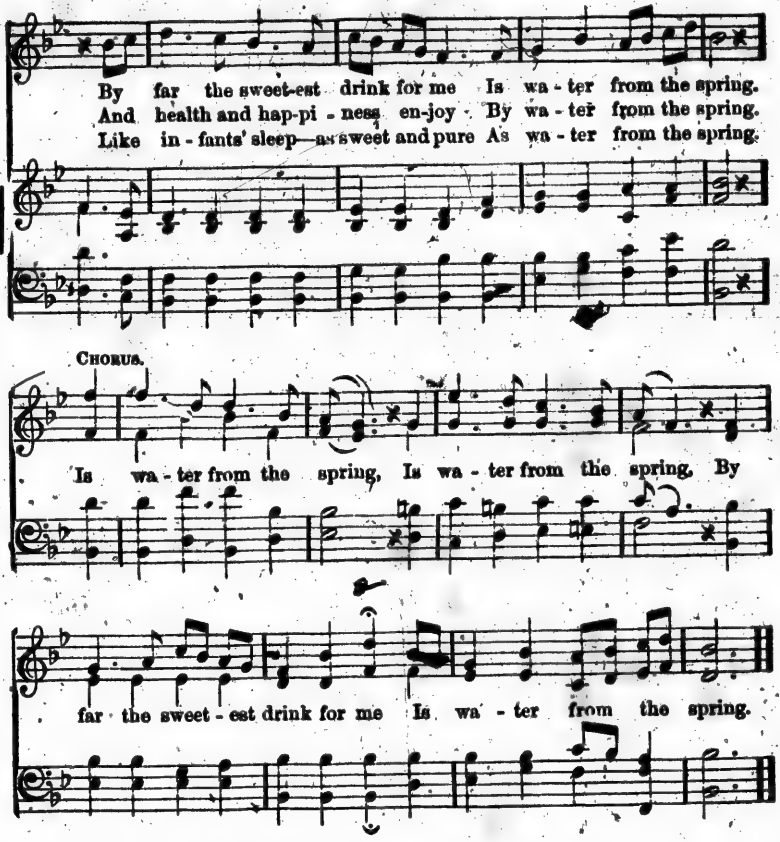
1. I've heard the praise of ros - y wine In dul - cet measures sung;
2. Whene'er I wan - der from my home, How distant, far, or wide,
3. She shelt - ers me from all the ills The drunkard knows and feels;

p stacc.

Vocal accomp. La, la, la, la, &c.

And oft, with wild and loud applause, The fes - tive hall has rung;
I fear no dan - ger on my way, While Temp'rance is my guide;
The bruis-ed reed she does not break, The wounded spir - it heals;

Let drunkards wake their nois - y harps, And Bacchus' praises sing—
With her my course I fear-less steer, Se - cure be - neath her wing,
And when at last life's journey's o'er, That sweet repose she'll bring—



'Tis Time to Swing our Axes.

Tune—Yankee Doodle.

1 We've had enough of license laws,
Enough of liquor's taxes;
We've turned the grindstone long enough,
'Tis time to swing our axes.
This deadly upas tree must fall—
Let strokes be strong and steady,
Pull out the stumps! grub out the roots!
O brothers! are you ready!

2 No longer will we shield this foe
To manhood, love and beauty;
We've had enough of compromise—
The right alone is duty,
Enough of weak men and distrust;
The burden grows by shifting;
Let's put our shoulder to the wheel!
And do our share of lifting.

3 We've had enough of forging chains
This demon drink to fetter,
Good bullets from the ballot box
Well sped, will fix him better!
Will ye not hunt him to the death!
Speak out! speak out, O brothers!
Will ye not sound the bugle call,
O sisters, wives and mothers!

4 We've had enough of shame and woe;
Of cruel spoliation,
Who fears to say it loud enough
To thrill our land and nation?
God help us all to work like men,
In earnest agitation,
Till we have crushed the power of rum
By righteous legislation.

Be 'Umble.

ANON. Music by SILVER LAKE QUARTETTE.

1. Oh, de Fair-i-see dat went in de temple fur ter pray,— Be
He wore er new hat an' had money in his cloze— Be
2. "Much er bleeged, good Lawd," he said, wid er bow— Be
But he went down out-en dat house ob pra'r— Be

'umble in de sight ob de Lawd— Hil' up his head like er
'umble in de sight ob de Lawd— Had wine-en his bref an' er
'umble in de sight ob de Lawd— "Dat yer thinks is er priv-i-lege ter
'umble in de sight ob de Lawd— Wid er rock in his heart an'

ole blue jay— Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd.
ring in his nose— Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd.
bless me now— Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd.
tho'ns in his ha'r— Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd.

CHORUS.

Oh, de time gwine ter come when de second birth Will gin more joy den de

Cho. last verse.

Oh, de time gwine ter come when de second birth Will gin more joy den de

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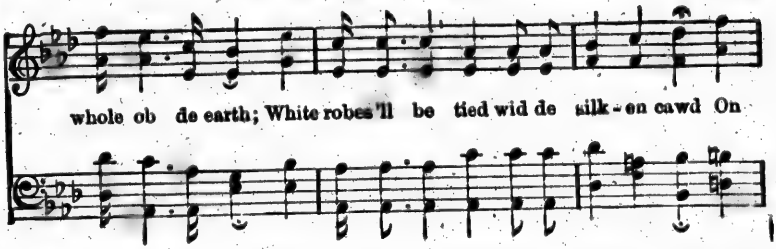

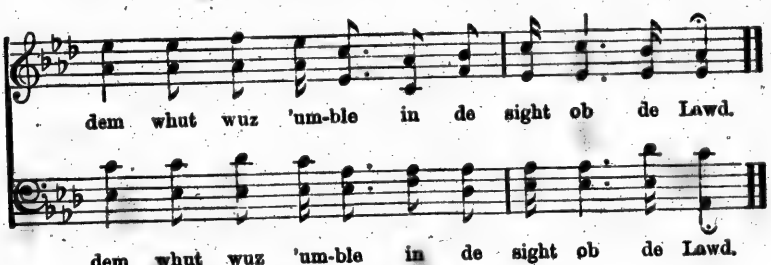

3.

Oh' de po' man dat went in de temple for ter pray—
Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd—
Didn' hol' up his head like er ole blue jay—
Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd—
But he bowed down his head an' poured out his soul—
Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd—
Without any thought ob jewelry ur gol'—
Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd.

4.

He felt dat at most er man wuz small—
Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd—
Dat death comes erlong an' settles it all—
Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd—
An' he went down outen dat pra'ful place—
Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd—
Wid love in his heart an' hope on his face—
Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd.

Now to Heaven our Prayers Ascending.

Tune—"God Speed the Right."

1 Now to heaven our prayers ascending,
God speed the right!
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right!
Be their zeal in heaven recorded,
With success on earth rewarded,
God speed the right!

2 Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right!
Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
God speed the right!
Like the good and great in story,
If they fall, they fall with glory,
God speed the right!

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right!
Ne'er the event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right!
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
But in heaven's own time succeeding,
God speed the right!

4 Still their onward course pursuing,
God speed the right!
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right!
Truth Thy cause, whate'er delay it
There's no power on earth can stay it,
God speed the right!

Come and Help us.

THOS. R. THOMPSON.

MISS BELLE PENNEY.

1. Oh, won't you come, and help a - long The Tem-p'rance
2. We're on - ly boys and girls, 'tis true, But we are
3. We are op - posed to all sa - loons, To drink we

ref - or - ma - tion? We boys and girls u - nit - ed are To
grow-ing strong-er; And men and wom - en we shall be In
give no quar - ter; And so our voic - es high we raise In

CHORUS.

save from drink our na - tion. Oh, won't you come, oh,
just a few years long - er.
praise of pure cold wa - ter.

won't you come, And help the ref - or - ma - tion? We'll work with

all, both great and small, To drive drink from our na - tion.

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The Temperance Chimes.

Rev. W. A. DeBerray. H. P. Danks.

Maestoso.

1. The temp'rance chimes are ring - ing O'er all our hap - py land,
2. The temp'rance chimes are ring - ing, Sal - va - tion, joy and love,
3. The temp'rance chimes are ring - ing Re - demption in His name,
4. The temp rance chimes are ring - ing, Let all the earth be glad;

And new born souls are sing - ing As now redeemed they stand;
Hope to the cap - tive bring - ing, And free - dom from a - bove.
To whom the saved are cling - ing, And for whose love He came.
For light and love up - spring - ing, In hearts bowed down and sad.

Their glorious notes as - cend - ing, Fill all the az - ure dome,
To watchers ev - er pray - ing, There comes a might-y aid—
He still is call - ing kind - ly, His arm is strong to save;
The night of pain and sor - row Is fad - ing fast a - way;

In welcome notes at - tend - ing The lost re - turn - ing home.
The march of e - vil stay - ing, And mer-cy's sign dis - played
O broth - er! walk not blind - ly, Nor be temp-ta - tion's slave.
We hail the com - ing mor - row Of Love's e - ter - nal day.

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Coming By and By.

R. L.

R. LOWRY, by per.

1. A bet - ter day is com-ing— A morn-ing prom - ised long,
2. The boast of haughty Er - ror No more will fill the air,
3. Oh! for that ho - ly dawning We watch, and wait, and pray,

When gird-ed Right with ho - ly Might, Will o - ver-throw the Wrong;
But Age and Youth will love the Truth, And spread it ev - ery-where;
Till o'er the height the morning light Shall drive the gloom a - way;

When God the Lord will list - en To ev - ery plain-tive sigh, And
No more from Want or Sor - row Will come the hope - less cry; And
And when the heav'n - ly glo - ry Shall flood the earth and sky, We'll

stretch His hand o'er ev - ery land, With jus - tice by and by.
strife will cease, and per - fect Peace Will flour - ish by and by.
bless the Lord for all His word, And praise Him by and by.

REFRAIN.

Coming by and by, coming by and by! The bet-ter day is com-ing,

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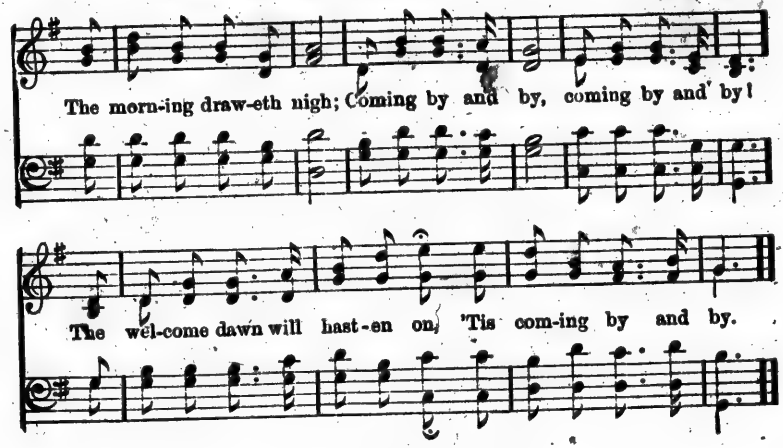
Coming By and By.—Concluded.



The Temperance Star.

Tune—WATCHMAN. Key of Eb.

1 Watchman! tell us of the night—
What its signs of promise are;
Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glorious Temperance star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler! yes! it brings the day,
Wrested from the tyrant's spell.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet the star ascends;
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler! ages are its own;
See! it bursts o'er all the earth!

Battle Hymn of the Women's Crusade.

Tune—THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

1 The light of truth is breaking, on the mountain-tops it gleams;
Let it flash along our valleys, let it glitter on our streams;
Till all our land awakens in its flush of golden beams.
Our God is marching on.

CHORUS.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Our God is marching on.

2 With purpose strong and steady, in the great Jehovah's name,
We rise to snatch our kindred from the depths of woe and shame,
And the jubilee of freedom to the slaves of sin proclaim.
Our God is marching on.—CHO.

3 Our strength is in Jehovah, and our cause is in His care;
With Almighty arms to help us, we have faith to do and dare,
While confiding in the promise that the Lord will answer prayer.
Our God is marching on.—CHO.

The Children or the Drink.

Not too slow

GEO. E. CHAMBERS.

1. When drink in - vades the peaceful home, And poi - sons all its life,
2. The lit - tle stockings, boots and shoes, The toy, the top, the ball,
3. But on - ly let the dread-ful drink Be banished far a - way,

'Tis not con - tent a - lone to rob The hus-band and the wife.
With ev - ery de - cent dress or hat, The drunkard swallows all.
Then plenty will suc - ceed to want, And night give place to day.

The lit - tle ones must suf - fer too; Their joys are put to rout;
While he is wast - ing time and cash In "drinks" of ev - ery sort,
Once more the mer - ry chil - dren smile, As joy a - gain ap - pears;

And when the spell be - gins to work, The children find it out.
To slake his ev - er - burn-ing thirst The children's food runs short.
While soon they hap - pi - ly for - get The woes of ear - ly years.

CHORUS.

O fa - thers! stop and think; O mothers! stop and think,

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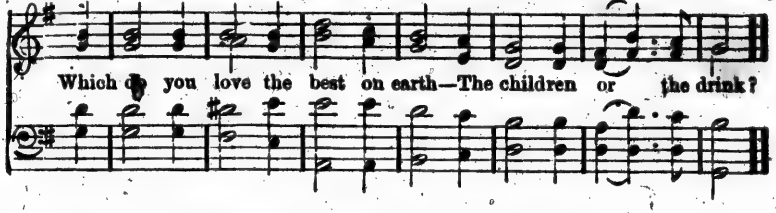
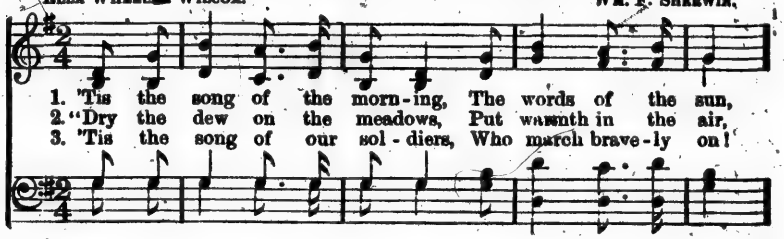
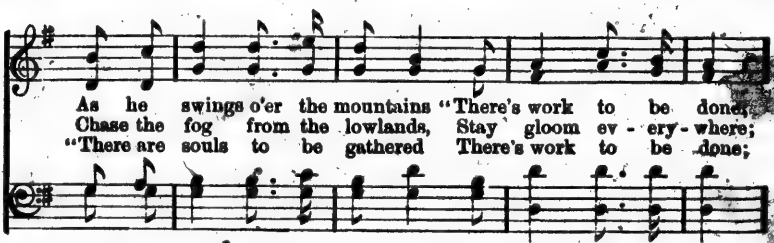
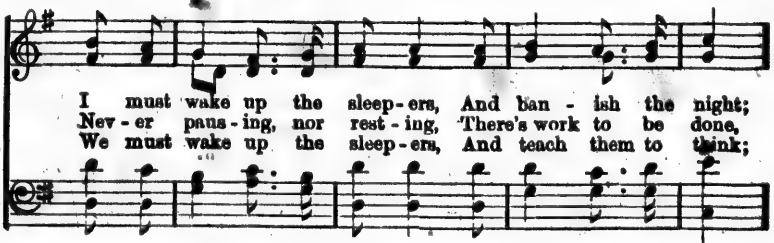


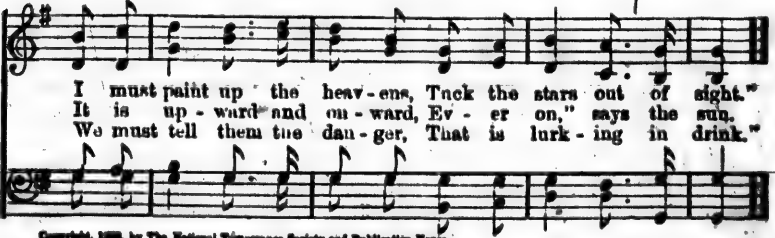
There's Work to be Done.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. WM. F. SHERWIN.









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Ring out the Bells!

Rev. Alfred Taylor — John J. Jones.

1. Ring out the bells, the joy - ful bells! The pro - hi - bi - tion call,
2. Ring out the bells, the joy - ful bells! The ju - bi - lee has come
3. Ring out the bells, the joy - ful bells! The sun of vic - t'ry shines!

To sum - mon to the ju - bi - lee Our friends, both great and small.
To make our na - tion tru - ly free; Free from the curse of rum.
Its gold - en ra - diance cheers our souls; The power of drink de - clines.

We've struggled on in hope - ful toil For many a wea - ry year,
Our cause sweeps o'er the bless - ed land, Our hearts with praise are warm;
The tri - umph notes ring glad and clear; Right glad of soul are we;

And now the wait - ing days are o'er, The ju - bi - lee is here.
The bet - ter days have come at last, The days of glad re - form.
All hail the vic - t'ry of the right! All hail the ju - bi - lee!

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CHORUS.

The joy - ful bells! The pro - hi - bi - tion bells! The

vic - tory bells! The pro - hi - bi - tion bells! Ring out the

bells, the mer - ry bells; The ju - bi - lee is here! Ring

out the bells, the mer - ry bells; The ju - bi - lee is

here! The ju - bi - lee is here! The ju - bi - lee is here!

68 Now Sing with Joyful Hearts and Voices.

Rev. Alfred Taylor. D. F. Auber.

1 Now sing with joyful hearts and voic - es, We're on our way;
While ev - ery heart with hope re - joic - es, We've come to stay.

2nd. Chorus.

good cheer to - day! ....
we've [Omit .....] come to stay. No turning back; right

on we press, Our cause the Lord will bless; We fight against grim

Our cause the Lord will bless;

Satan's powers, The vic - t'ry will be ours; We ma[illegible] most of

The vic - t'ry will be ours;

precious, precious hours, The vic - to - ry will soon, will soon be ours.

2 Now work a thorough reformation;
We work with hope, we work with hope;
For purity throughout the nation
We'll work and vote, we'll work and vote.

3 Now praise the [illegible] for promise spoken;
We're in the fight, God speed the fight!
Praise him whose wo[illegible] never broken;
The Lord is King, [illegible] Lord is King.

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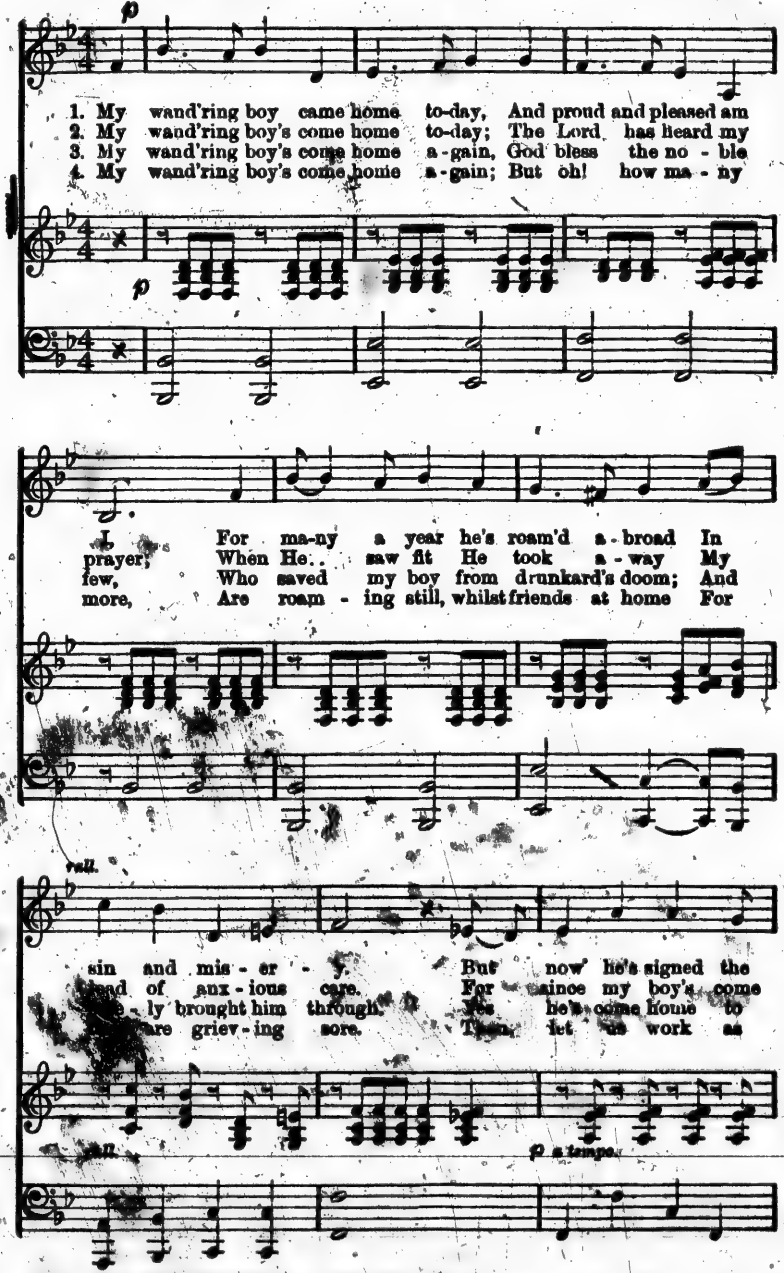
The Wanderer's Return.

W. J. Devers.



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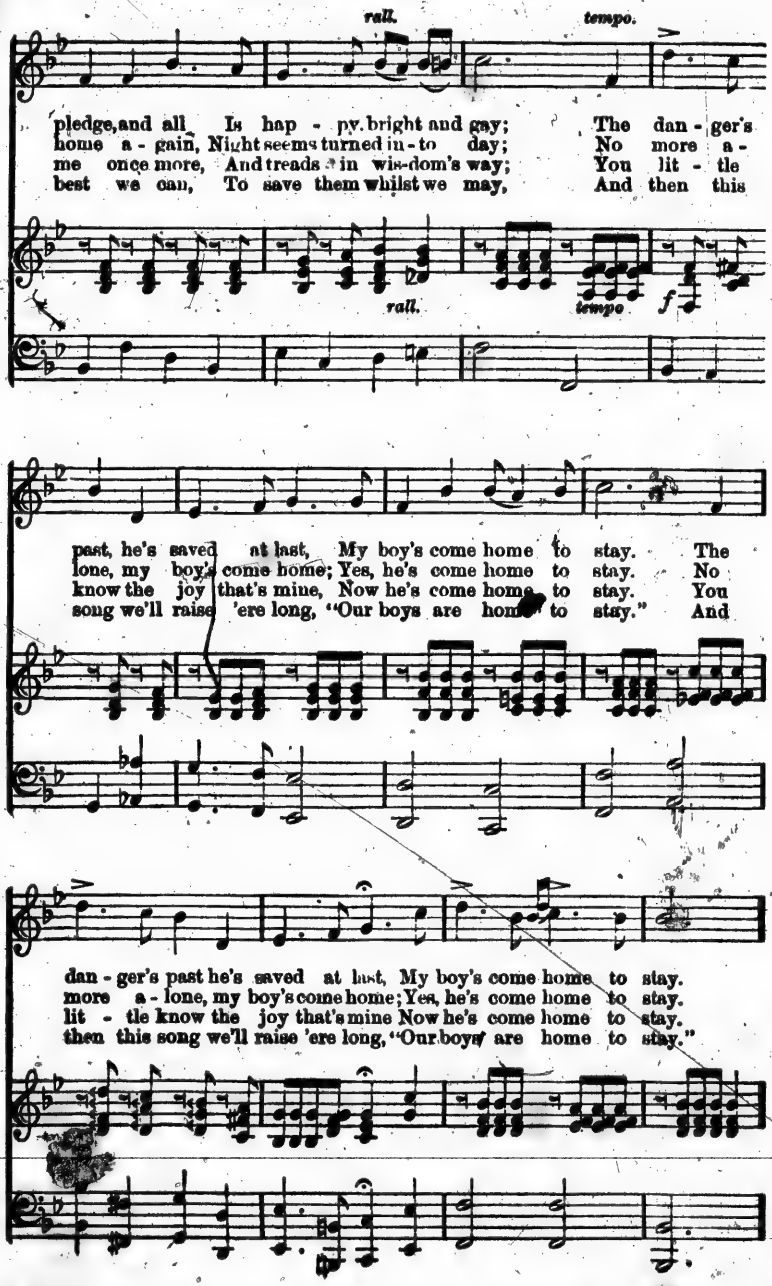
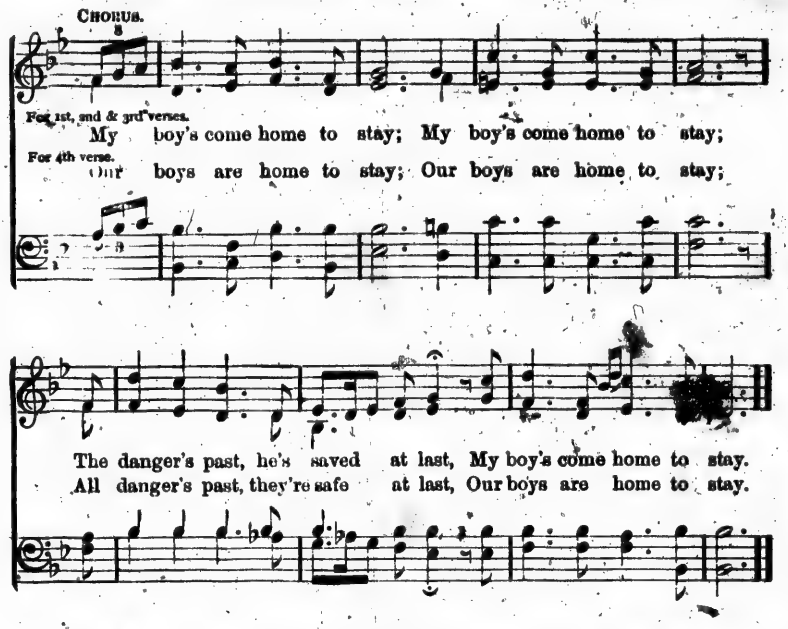
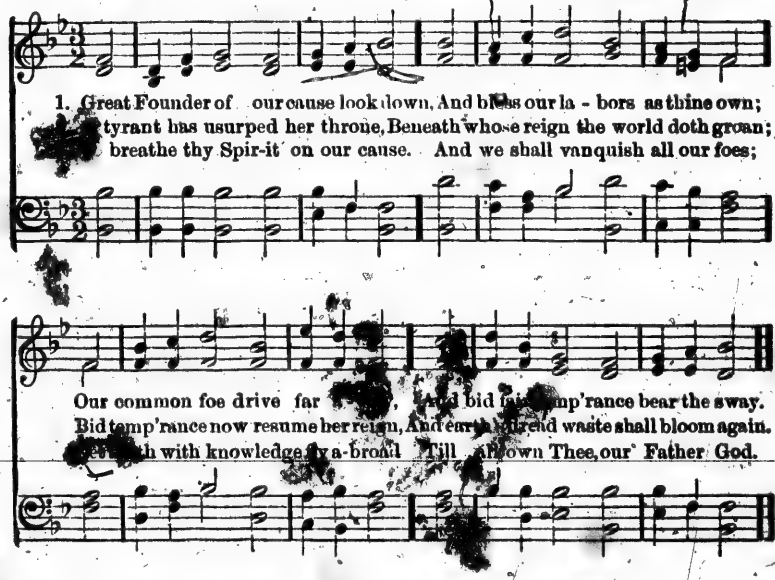

rall.
tempo.
pledge, and all Is hap - py, bright and gay; The dan - ger's
home a - gain, Night seems turned in - to day; No more a -
me once more, And treads in wis - dom's way; You lit - tle
best we can, To save them whilst we may, And then this
rall.
tempo
f
past, he's saved at last, My boy's come home to stay. The
lone, my boy's come home; Yes, he's come home to stay. No
know the joy that's mine, Now he's come home to stay. You
song we'll raise 'ere long, "Our boys are home to stay." And
dan - ger's past he's saved at last, My boy's come home to stay.
more a - lone, my boy's come home; Yes, he's come home to stay.
lit - tle know the joy that's mine Now he's come home to stay.
then this song we'll raise 'ere long, "Our boys are home to stay."



Great Founder of Our Cause Look [illegible]

Tune—HEBRON. L. M. LOWELL MASON. 1830.



The Dawning of the Day.

W. H. WILLIAM HOYLE.

Cheerfully.

1. Cheer, comrades, cheer! we're sure to win, There's vic-t'ry on be - fore;
2. The na-tion moves—it stirs at last, To aid the cause of right;
3. Cheer, comrades, cheer! be true and brave, The vic - t'ry you shall win;

Slow.

The day, the day is com - ing in, To bless our native shore! (native shore!)
Brave men, brave men are gath'ring fast, All eager for the fight! (for the fight!)
Your arms, your arms the land must save, The day is coming in! (coming in!)

a tempo.

Speed on the time—a - rise, a - rise! The drink shall pass a - way,
Hark to their tramp—they come, they come! Heav'n speed them on their way,
Forth in the Lord—be strong, be strong On your tri - umph - ant way!

As mist be - fore the glad sun flies, At the dawning of the day!
To save our land and bless each home, At the dawning of the day!
And the hills shall ring with a joy-ful song, At the dawning of the day!

CHORUS. The dawning of the day When the drink is swept a - way,

When the drink is swept a - way, is swept a - way,

cres.

By the spread of right and the Gospel light, At the dawning of the day!

Stand Up for Temperance.

G. DUFFIELD, alt. Tune—WEBB. 7s, 6s. D. GEO. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up, stand up for Temp'rance, Ye soldiers of our cause; Lift high our

D.S.—Till ev - 'ry

FINE.

roy - al ban-ner, Nor let it suf - fer loss. From vic - t'ry un - to

foe is vanquish'd, And all are free in - deed.

D.S.

vic-t'ry Our army shall be led.

2 Stand up, stand up for Temp'rance,
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose:
Forth to this mighty conflict—
Go in this glorious hour—
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

Song of a Thousand Years.

Music by Henry C. Work.

1. Tem - per - ance men, go raise your stan-dard; Lo! for your
2. These are the times that try true cour - age— Nev - er give
3. Cheer up, brave hearts, pro - claim the tid - ings, Shout a - loud
4. Lo! the bright star, in glo - ry rid - ing High in the

guide a star ap - pears; For - ward, ye braves—the day-light's
place to doubt or fear; Why should you doubt?—the bow of
in the drunk-ard's ear, Touch not the cup, but pledge your
heav'ns, each heart it cheers; Join the glad shout, swell out the

break - ing, And it will shine a Thou - sand Years.
prom - ise Sure - ly will stand a Thou - sand Years.
hon - or, You will not drink for a Thou - sand Years.
chor - us, Ju - bi - lee lasts a Thou - sand Years.

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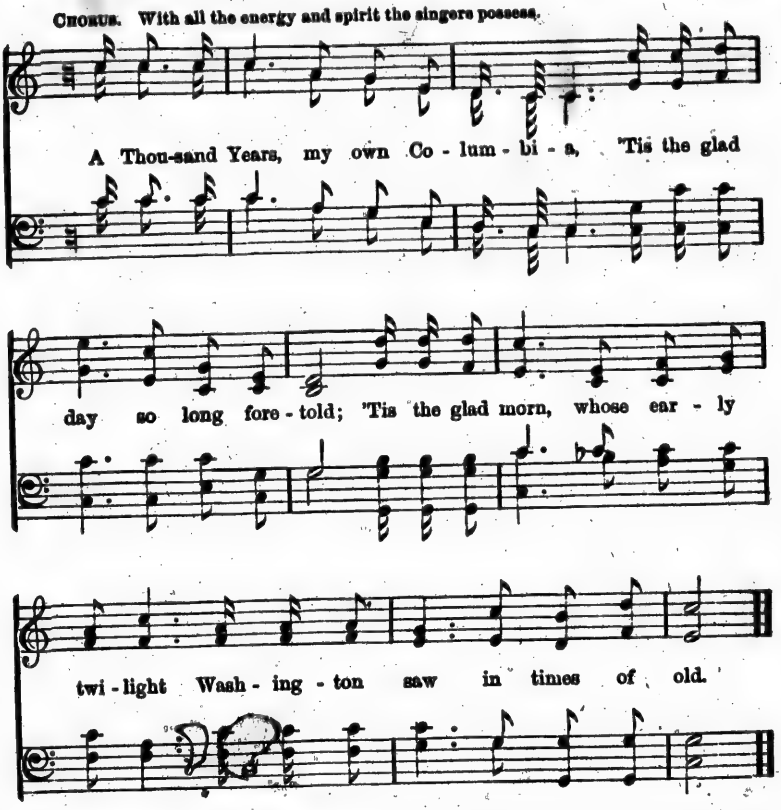
CHORUS. With all the energy and spirit the singers possess.



5 Brewers who live, who feast and fatten
On the crushed hearts and widows' tears,
Soon shall you hear in tones of thunder,
Stop your work for a Thousand Years!
CHO.—A Thousand Years, etc.

6 Drinkers! the time is hastening onward,
When your proud looks, your scoffs and sneers
Shall be dried up, and Prohibition
Legally reign a Thousand Years!
CHO.—A Thousand Years, etc.

All Unite in Singing.

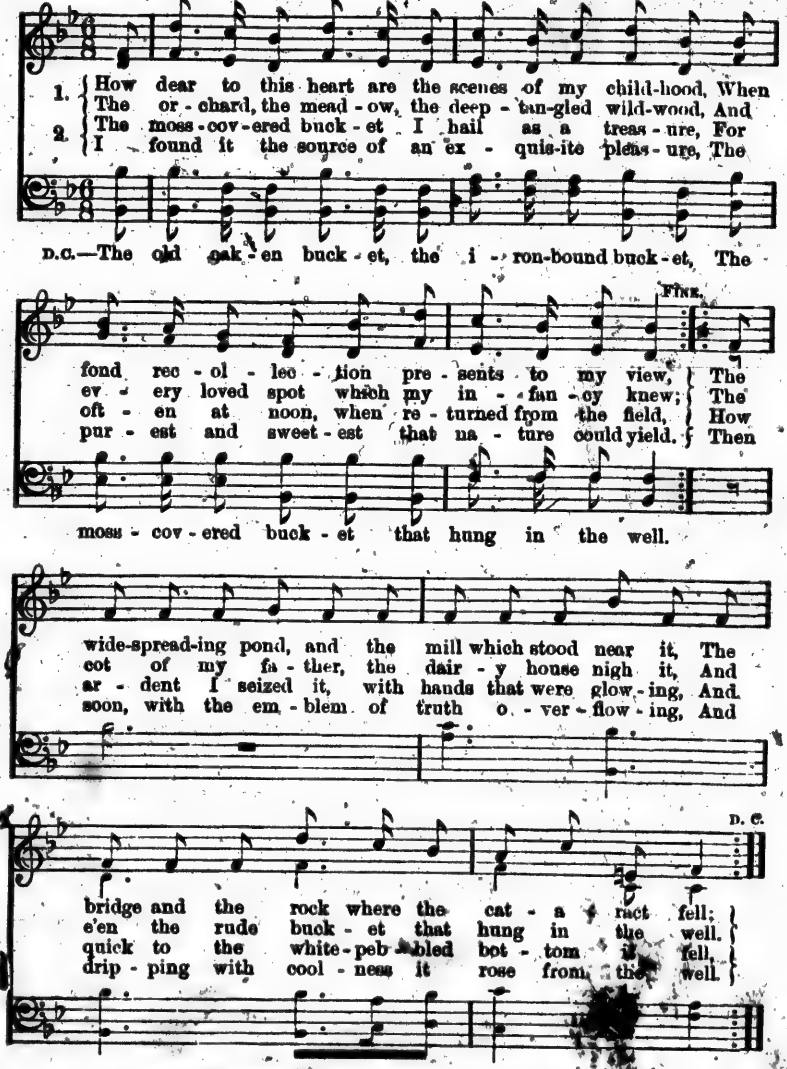
TUNE—AULD LANG SYNE.

1 Come, friends and brethren, all unite
In songs of hearty cheer;
Our cause speed onward in its might!
Away with doubt and fear!
We give the pledge, we join the hand,
Resolved on victory;
We are a bold, determined band,
And strike for liberty.

2 The cup of death no more we take;
That cup no more we give;
It makes the head, the bosom ache—
Ah! who can drink and live?
We give the pledge, we join the hand,
Resolved on victory;
We are a bold, determined band,
And strike for liberty.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH. "Araby's Daughter."



3 How sweet from the green mossy rim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips;
Not a full flowing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, &c.

Yield not to Temptation.

H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER. By-per.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin; Each vic'try will
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn-est,
con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-iour

Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-hearted and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com-fort, strengthen and keep you,

He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

78 They are coming from the Mountains.

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. They are com-ing from the mountains to the great cam - paign
2. They are com-ing strong and valiant to the great cam - paign
3. We are bound to be the vic-tors in the great cam - paign,

That is wak-ing up the nations all a - round us; East and
That will make the bold op-pressor fear and trem - ble; From our
And to break the yoke of al - co - hol's op - pres - sion; In the

West their forc-es blending, North and South the line ex - tend - ing,
dai - ly grow-ing numbers With a zeal that nev - er slum - bers,
bat - tle fiercely rag - ing, Let us one and all en - gag - ing,

REFRAIN.

Glad-ly hail us with the grand re - frain. Then hur-rah for pro-hi-
O'er the world is heard the grand re - frain.
Sing and shout a - loud the grand re - frain.

bi - tion now and ev - er! From the bat - tle we will turn our fac - es

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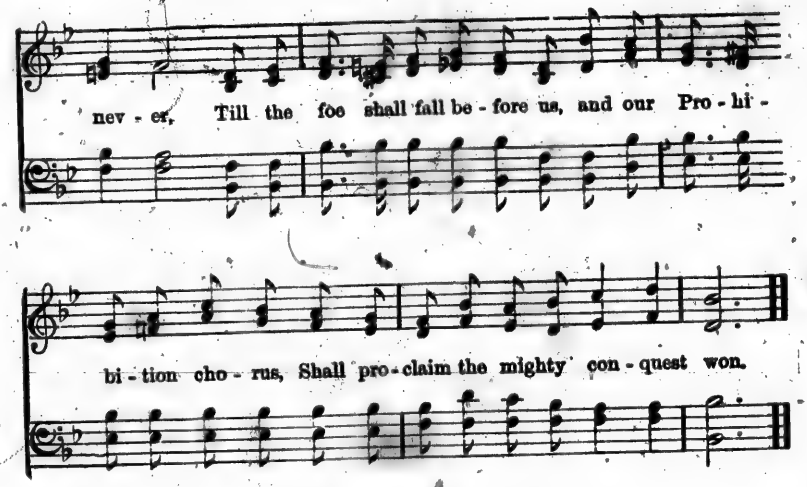
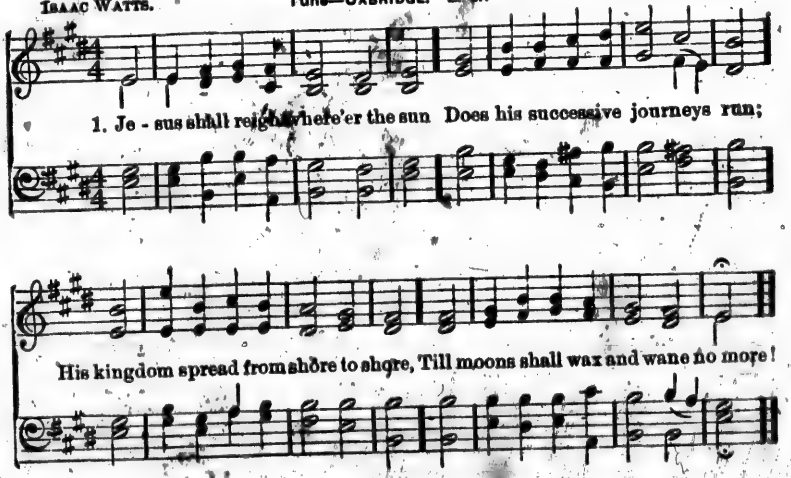


Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. Tune—UXBRIDGE. L. M. LOWELL MASON.



2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love, with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen!

The Worker's Song.

THOS. R. THOMPSON. WILLIAM HOYLE.

1. To those who bravely take their stand—The good, the true, the brave;
2. With cour-age, then, work, watch and pray, U-nit-ing heart and hand,
3. The tem'prance cause is gain-ing ground, 'Tis pushing to the fore;

In this, and ev-ery oth-er land, Who would their coun-try save;
To drive the curse of drink a-way From this, and ev-ery land.
With rap-id strides it speeds a-long, And spreads from shore to shore.

We sing a song, a temp'rance song, The hearts of all to cheer;
Oh, work-ers all, in ev-ery clime, The com-ing vic-t'ry hail,
The land we love, the land we prize, Shall from the curse be free,

If wrong to right, must yield its might, Then what is there to fear?
For God will give the har-vest-time, We nev-er knew Him fail!
And small and great shall cel-e-brate A Temp'rance Ju-bi-lee.

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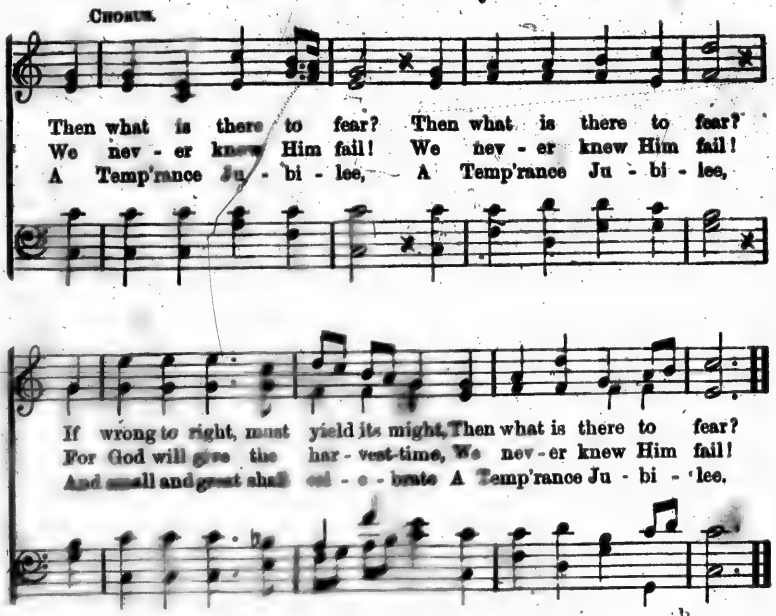
CHORUS.



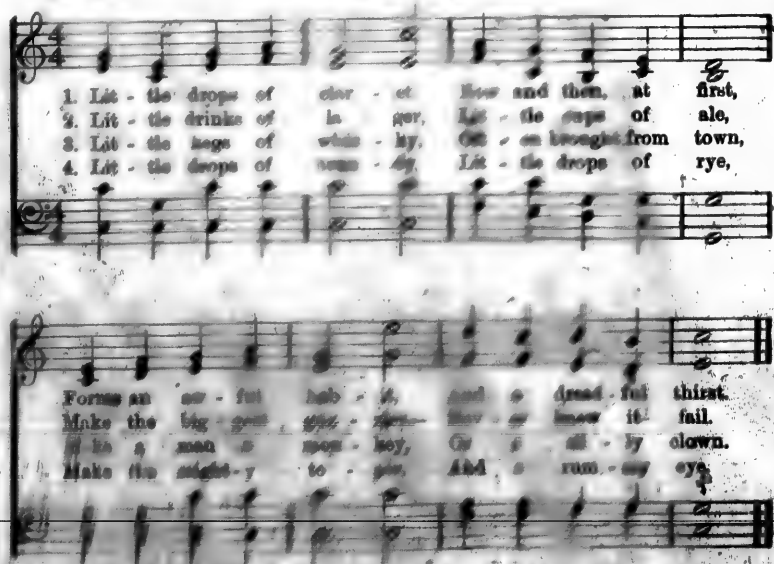
Then what is there to fear? Then what is there to fear?
We nev - er knew Him fail! We nev - er knew Him fail!
A Temp'rance Ju - bi - lee, A Temp'rance Ju - bi - lee,

If wrong to right, must yield its might, Then what is there to fear?
For God will give the har - vest-time, We nev - er knew Him fail!
And small and great shall cel - e - brate A Temp'rance Ju - bi - lee.

Little Drops.

H. W. R. J. E. WHITE.

1. Lit - tle drops of clar - et, Now and then, at first,
2. Lit - tle drinks of la - ger, Lit - tle cups of ale,
3. Lit - tle kegs of whis - ky, Oft - en brought from town,
4. Lit - tle drops of [illegible], Lit - tle drops of rye,



Forms an aw - ful hab - it, And a dread - ful thirst.
Make the big - gest [illegible] Nev - er knew it fail.
Make a man a mon - key, Or a sil - ly clown.
Make the might - y to - per, And a rum - my eye.

Copyright [illegible]

And are ye Sure the News is True?

[OBLIGATO SOLO AND CHORUS]

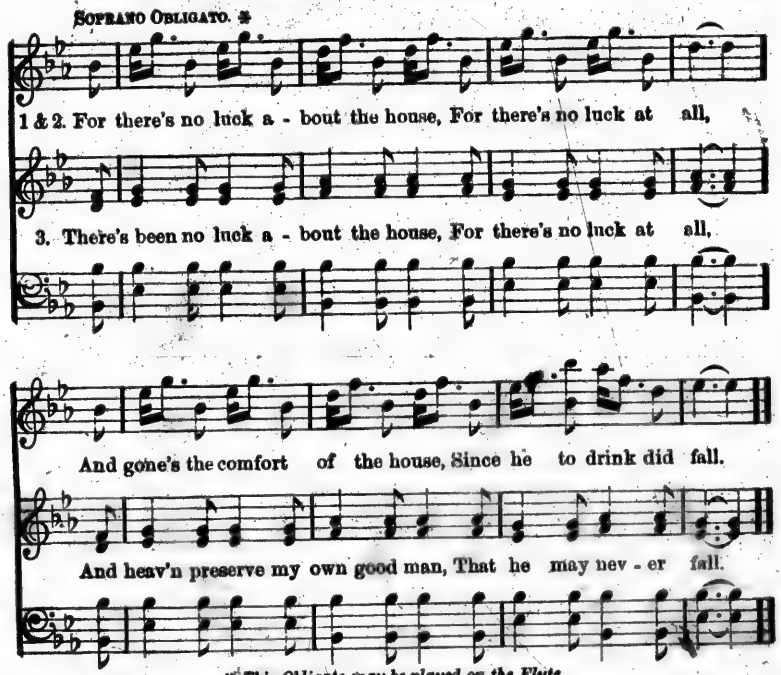
Lively. Arr. by I. B. Woodbury.

1. And are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's signed?
2. Whose eye so kind, whose hand so strong, Whose love so true will shine,
3. And blessings on the helping hands That sent him back to me;

I can't be - lieve the joy - ful tale, And leave my fears be - hind;
If he has bent his heart and hand The temp'rance pledge to sign;
Haste, haste, ye lit - tle ones, and run Your fa - ther's face to see;

If John has signed, and drinks no more, The happiest wife am I
But what puts breaking in my head? I trust he'll taste no more;
And are you sure, my John, you've signed, And are you sure 'tis past?

That ev - er swept a cot-tage hearth, Or sung a lul - la - by.
Be still, be still, my beat-ing heart! Hark! hark! he's at the door.
Then mine's the happiest, brightest home,—On temp'rance shores, at last.



* *This Obligato may be played on the Flute.*

Shall we see the Victory?

Tune—Shall we gather at the River?

1 Shall we see the brighter beaming
Of an error yet to be?
Will the signs that now are gleaming
Bring the temperance jubilee?

Cho. Yes, the victory is nearing!
The victory, the victory is nearing!
Shouts of gladness we are hearing
From hosts that our pledge makes free.

2 Shall we see the light returning
To sad homes of deepest woe?
And love's altar-fires new burning
Where the cup had quenched their glow?

3 Shall we see the young and gifted
Standing forth in manly strength?
Shall the masses all be lifted
To the purer life at length?

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

Rev. W. W. Walford.

Sparkling Water.

W. W. D.

Briskly.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Wa - ter, wa - ter, sparkling wa - ter, Best of earth-ly gifts to men; How it
2. Gai - ly dancing, plunging, skipping, Now 'tis here, and then 'tis there, Soft - ly

dan-ces in the sunlight, How it ra - ces thro' the glen! Out in - to the
whispers, sweet-ly murmurs, Bringing gladness everywhere: Wa-ter, wa - ter,

o - pen meadow, Where the birds sing with delight, See, it spreads it - self in
sparkling water! Oh! that it could wash a - way Ev - ery stain of sin and

CHORUS.

mir - rors That re - flect the stars of night. Wa-ter! Wa-ter!
sor - row, Caused by Rum's re-lent-less sway.

Water! Water!

Wa - ter, wa - ter, sparkling wa - ter; Best of earth-ly gifts to men.

From Bright Notes, by per

When Rum shall Cease to Reign.

EDWARD CARSWELL. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Get read - y for the ju - bi - lee, Hur - rah! hur - rah! When this our
2. We're on - ly chil-dren now, you know, Hur - rah! hur - rah! But temp'rance
3. From Maine to Cal - i - for - ni - a, Hur - rah! hur - rah! From Del - a -
4. It will not do to sim-ply say, Hur - rah! hur - rah! But do your

coun - try shall be free, Hur-rah! hur - rah! The girls will sing, the boys will
chil - dren al-ways grow, Hur-rah! hur - rah! The girls will all be wom-en
ware to Can - a - da, Hur-rah! hur - rah! The strug-gle now is go - ing
du - ty, then you may Hur-rah! hur - rah! As - sist the weak, yourself de -

shout, When al - co - hol is driv - en out; And we'll all feel gay when
then, The boys, of course, will all be men, And we'll all fight rum till
on, And, when the mighty victory's won, We'll all feel gay that
ny, Stand by the right, and by - and-bye We'll all feel gay that

whis-key is no more, And we'll all feel gay when whiskey is no more.
rum shall be no more, And we'll all fight rum till rum shall be no more.
whiskey reigns no more, We'll all feel gay that whiskey reigns no more.
whiskey reigns no more, We'll all feel gay that whiskey reigns no more.

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Help Just a Little.

Rev. W. A. Spencer. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Broth - er for Christ's king - dom sigh-ing, Help a lit - tle,
2. Is thy cup made sad by tri - al? Help a lit - tle,
3. Though no wealth to thee is giv - en, Help a lit - tle,
4. Let us live for one an - oth - er, Help a lit - tle,
5. Though thy life is pressed with sor-row. Help a lit - tle,

help a [illegible] Help to save the mil - lions dy - ing,
help a [illegible]; Sweet - en it with self - de - ni - al,
help a lit - tle; Sac - ri - fice is gold in heav - en,
help a lit - tle; Help to lift each fall - en broth-er,
help a lit - tle; Brave - ly look t'ward God's to - mor-row,

Chorus.

Help just a lit - tle. Oh, the wrongs that we might righten!
Help just a lit - tle.
Help just a lit - tle.
Help just a lit - tle.
Help just a lit - tle.

Oh, the hearts that we may light-en! Oh, the skies that

Rit.

we may bright - en! Help - ing just a lit - tle.

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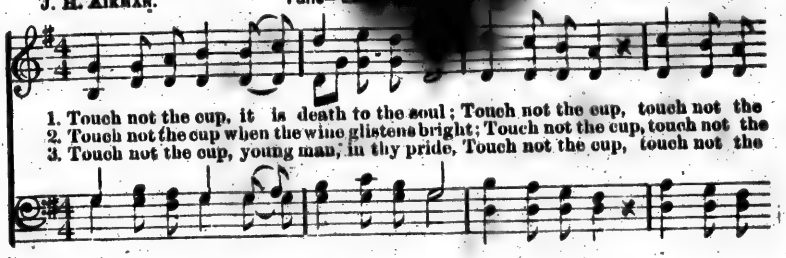
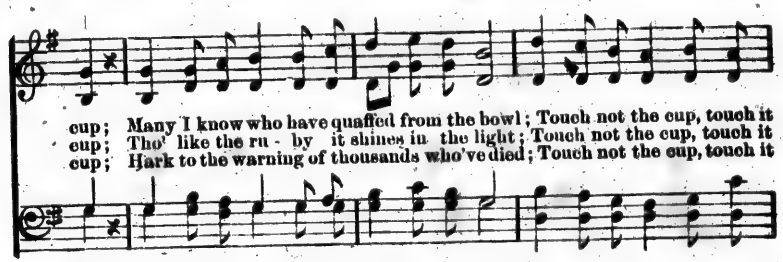
Touch not the cup.

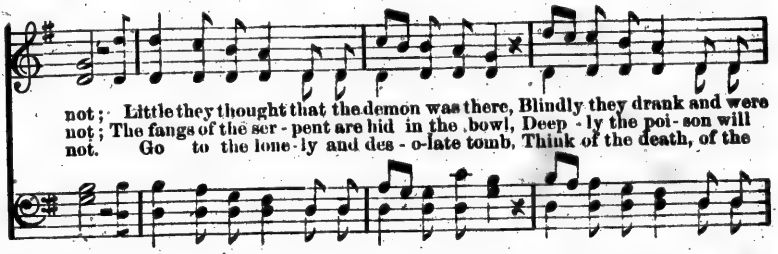
J. H. AIKMAN. Tune—L[illegible] T. H. BAYLY.



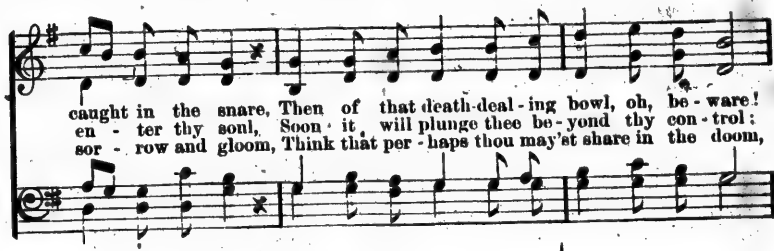
1. Touch not the cup, it is death to the soul; Touch not the cup, touch not the
2. Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright; Touch not the cup, touch not the
3. Touch not the cup, young man, in thy pride, Touch not the cup, touch not the



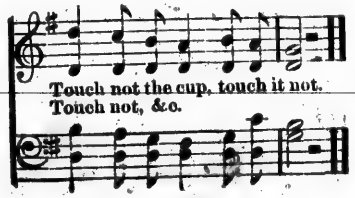
cup; Many I know who have quaffed from the bowl; Touch not the cup, touch it
cup; Tho' like the ru - by it shines in the light; Touch not the cup, touch it
cup; Hark to the warning of thousands who've died; Touch not the cup, touch it



not; Little they thought that the demon was there, Blindly they drank and were
not; The fangs of the ser - pent are hid in the bowl, Deep - ly the poi - son will
not. Go to the lone - ly and des - o-late tomb, Think of the death, of the



caught in the snare, Then of that death-deal - ing bowl, oh, be - ware!
en - ter thy soul, Soon it will plunge thee be - yond thy con - trol;
sor - row and gloom, Think that per - haps thou may'st share in the doom,



Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Touch not, &c.

4.

Touch not the cup; O drink not a drop;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
They whom thou lovest entreat thee to stop;
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Stop! for thy home that to thee is so near;
Stop! for thy friends that to thee are so dear;
Stop! for thy country! the God that you fear,
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

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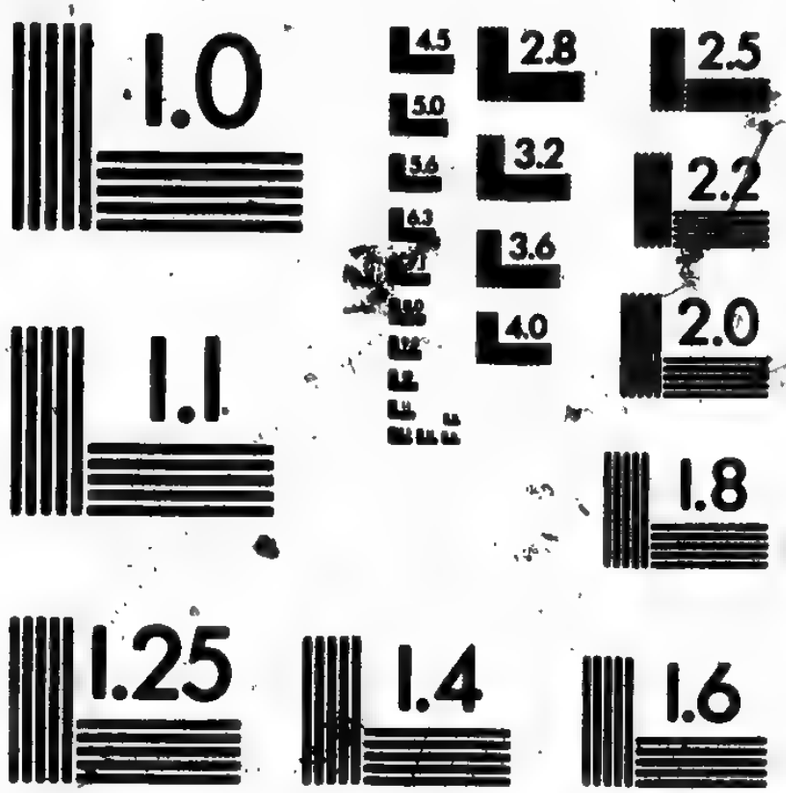

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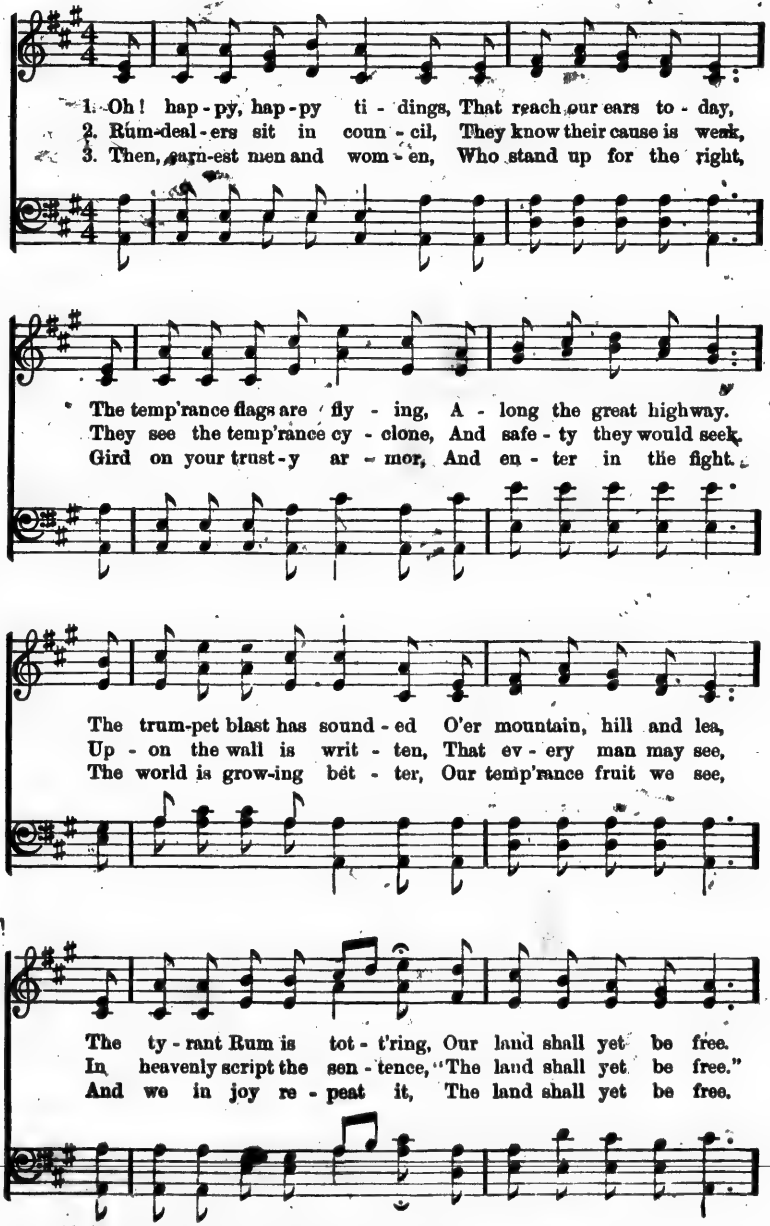
Good News.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. Rev. S. W. Spencer.



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CHORUS.

From worse than hea - then bond - age, On land or on the

sea; From worse than Egypt's darkness, Our land shall yet be free.

Let us Sing with Voice and Mind.

REV. DAWSON BURNS. Tune—HARTS. 7s. B. MILGROVE.

1. Let us sing with voice and mind Prais-es to the Lord most kind;
2. Thou dost send, O Lord, the vine, And each grape con-tains sweet wine,
2. And the bar - ley in the fields Nour-ish-ment and glad - ness yields,

Who hath fill'd the earth with good Wa - ter pure, and wholesome food.
But this wine, when it de - cays, Poisonous qual-i - ties dis - plays.
But when spoil'd for ale and beer, Sor-row comes, and want and fear.

Prohibition is Marching on!

Major "Bob" Atchinson. (Marching Song.) Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Pro-hi-bi-tion is marching on to win the day,
2. High li-cense can nev-er meet our just de-mand;

Pro-hi-bi-tion is marching on, so clear the way!
Pol-i-ti-cians will have to take a bet-ter stand;

Be you par-ty man or not, let your par-ty be for-got,
For the truth is ver-y clear, we must ban-ish rum and beer,

Pro-hi-bi-tion is now the ques-tion of the day.
Pro-hi-bi-tion a-lone will ben-e-fit the land.

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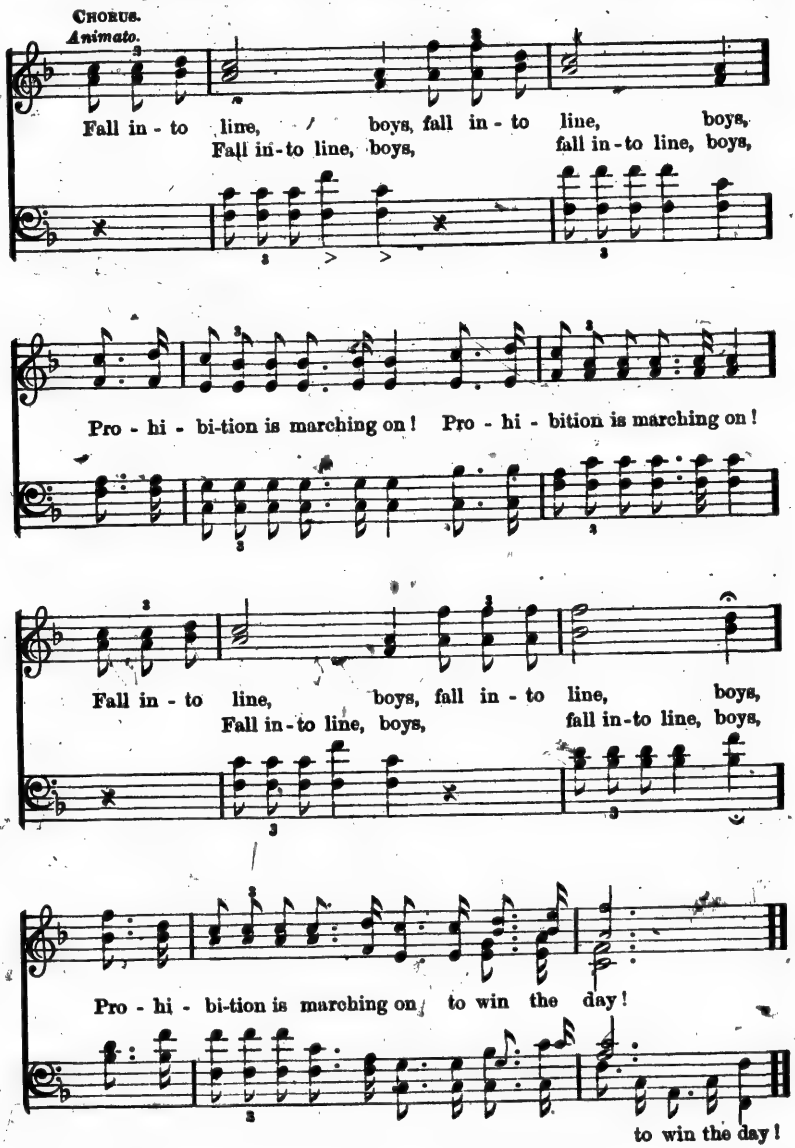
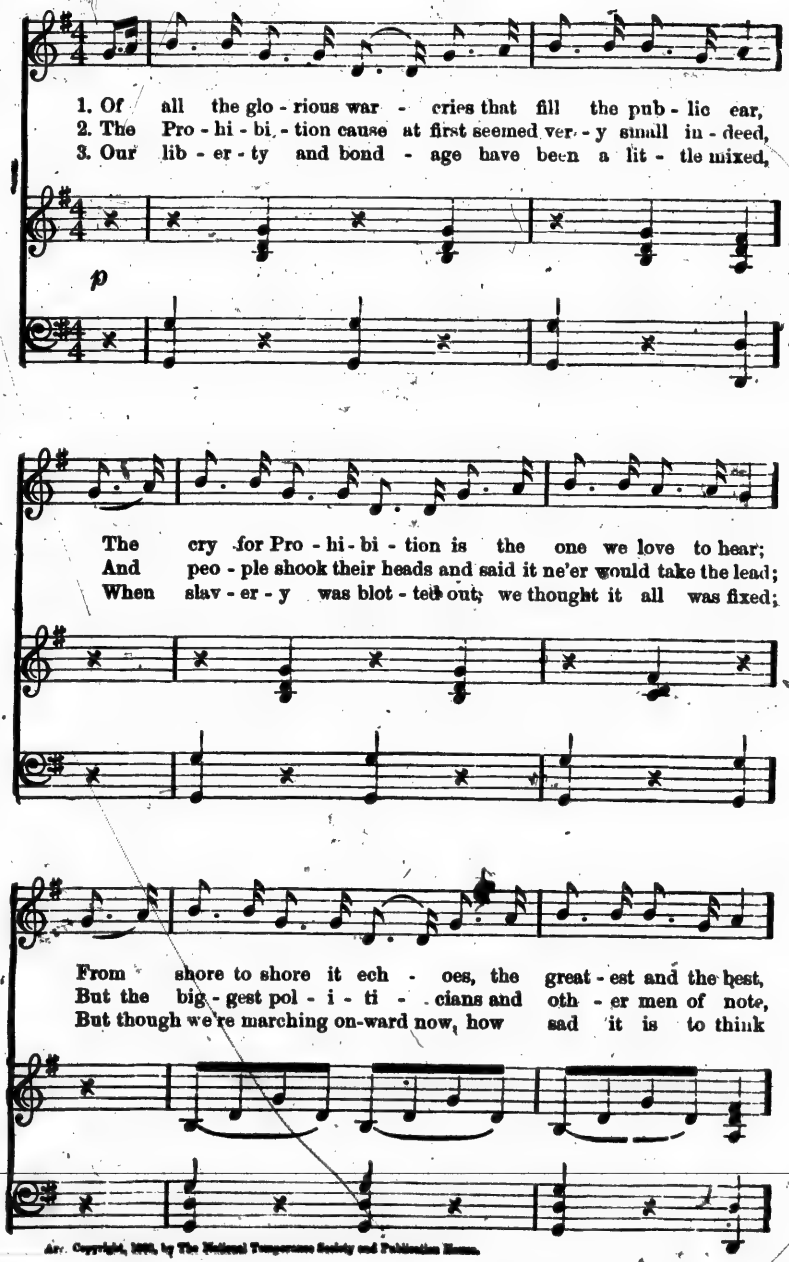


3 If you are convinced we're right, let's go ahead,
Never stop 'till the liquor system shall be dead;
Every pound you lift will tell, every vote the count will swell,
Prohibition must plant her standard in the lead!

Move along! March along!

Rev. Alfred Taylor.



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From Maine as far as Mex - i - co, from East un - to the West.
Have now be - gun to fig - ure up the Pro - hi - bi - tion vote.
Our na - tion's bound in chains to-day by slav - er - y to drink.

p CHORUS.

Then move a - long! March a - long! Make no de-lay! Work in right good

f

earnest! stand in line to - day! Our hearts are warm, our hands are strong;

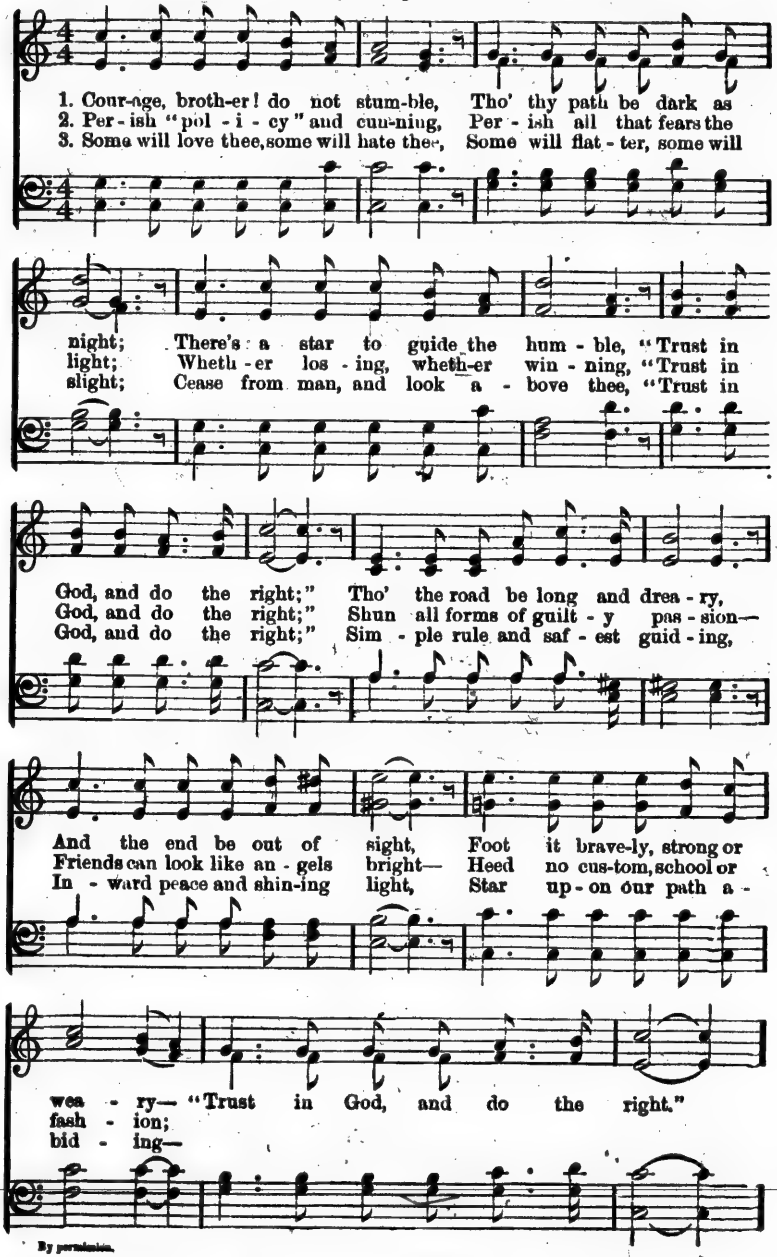
You may depend That Pro-hi-bi-tion principles will triumph in the end.

4 But better times are coming soon, and presently we'll see
The new emancipation days; the land from drink set free;
For Prohibition's bound to win; of that we're very sure,
The land shall be redeemed from death;—The people shall be free.

Trust in God, and Do the Right.

Rev. NORMAN McLEOD. (May be sung as a Solo.) Rev. P. T. LYNN.

1. Cour-age, broth-er! do not stum-ble, Tho' thy path be dark as night; There's a star to guide the hum - ble, "Trust in God, and do the right;" Tho' the road be long and drea - ry, And the end be out of sight, Foot it brave-ly, strong or wea - ry— "Trust in God, and do the right."
2. Per - ish "pol - i - cy" and cun-ning, Per - ish all that fears the light; Wheth - er los - ing, wheth-er win - ning, "Trust in God, and do the right;" Shun all forms of guilt - y pas - sion— Friends can look like an - gels bright— Heed no cus-tom, school or fash - ion;
3. Some will love thee, some will hate thee, Some will flat - ter, some will slight; Cease from man, and look a - bove thee, "Trust in God, and do the right;" Sim - ple rule and saf - est guid - ing, In - ward peace and shin-ing light, Star up - on our path a - bid - ing—



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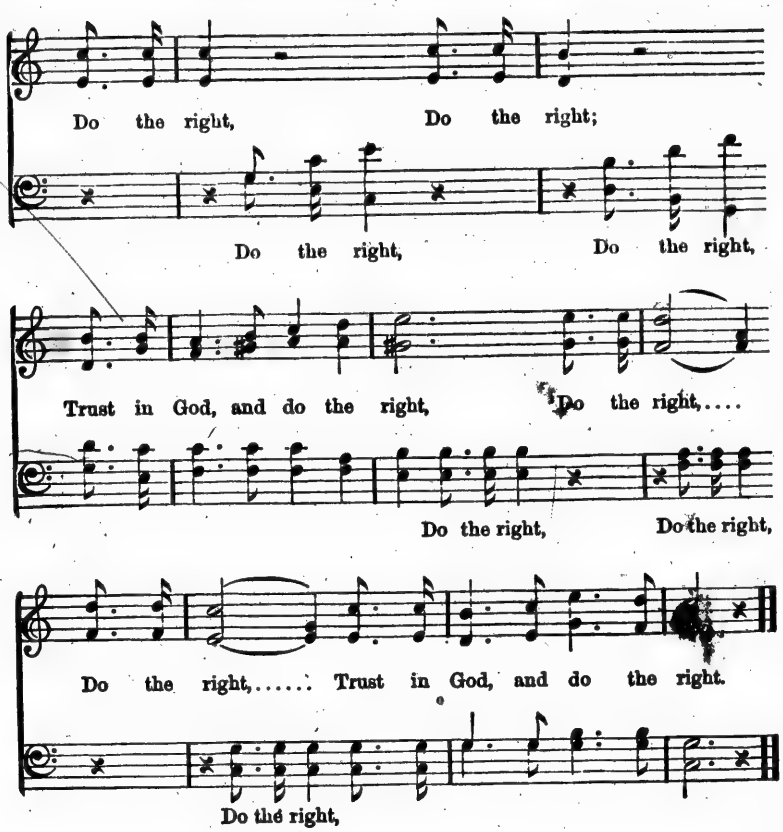

Rally for the Right.

Tune—WEBB. Key of B♭.

1 The battle-cry is sounding,
We hear it from afar;
The Lord his host is mustering
For Zion's holy war.
Awake! O slumbering Christian!
Arouse thee to the fight;
Gird on the Gospel armor,
And rally for the right.

2 We will not faint or falter,
Or fear the cross and shame;
The Lord of Hosts is with us—
We wrestle in his name.
Who loses life shall find it
In him our glorious head,
When every foe is vanquished,
And sin itself is dead.

3 Who is this King of Glory,
Who leads the chosen band?
The Lord our God Almighty,
And none can stay his hand.
Ride on, O conquering Saviour!
In majesty divine,
And in thy peerless beauty
Shall all thy armies shine.

The Fountain. Glee.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A song, a song to the bubbling spring, So clear and bright;
2. How sweet it is, when tired and faint With noon-tide heat,
3. No grief nor dis-cord here is found, None here is found;

Let us all its prais-es-sing, Sing, sing to-night.
Here to quaff the gush-ing wave, Cool, cool and sweet.
Peace, and love, and joy a-bound, Joy, joy a-bound.

Sparkling lit-tle fount-ain, Sing-ing ev-er gay-ly,

Spark-ling lit-tle fount-ain,

Sparkling lit-tle fount-ain, Sing-ing ev-er gay-ly,

Sing-ing ev-er gay-ly,

Cheer us with thy mu-sic, Cheer us, cheer us dai-ly,

Cheer us with thy mu - - - - sic,

Sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing,
Sparkling, spa-kling, sparkling, sparkling, sparkling, sparkling, sparkling, sparkling,
Gurgling, gurgling, gurgling, gurgling, gurgling, gurgling, gurgling, gurgling,

Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly.

singing, singing, singing ev-er dai - ly. Tra la la la la la la la
sparkling, sparkling, sparkling, ever dai - ly.
gurgling, gurgling, gurgling, ever dai - ly.

Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly.

la la la, tra la la, tra la la, Tra la la la

la la la la la la la, Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly.

4 Then drink away, boys, freely drink,
Yes, drink, drink, drink;
Fill your cups, fill to the brink,
Fill to the brink.
Sparkling little fountain, &c.
Foaming, foaming, &c.

5 A bumper now to ladies all,
To ladies all;
To ladies short, to ladies tall,
I like them all.
Sparkling little fountain, &c.
Ladies, ladies, &c.

Oh, Pity the Tempted!

EMILY JANE MOORE. HENRY COWARD.

mf

1. Oh, pit - y the tempted and tried, Who fall in - to er - - - ror and wrong, But
er - ror and wrong, And do not their weakness de - ride, But help them to
And do not their weakness de-ride, But

f

help them to rise and be strong.
rise and be strong. Their hot..... tears may fall like the
help them to rise and be strong. Their hot tears may fall like the

cres. *mf*

rain, And they may be fainting and sad; By their side, by their
And they may be fainting and sad; By their side....

cres. *rall. e dim.*

side to up-hold them re - main, Still cheer.... them with hope that is glad.
to up-hold them re - main,

2 In mem'ry of innocent youth,
And joys of the daisy-pied mead,
Be tender in speaking the truth,
And gentle in look and in deed.

By the future more blest than the past
That we're seeking and longing to share,
Be hopeful of leading at last
The wayward to paths that are fair.

Hurrah for Sparkling Water!

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

Lively.

1. Hur-rah for sparkling wa-ter! The cool, the pure and free; The sil-ver splashing wa-ter, That murmurs o'er the lea. It gives us health and vig-or, It makes us bold and strong; Unfurl the Temp'rance banner, And this shall be our song.

2. Hur-rah for sparkling wa-ter! We love the pearl-y rill, That glides a-long the val-ley, Be-side the wood-land hill. The mer-ry laugh-ing wa-ter, We hail it with de-light; It fills our heart with gladness And makes our dwelling bright.

3. As stream with stream uniting, In beau-ty wend their way, To seek the might-y o-cean, And min-gle with its spray. So may our grow-ing numbers, Our strength and union prove, Till all shall reach the ha-ven Of joy, and peace, and love.

CHORUS.

Hur-rah! hur-rah! Hurrah for sparkling wa-ter! Hur-rah! hurrah for wa-ter! The cool, the pure and free.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

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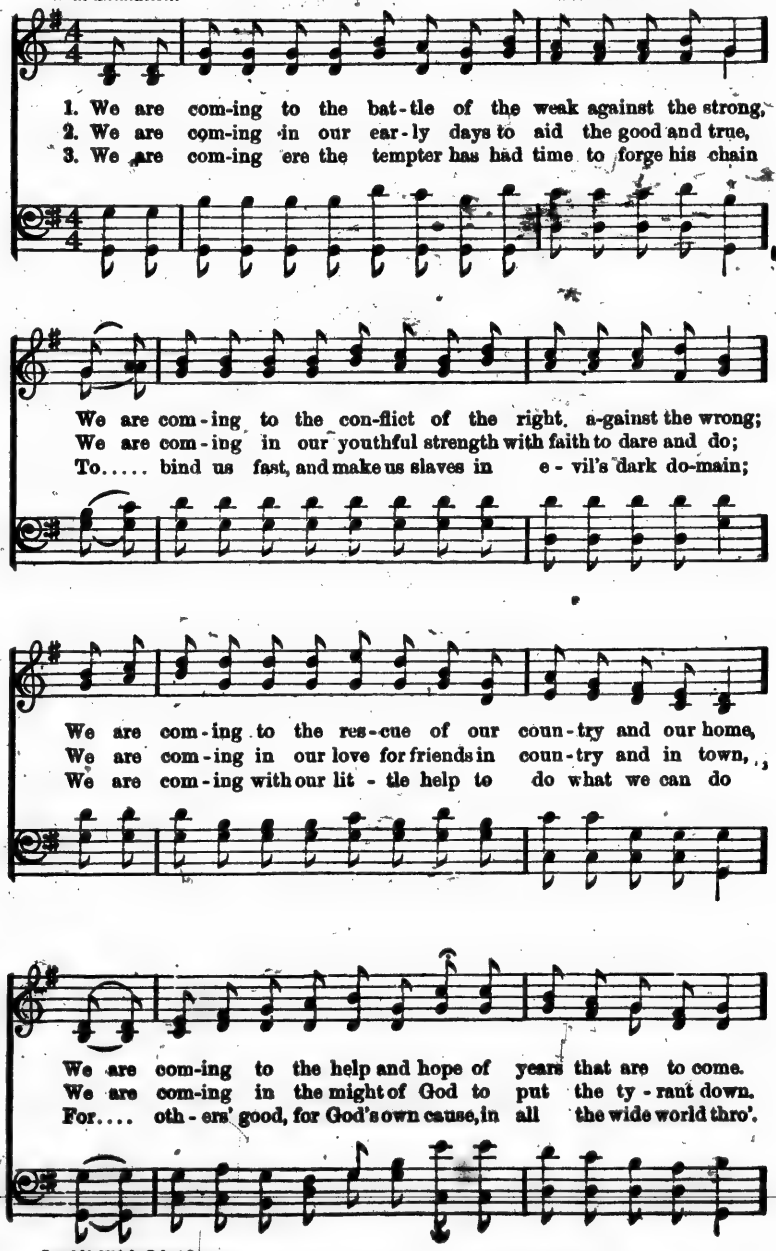
100 We are Coming to the Battle.

With animation. Rev. Robert Lowry.



Copyright, 1884, by Robert Lowry.

CHORUS.

Then raise the flag of Pro - hi - bi - tion, wave it as of yore; We are

com - ing to the res - cue with a hun-dred thousand more; We are

com - - ing, yes, we're com - - ing,

com-ing, we are com - ing, com - ing, yes, we're coming,

We are com - ing with a hun - dred thou - sand more.

I'll Drink no More.

(ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.)

Arranged by T. M. DEWEY.

1 *Allegro vivace.* 2

I'll drink no more gin sling, I'll drink no sling made of gin,

3 4

No rum or whis - key flip, or bran - dy, Wine or an - y such thing.

The Cleansing Fountain.

WM. COWPER. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;

And sinners plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

CHORUS.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains,

And sinners plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

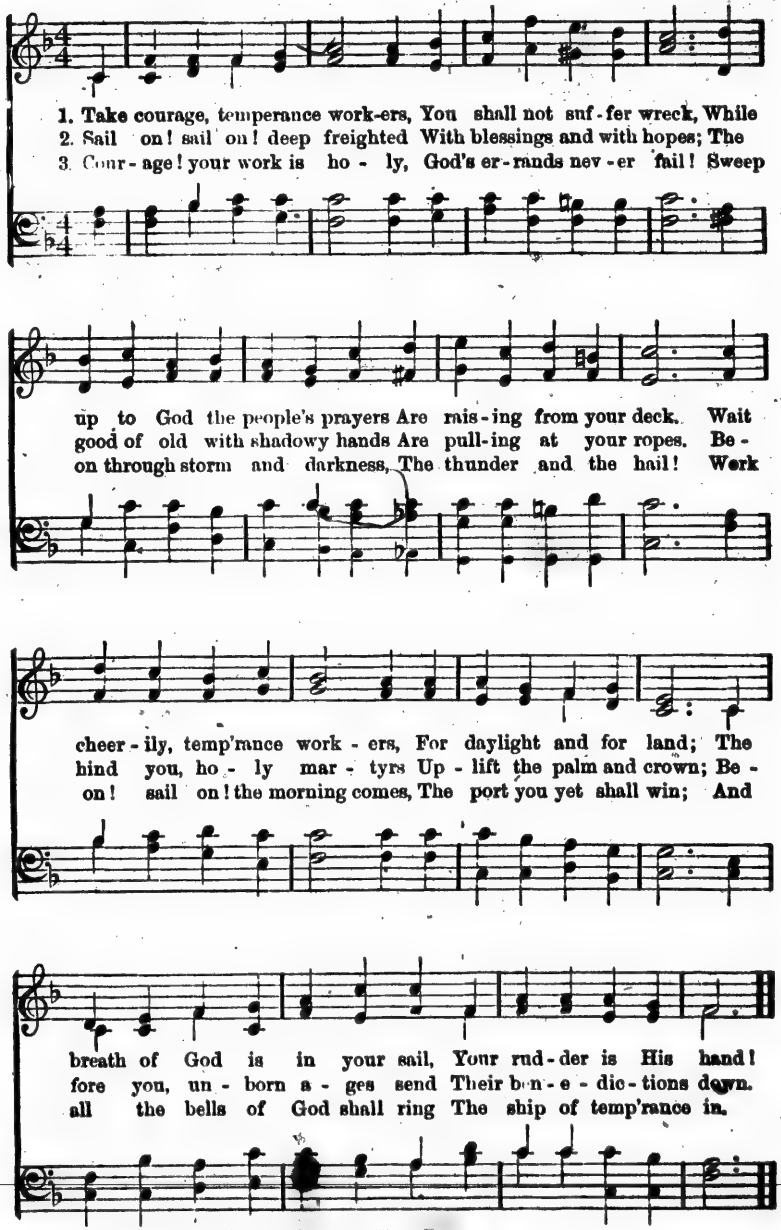
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
CHO.—Wash all, etc.

3 Thou dying lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.
CHO.—Are saved, etc.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
CHO.—And shall, etc.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
CHO.—Lies silent, etc.

JNO. G. WHITTIER. HUBERT P. MAIN.



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How Beautiful to See.

Rev. E. P. Hood, alt. (Partant pour le Syrie.) Arr. by H. P. Main.

1. How beau - ti - ful! how beau - ti - ful! O yes—we soon shall see
2. How beau - ti - ful! how beau - ti - ful! if ev - 'ry brother's name
3. How beau - ti - ful! how beau - ti - ful! if thro' this land of ours,

This bless - ed land, our own dear land, from curse of drink set free;
Were res - cued from its old reproach, the scoff - ing and the shame;
Each vil - lage wore the hap - py smile of sunshine and of flowers;

Our sons and daughters in their might, in - vin - ci - ble shall stand,
And dash - ing ev - 'ry chain a - way, how beau - ti - ful to see
Then should the bulwarks of the State e - rect in glo - ry stand,

And glad - ly join the songs of praise that God hath saved our land,
The drunkard rise to be a man, in - tel - li - gent and free,
And hope re - light her dy - ing torch to brighten up the land,

And glad - ly join the songs of praise that God hath saved our land.
The drunkard rise to be a man, in - tel - li - gent and free.
And hope re - light her dy - ing torch to brighten up the land.

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Vote it Out!

Rev. Dwight Williams. Rev. R. Lowry.

1. There's an evil in the land, Rank with age and foul with crime, Strong with many a
2. We have beg'd the traf-fic long, Beg'd it both with smiles and tears, To a-bate the
3. 'Tis the bat-tle of the hour; Freemen, show your strength again; In the ballot
4. Nev - er shall the promise fail, God is with us for the right; Truth is might-y

le-gal band, Money, fashion, use and time; 'Tis the question of the hour, How shall
flood of wrong, But it answered us with sneers; We are weary of the scourge, This the
is your pow'r, This will bring the foe to pain; We have preach'd against the wrong, We have
to prevail, Faith shall end in joyous sight; We shall see the hosts of Rum Pal-sied

we the wrong o'erpower? Vote it out! Vote it out! This will put the thing to rout!
way at last we urge,— Vote it out! Vote it out! Loy - al peo-ple raise the shout.
plead with words of song; Vote it out! Vote it out! Vote and pray with heart devout.
with affright and dumb; Vote it out! Vote it out! Thus we'll put the fiend to rout.

Refrain.

Vote it out! Vote it out! Let us rise and vote it out!

Vote it out! Vote it out!

From Bugle Notes, by pe .

Keep Step Ever.

Dr. C. R. Blackall. H. R. Palmer, by per.

1. Would you gain the best in life? Win the prize 'mid
2. Life is more than i - dle play, And 'twill quick - ly
3. Look be - yond the pres - ent hour, Nev - er yield to

all the strife? Hold your place thro' trou - bles rife? With the
pass a - way; Use a - right each gold - en day, With the
Sa - tan's pow'r, Tho' a - bove the clouds may low'r, With the

right keep step. Know the world is watching you, Be sin -
good keep step. There are earn - est, press-ing needs Fill'd a -
truth keep step. On - ward press, nor on the way Loi - ter

cere in all you do, With the *good*, the *pure* and *true*, Ev - er
lone by tru - est deeds; Hap - py he, the call who heeds, With the
once, or waste the day; *God* and *Truth* and *Right* all say, Strong in

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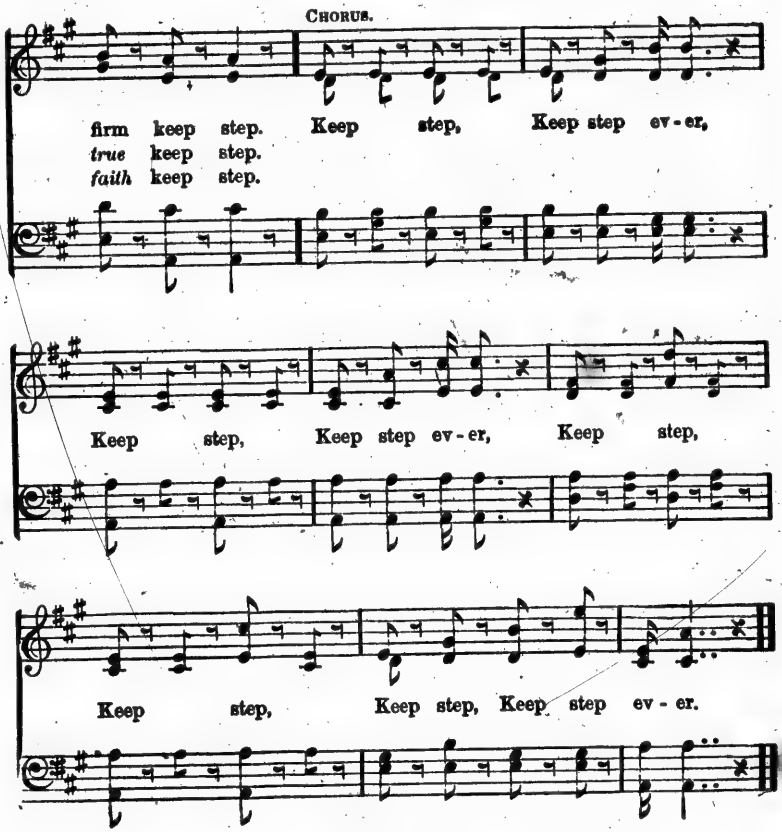

Unfurl the Temperance Banner.

Tune—WEBB. Key of Eb.

1 Unfurl the Temperance Banner,
And fling it to the breeze,
And let the glad hosanna
Sweep over land and seas:
To God be all the glory
For what we now behold—
Oh! let the cheering story
In every ear be told.

2 Come, join the noble army,
Enlist now for the fight;
Maintain our nation's honor,
Firm stand ye for the right;
Promote the cause of temp'rance
T' assist poor, fallen man;
Put on the glorious armor;
Be foremost in the van.

3 Then rally round the standard,
And let the work go on,
Until the last dim vestige
Of intemperance is gone.
Be earnest in the battle,
Your weapons boldly wield;
You'll surely gain the victory,
And make the monster yield.

Hurrah!

EDWARD CARSWELL. Miss BELLE PENNEY.

1. Shrink not in the battle, friends, because the foe is strong; Think not rum shall
2. Fear - less, tho' a mighty foe; we know our cause is right, Pro - hi - bi- tion

al - ways rule be-cause he's reign'd so long; We shall gain the vic - to - ry, for
yet shall win, for right is al-ways might; Clouds of night shall disappear be-

right shall con-quer wrong, If we are faith-ful to du - ty.
fore the morning light, If we are faith-ful to du - ty.

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CHORUS.

Hur - rah! hur - rah! let all the peo - ple sing! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! the vic - t'ry we will win! God will fight on our side a - gainst the hosts of sin, If we are faith-ful to du - ty.

Now Let us Join in Cheerful Strain.

Tune—ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. WM. TANSUR, 1735.

1. Now let us join in cheer - ful strain, The joys of temp'rance tell;
2. The cause we love, it bring - eth joy; Rich bless - ings it bestows;

Till ev - ery val - ley, hill and plain, The song re - sponsive swell.
Your pow'rs employ, strong drink de - stroy, And less - en hu-man woes.

Sound the Battle Cry!

W. F. S

Vigorously, in march time.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know
3. Oh! thou God of all, Hear us when we call; Help us one and all

For the Lord; Gird your ar - mor on Stand firm ev - ery one; Rest your
Must pre - vail; Shield and banner bright Gleaming in the light; Batt - ling
By thy grace; When the battle's done, And the vic - t'ry won, May we

CHORUS. *f*

cause up - on His ho - ly word. Rouse then, freemen, come from hill and
for the right We ne'er can fail.
wear the crown Be - fore thy face.

val - ley; Fathers, brothers, earnest, brave and strong! Onward, forward,

all u - ni - ted ral - ly, "Death to Al - co - hol," your bat - tle song!

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Prohibition Bells.

Words and Music by Silver Lake Quartette.

Duet.

1. The Bells are ringing through the land, They sound both loud and clear; They
2. They're ringing out the reign of wrong, They're ringing in the right; Old
3. They're ringing out the rum-king's doom, He totters on his throne; The
4. They're bringing cheer to woman's heart, God bless them one and all; Be-

Chorus.

tell to all the world around, That freedom's day draws near. Hear them
mid-night errors flee a-way, Be-hold the dawn-ing light.
right shall win, for God is right—And God shall have His own.
fore her faith, and pray'rs and zeal, This giant wrong shall fall.

Bells! Don't you hear them Bells?..... They are ringing in the

Bells! Bells!

Hear them Bells!..... Yes, I hear them Bells,

free-dom of the land; Hear them Bells! Pro-hi-bi-tion

Yes, I hear them Bells,.....

Bells!..... They are ringing in the freedom of the land.

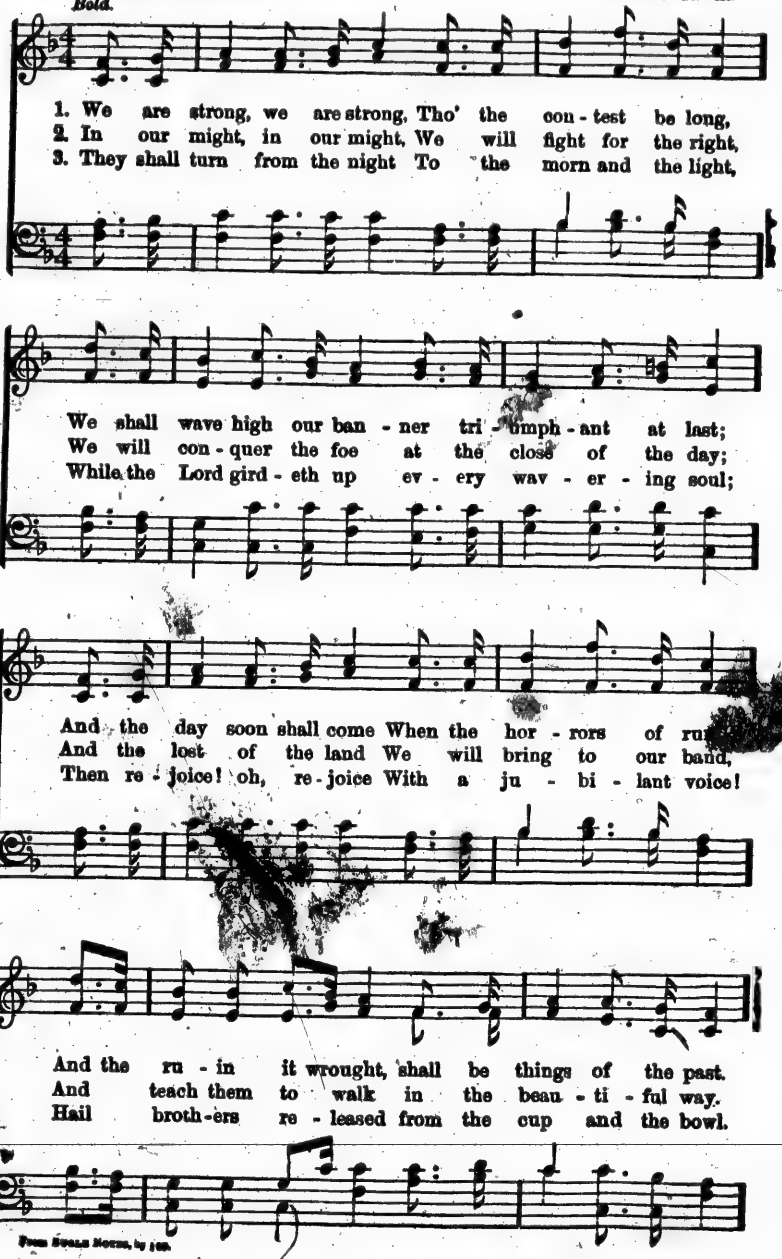
Pro-hi-bi-tion Bells!

By per. C. H. Mead.

We are Strong.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. WM. F. SHERWIN.

Bold.


1. We are strong, we are strong, Tho' the con - test be long,
2. In our might, in our might, We will fight for the right,
3. They shall turn from the night To the morn and the light,
We shall wave high our ban - ner tri - umph - ant at last;
We will con - quer the foe at the close of the day;
While the Lord gird - eth up ev - ery wav - er - ing soul;
And the day soon shall come When the hor - rors of ru
And the lost of the land We will bring to our band,
Then re - joice! oh, re - joice With a ju - bi - lant voice!
And the ru - in it wrought, shall be things of the past.
And teach them to walk in the beau - ti - ful way.
Hail broth - ers re - leased from the cup and the bowl.

From Eagle Notes, by [illegible]

strong, We are strong,

We are strong, ... we are strong,

We are strong,

We are strong, we are strong Tho' the con - test be long;

We are strong, we are strong,

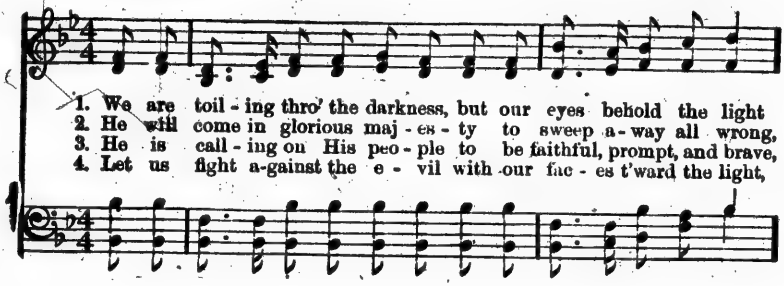
We are strong, ... we are strong,

We are strong,

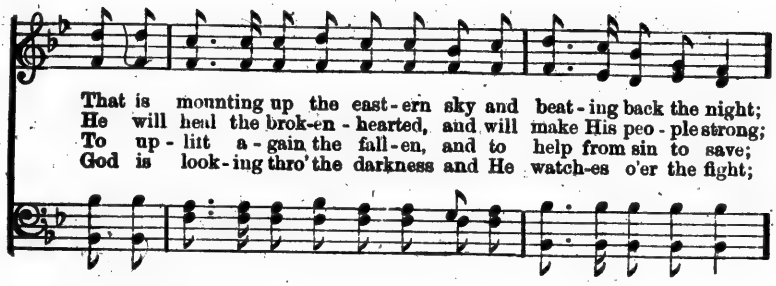
We shall wave high our ban - ner, tri - umph - ant at last!

Truth is Marching on.

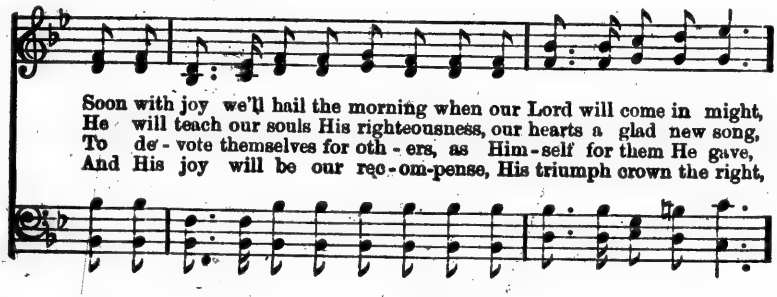
ISAAC ROBERTS. ROBERT LOWRY.



1. We are toil - ing thro' the darkness, but our eyes behold the light
2. He will come in glorious maj - es - ty to sweep a - way all wrong,
3. He is call - ing on His peo - ple to be faithful, prompt, and brave,
4. Let us fight a-gainst the e - vil with our fac - es t'ward the light,

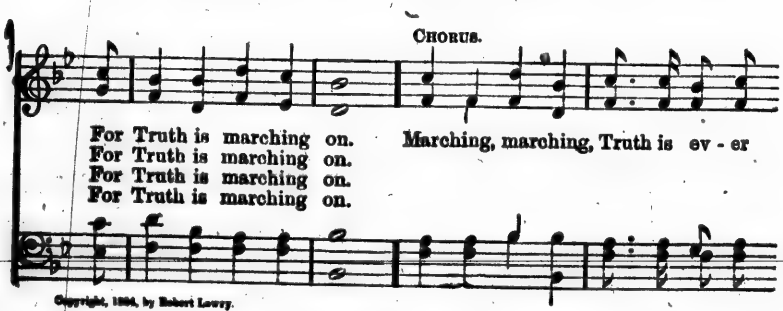


That is mounting up the east - ern sky and beat - ing back the night;
He will heal the brok-en - hearted, and will make His peo - ple strong;
To up - litt a - gain the fall - en, and to help from sin to save;
God is look - ing thro' the darkness and He watch-es o'er the fight;



Soon with joy we'll hail the morning when our Lord will come in might,
He will teach our souls His righteousness, our hearts a glad new song,
To de - vote themselves for oth - ers, as Him - self for them He gave,
And His joy will be our rec - om-pense, His triumph crown the right,

CHORUS.



For Truth is marching on. Marching, marching, Truth is ev - er
For Truth is marching on.
For Truth is marching on.
For Truth is marching on.

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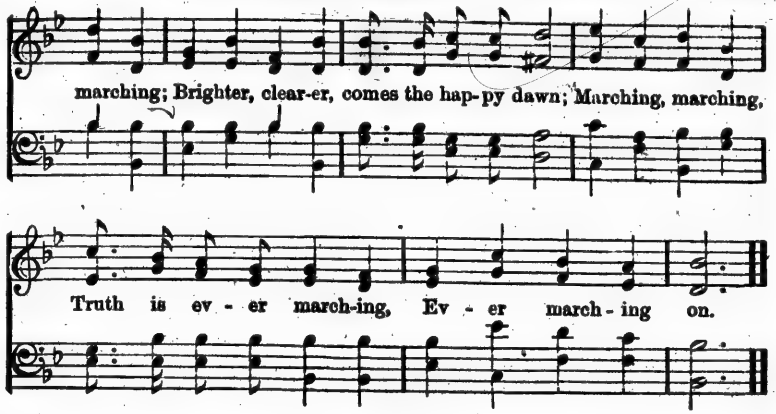
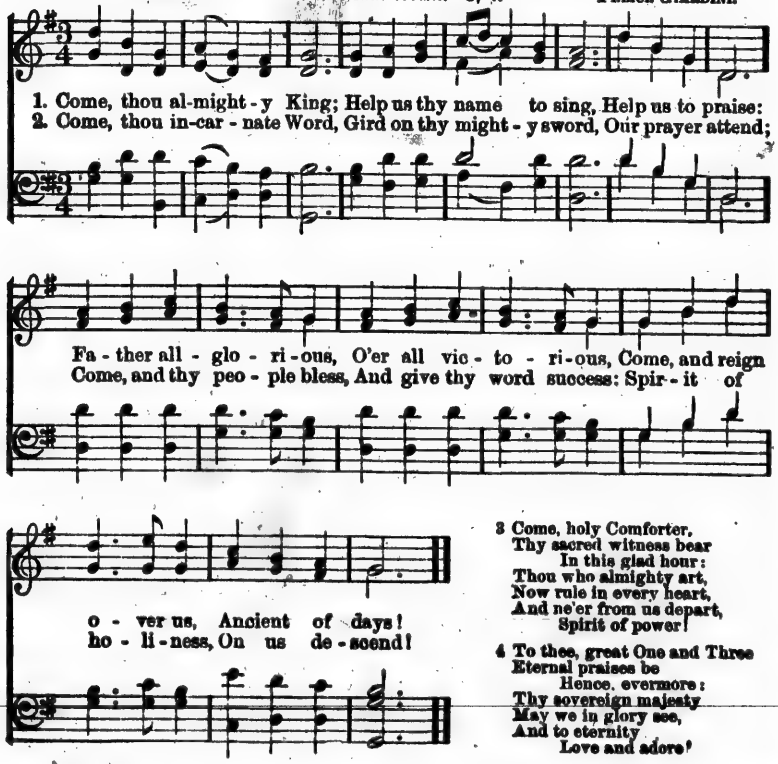


Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. Tune—ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 4. FELICE GIARDINI.



3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To thee, great One and Three
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore:
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

Ring it Out!

E. P. Hakes. D. S. Hakes.

1. Ring it out! ring it out on ev - 'ry hand! Ref-or - ma - tion has be -
2. Ring the bells in the East and in the West, Ref-or - ma - tion has be -
3. Ring it out! ring it out in ev - 'ry home! Ref-or - ma - tion has be -

gun! Ring it out! ring it out thro' all the land! Vic - to - ry is
gun! All u - nite in the war - cry—do your best! Let the work be
gun! Let the young hear the call, let old age come, Ev - 'ry heart should

al - most won! 'Tis war to the death with wine and beer, With ale and
grand-ly done. Then raise up the stan-dard, swell the song! And press the
join as one, Then la - bor at morn and work at noon, Nor rest when

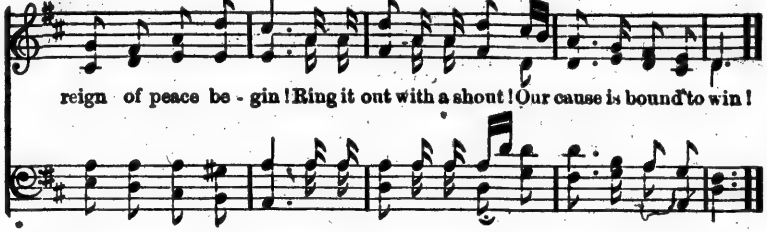
Rit.

gin and whis - ky, too; Then join in our un - ion, nev - er fear—Be
foe on ev - 'ry field! Till jus - tice shall triumph o - ver wrong, And
ev - 'ning shad-ows fall; For vic - to - ry grand shall crown us soon, And

Chorus.

earn - est, faith - ful, firm and true. Ring it out! Ring it out! Let the
all the hosts of e - vil yield.
truth and right shall reign o'er all.

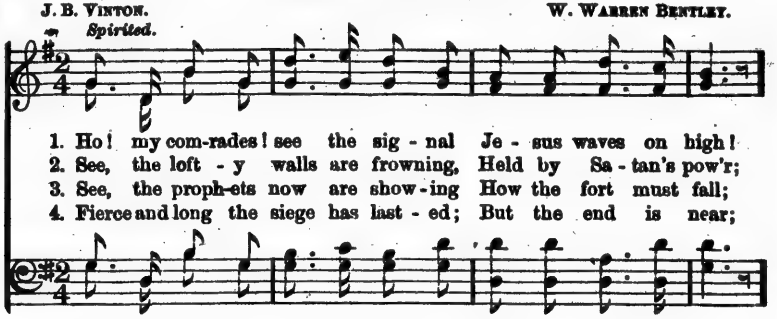
Copyright, 1888, by J. E. White.

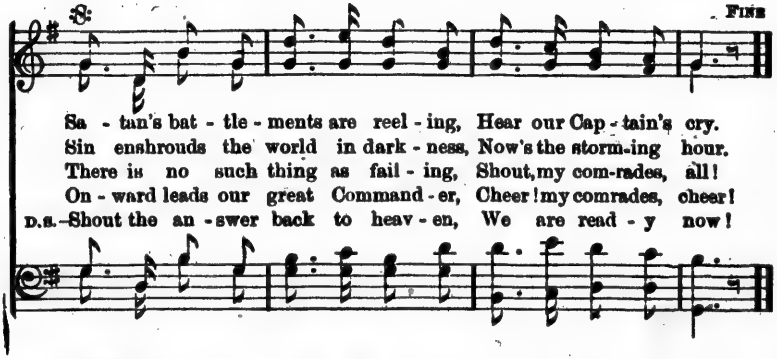


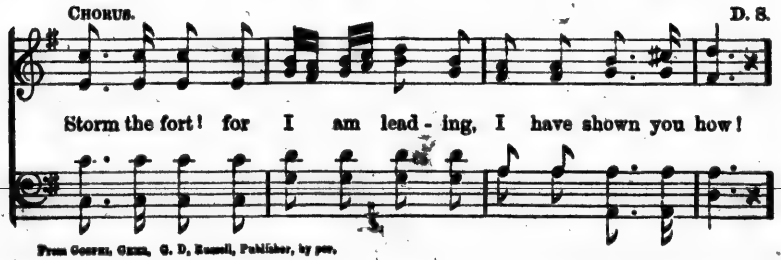
Storm the Fort.

J. B. Vinton. W. Warren Bentley.

Spirited.







From Gospel Gems, G. D. Russell, Publisher, by per.

The Work is Going On!

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. Rev. S. W. Spencer.

1. Al - though 'tis ma - ny, ma - ny years since temp'rance work be - gun,
2. We'll bat - tle for the rights of home, and all its sa - cred joys,
3. The time will come, not in our day, per - haps, but fur - ther on,

We'll nev - er rest con - tent - ed 'till the glorious work is done;
We'll un - der - mine the gay sa - loon that tempts our dar - ling boys;
When temp'rance laws will rule the land that free - men dwell up - on;

We'll la - bor on from dawn of day un - til the set of sun,—
Twill yield, if, may be, brick by brick; my friend, don't mind the noise,
God speed the day, the glorious day when vic - t'ry shall be won,—

Chorus.

The work is go - ing on! The work is go - ing on!
The work is go - ing on!
The work is go - ing on!

Yes, the work is go - ing on! In the name of God and home,

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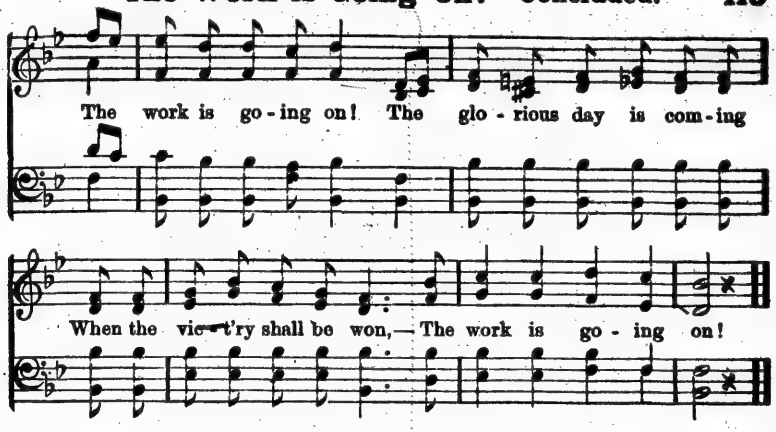
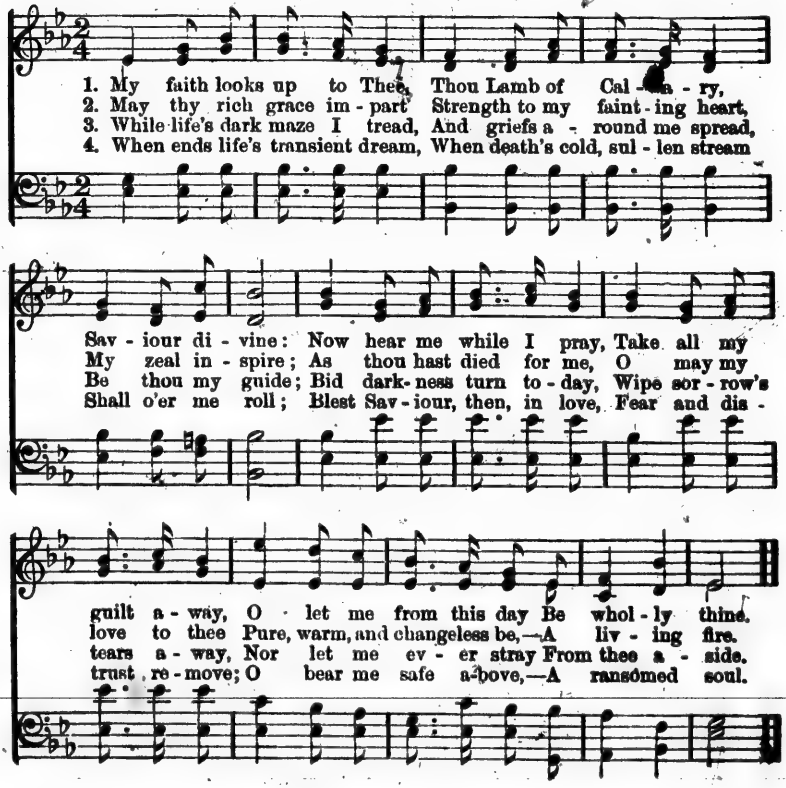


My Faith looks up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. Tune—OLIVET. 6, 4. LOWELL MASON.



Come, Join Our Crusade.

Rev. Alfred Taylor. Arr. from Donizetti.

1. Hur - rah! Hurrah! now who's afraid To come and join our great crusade?
2. Hur - rah! Hurrah! no faltering heart In this great work need want a part!

D. C. *Hur - rah! Hurrah! now who's afraid To come and join our great crusade?*

Fine.

Come to - day, No de - lay, To work and fight, and watch and pray.
Bright and brave! Come and save The peo - ple from the drunkard's grave.

Come to - day, No de - lay, To work and fight, and watch and pray.

Duet.

Raise triumph notes on high! Our Pro - hi - bi - tion cry Rings out the
O'er hosts of crime and sin, Sure vic - t'ry we will win, On God we

Solo.

land around;— God speed the sound! Glad - ly help the work a - long,
will depend Firm to the end. Men of faith and men of might!

D. C. for Chorus.

With the voice of grateful song; With the voice of hopeful, joy - ful song.
Join the bat - tle for the right! Pro - hi - bi - tion conquers in its might.

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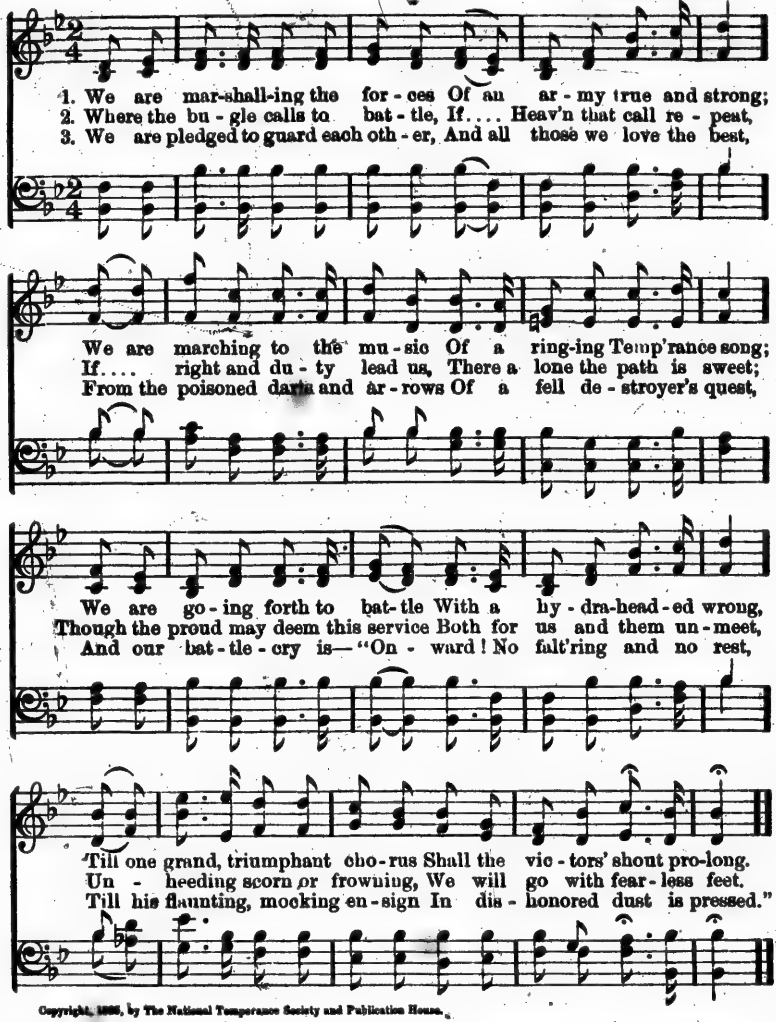
HUBERT P. MAIN.



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My Soul, be on thy Guard.

Tune—LABAN.

1 My soul, be on thy guard!
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh! watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

Sleeping on Guard.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Out from the camp-fire's red glow - ing; Cheer - ful - ly
2. Yon - der rum's camp-lights are burn - ing; Hark to the
3. Our aim is vig - il - ance ev - er, We can al -

shed - ding its light; On to the pick - ets we're go - ing,
rev - el - ry there; Wait - ing the con - flict re - turn-ing,
low no de - feat; True - heart-ed sol - diers will nev - er

For the long watch - es of night; Let us be
Scouts round us throng ev - 'ry - where; We must be
Way from their du - ty re - treat; Wa - ry and

care - ful that slum - ber Press not our eye - lids too hard,
watch-ful and read - y, See ev - 'ry en - trance is barred,
watch-ful be keep - ing, Though the task be e'er so hard,

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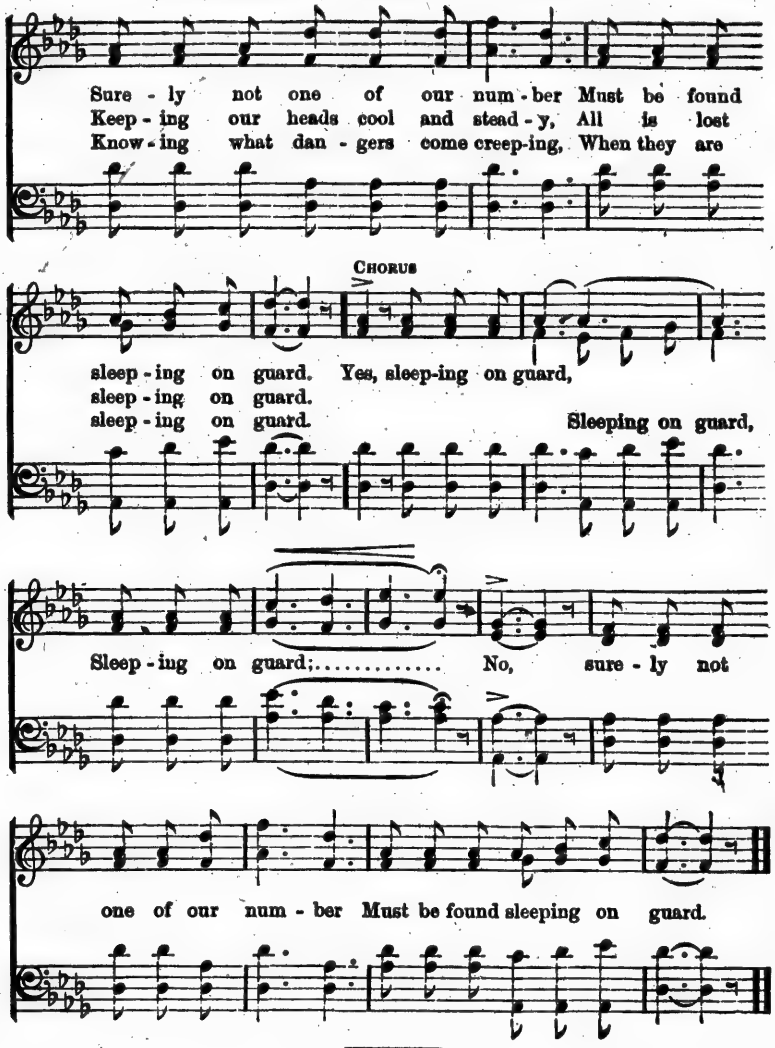


Blest be the Tie that Binds.

TUNE—BOYLSTON. Key of C.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

Rallying Song.

George Cooper. Wm. F. Sherwin.

In martial style.

1. Fierce is our foe and marshalled in might, And their
2. Hark to the cry that bids us a - rise! 'Tis the

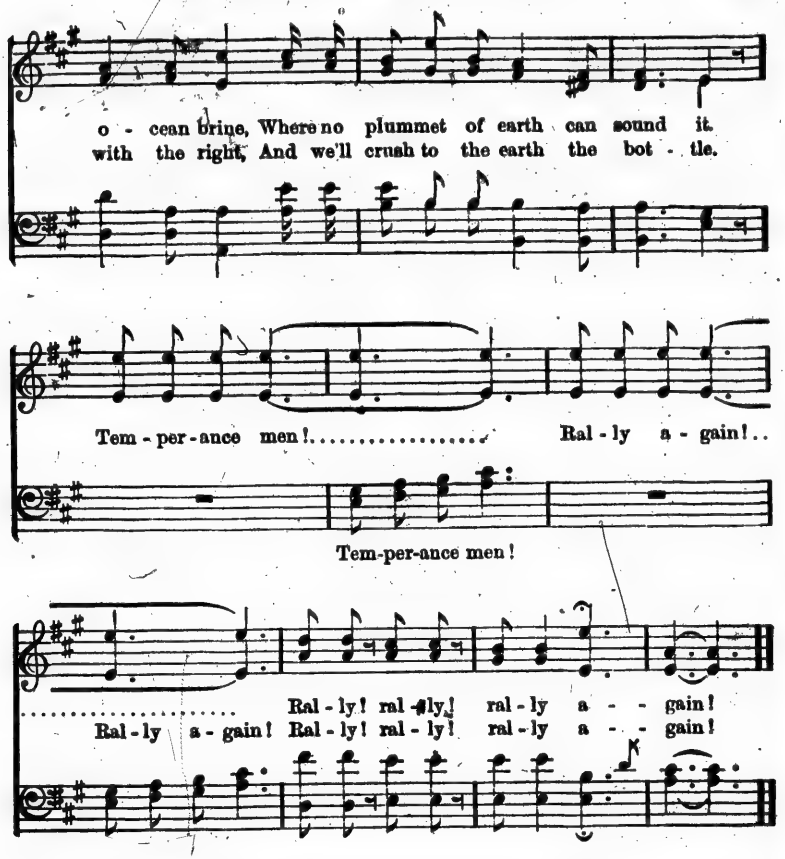
mot - to is "Rum and Slaughter;" But hand to hand their
children, the wives, the moth-ers! There's work to do for

hire - ling band We will con-quer with pure cold wa - ter.
me and you, While we fight a - gainst Rum, my brothers.

Down with the flag they car - ry in pride, For there's
Flock to our side the brave and the true, And the

death in the air a - round it! We'll sink their wine in
curse of our land we'll throt - tle; Till death we'll fight; God's

From Sunny Notes, by pen.



What a Friend we Have in Jesus.

8s & 7s. Key of F.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Joseph Scriven, alt.

Key-Note Song.

Rev. Dwight Williams. W. J. Bostwick.

1. There's a bat - tle song to sing, song to sing,
2. Think it not a skirm - ish light, skirm-ish light,

sing,..... song to sing,
light,..... skirm - ish light,

An a - larm - bell loud to ring, loud to ring;
'Tis to be a na - tion's fight, na - tion's fight!

ring,..... loud to ring;
fight,..... na - tion's fight!

There's a drum-beat to be heard, And a na - tion to be stirred;
Cit - y, towns shall feel the stroke, Hills be darkened with the smoke,

Strike the key - note, ring it out, ring it out,
Horse and foot in bat - tle heat, bat - tle heat,

out,..... ring it out.
heat,..... bat - tle heat,

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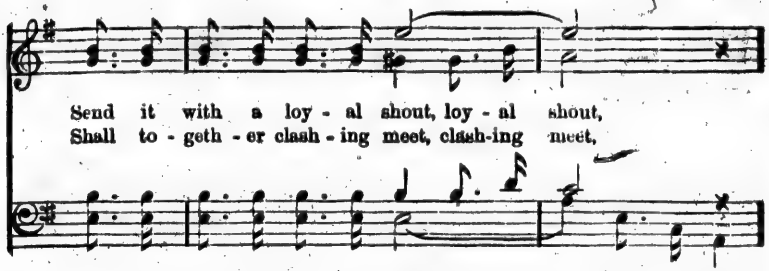

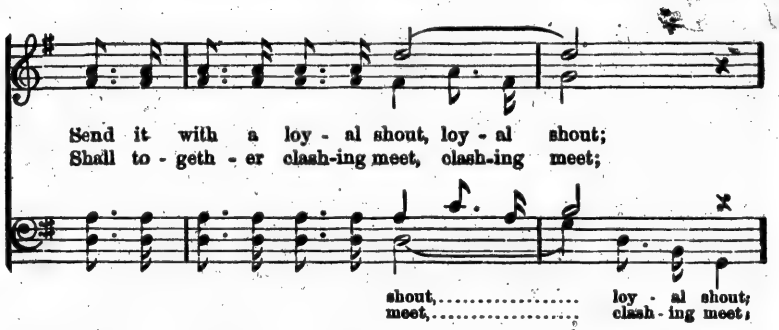

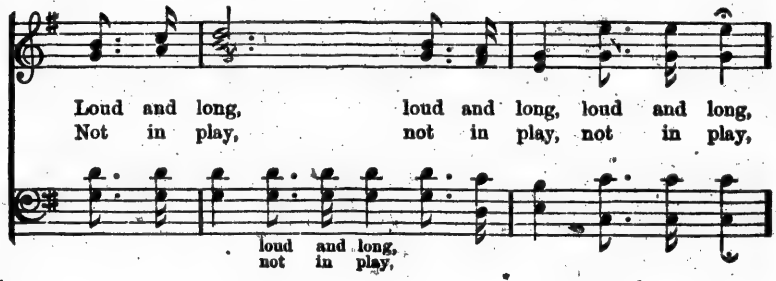

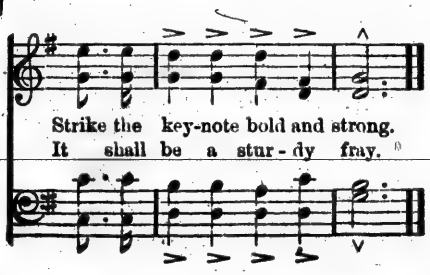

3 Hail, Columbia! dare to be
God's peculiar land and free;
Brother, let the key-note ring,
Mothers pray and children sing;
Drive the traffic to the wall,
||: Prohibition! shout it all; :||
Pray and vote! pray and vote!
And ring out a grand key-note.

Sign To-Night.

W. W. D.

Earnestly.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sign to - night, sign to-night, sign to-night, Why stand ye long - er
2. Sign to - night, sign to-night, sign to-night, Ere Sa-tan's chains have
3. Sign to - night, sign to-night, sign to-night, A mill-ion hearts are

Sign to-night, Oh, sign to - night, sign to-night,

wait - ing? The pledge is here with - in your reach, Why lin - ger hes - i -
bound you; Come, sign the pledge for God and man, And scat - ter joy a -
plead-ing, And fa-thers, moth-ers, chil-dren, too, For you are in - ter-

ta - ting? Sign to - night, sign to - night,
round you. Sign to - night, sign to - night,
ced - ing. Sign to - night, sign to - night,

Sign to - night, ... sign to-night,

Your heart will be the light - er; 'Twill cheer and com - fort
Be - hold the work of sor - row! A mill - ion homes are
You shall re - gret it nev - er; Come, join our band and

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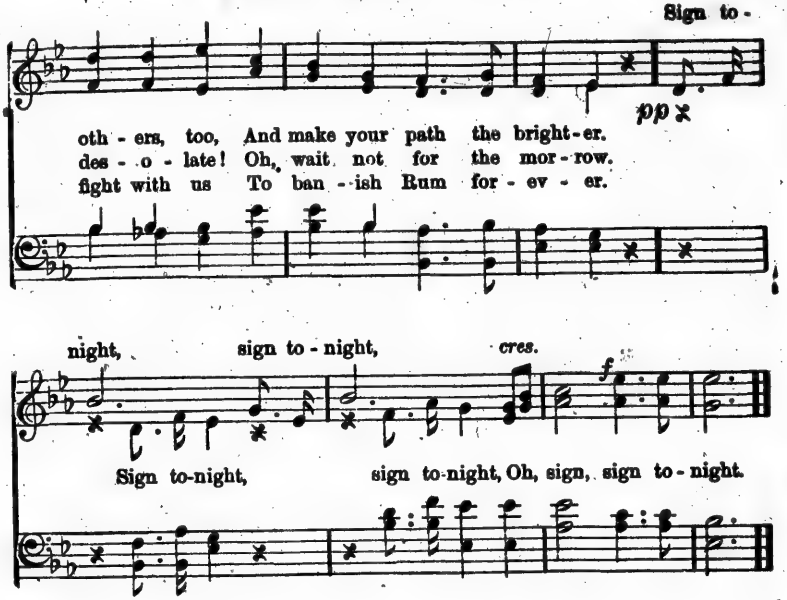
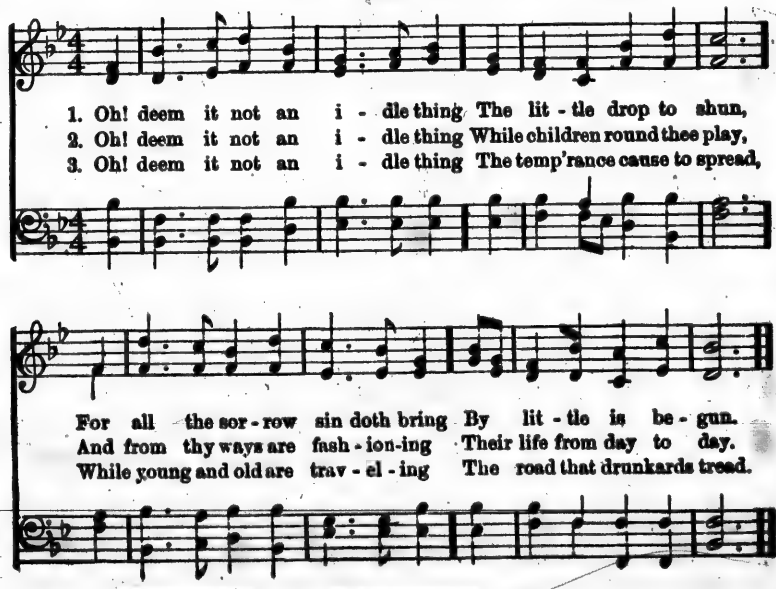


Shun the Little Drop.

Tune—Brown. C. M. Wm. B. Bradbury.



130 Oh! Come where the Moss is Growing.

B. B. B.

English Air.

1. Oh! come where the moss is grow - ing, Where the
2. Oh! come where the woods are ring - ing, Where the
3. Oh! come where the dark blue o - cean Rolls its

wild flow'rs scent the air; Where the breeze is soft - ly
birds are all blithe and gay, Like the heart, just pardoned,
waves on the rock-bound shore,— It may wake some pure e -

blow - ing, Like the breath of an in - fant's pray'r.
sing - ing, That all sin has been wash'd a - way.
mo - tion, As ye list to its cease - less roar.

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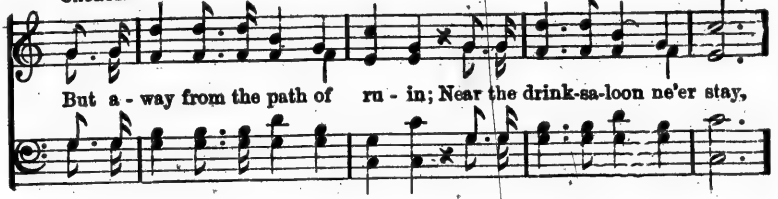
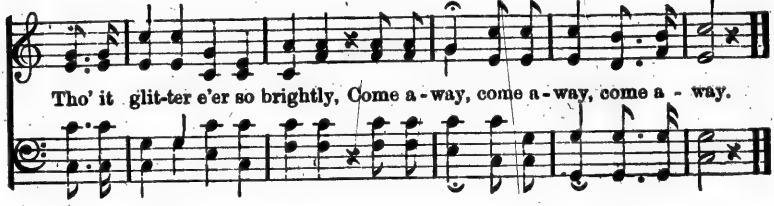
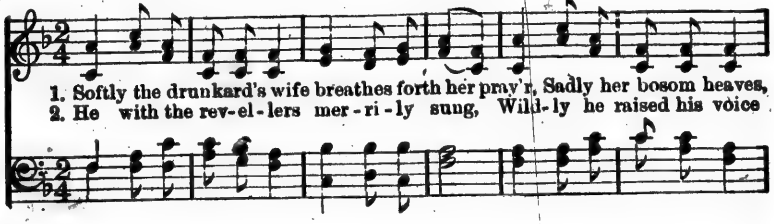
CHORUS.

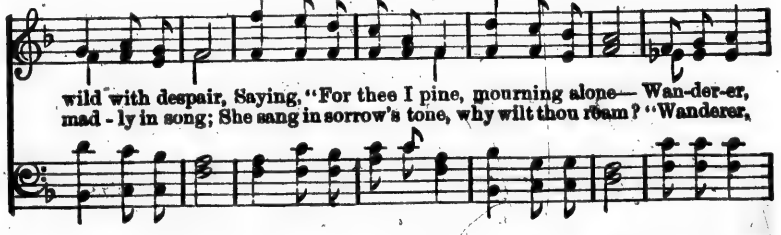


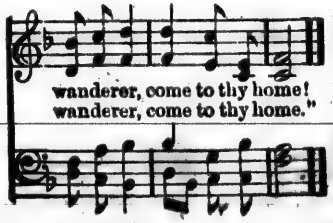


The Drunkard's Wife.

Rev. E. P. HOOD. Tune—GAILY THE TROUBADOUR. THOS. H. BAYLY.







3.

Hark! 'tis her husband's voice rings in her ear!
See how the up-turn'd eye melts with the tear:
"Wife of my bosom! see, here I come—
Come, like a wanderer, back to my home."

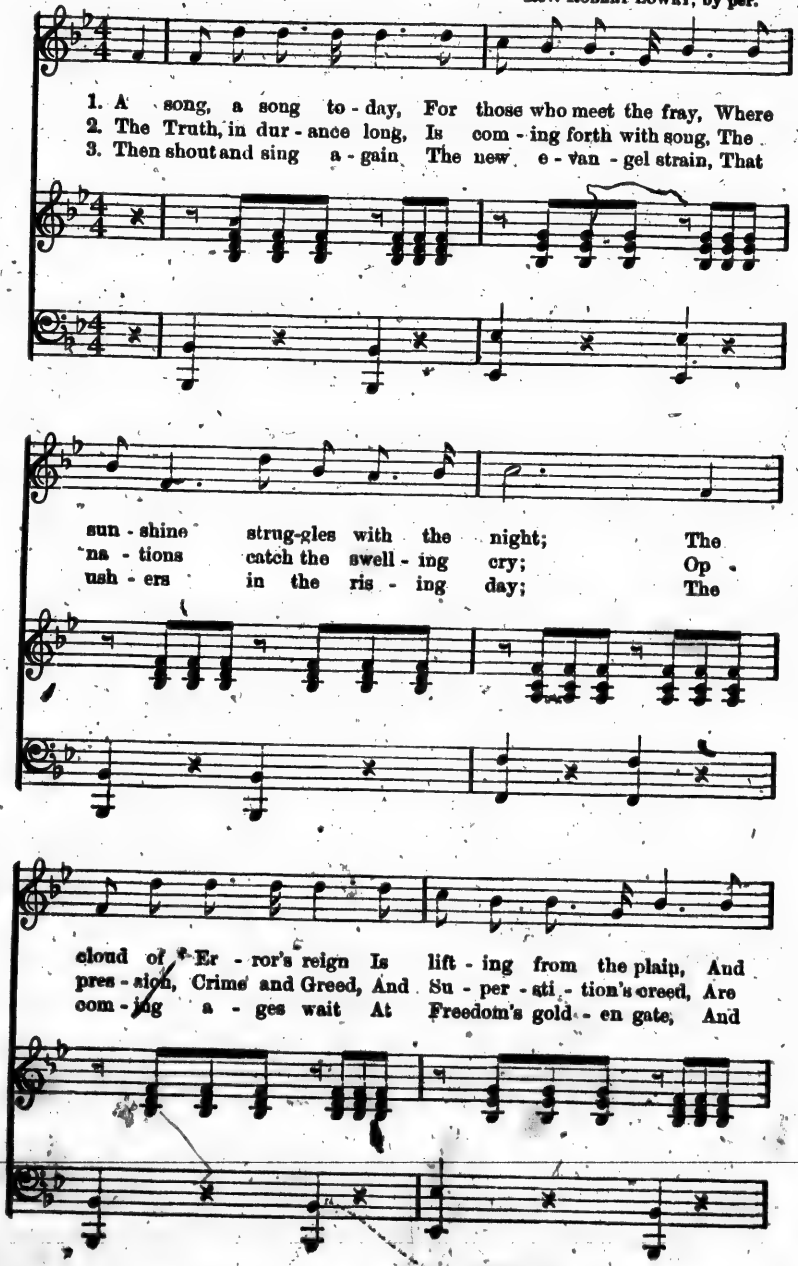
4.

Brightly the drunkard's home shines in the ray;
Sweetly the drunkard's wife smileth to-day;
Drunkard no longer, her husband has come;
Happiness—happiness brightens their home.

The World is Moving On.

R. L.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.



brave hearts bat - tle for the right.
strick - en, driv - en out to die.
brave hearts throng a - long the way.

CHORUS.

Oh, the world is mov - ing on, The world is mov-ing on, From

low-land and from val - ley, On mountain-tops to ral - ly; The

bat - tle bow is strung, The ban - ner is out - flung, And

gi - ant Wrong no more is strong, For the world is mov-ing on.

While the Days are Going by.

GEO. COOPER. JOHN R. SWENEY.

Recitante.

1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are
2. There's no time for i - dle scorn - ing, While the days are
3. All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are

go - ing by; There are wea - ry souls who per - ish While the
go - ing by; Let our face be like the morning, While the
go - ing by; One by one we leave be - hind us While the

days are go - ing by. If a smile we can re - new, As our
days are go - ing by. Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of
days are go - ing by. But the seed of good we sow, Both in

jour - ney we pur - sue, Oh, the good that we may
sad and weep - ing eyes; Help our fall - en broth - ers
shade and shine will grow, And will keep our hearts a -

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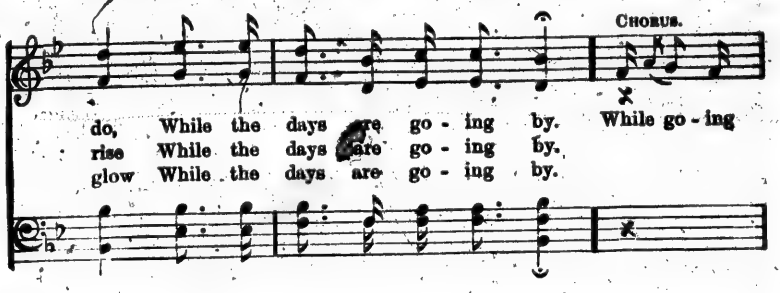

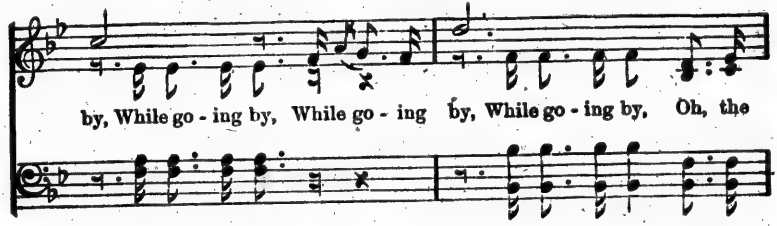

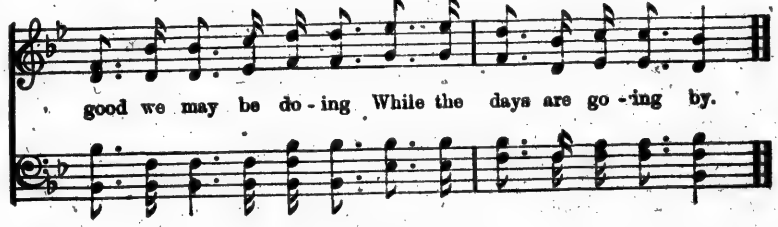

Upon the Congo River.

TUNE—SUWANNEE RIVER.

1.
'Way down upon the Congo River,
Far, far away,
'Mid burning heat and wasting fever,
There's where the black folks stay.

CHORUS.
Hear the Afric natives crying
From the Congo's brink,
Oh, save us for we're dying, dying,
Dying from the curse of drink.

2.
All up and down the Congo region
Vile traders come,
Like evil fiends whose name is legion,
Bringing them the curse of rum.—*Cho.*

3.
Deep in the depths of degradation
Down, down they sink;
While our exalted Christian nation
Sends them the worst of drink.—*Cho.*

4.
Poor Afric heathen in their blindness,
Dark is their way—
Wrecked by their brother man's unkindness,
Leading them for gain, astray.—*Cho.*

Rev. Alfred Taylor.

River of Prohibition.

EDWARD CARSWELL. Arranged by BELLE PENNEY.

1. The State of Maine was first to sing, One more riv - er to cross;
2. I - o - wa said "we like the song," One more riv - er to cross;
3. At last the shout be - comes a din, One more riv - er to cross;

Then Kan - sas made the ech - o ring, One more riv - er to cross.
Ne - bras - ka shout - ed, "come a - long," One more riv - er to cross.
By tens of thousands wad - ing in, One more riv - er to cross.

CHORUS.

One more riv - er, And that is pro - hi - bi - tion;

One more riv - er, There's one more riv - er to cross.

4 But liquor-sellers stand beside,
One more river to cross;
Their mouths and eyes are open wide,
At one more river to cross.—CHO.

5 They whine, "Please do not make a fuss,"
One more river to cross;
"Or it will be the death of us,
This one more river to cross."—CHO.

6 The politician cries, "be still,"
One more river to cross;
"The party it will surely kill,"
One more river to cross.—CHO.

7 The people shout, "no stops or stand,"
One more river to cross.
"Until we reach the promised land,"
One more river to cross.—CHO.

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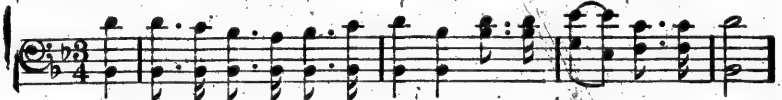
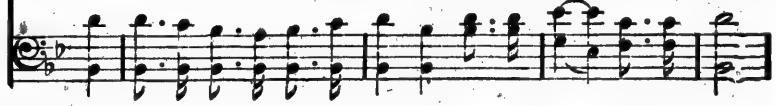
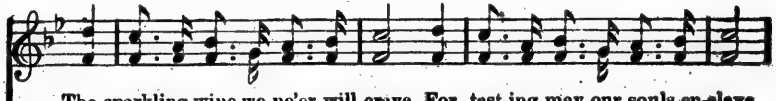
1. A glorious light hath burst a-round us, Joy - ful day! Joy - ful day!
2. We'll sing to God a ho - ly cho-rus, Joy - ful day! Joy - ful day!
3. The old and young come forth to hear us, Joy - ful day! Joy - ful day!

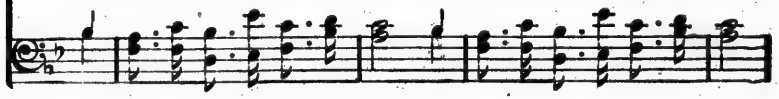


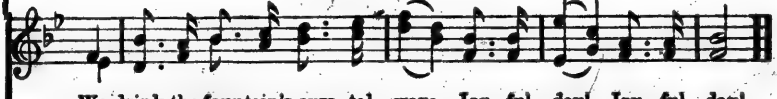
We see the chains that would have bound us, Joy - ful day! Joy - ful day!
Truth shines in radiant brightness o'er us, Joy - ful day! Joy - ful day!
And isles a - cross the o - cean cheer us, Joy - ful day! Joy - ful day!



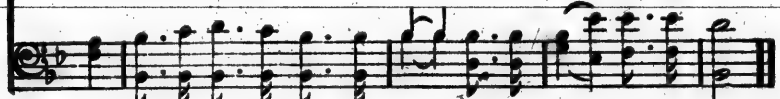


The sparkling wine we ne'er will crave, For tast-ing may our souls en-slave,
A firm and dauntless host we stand, Ye millions join our temp'rance band,
We'll spread the truth where man is found, Bear it to earth's re-mot - est bound,





We drink the fountain's cyrs - tal wave, Joy - ful day! Joy - ful day!
And plen - ty then will bless the land, Joy - ful day! Joy - ful day!
Till ev - ery wind shall catch the sound, Joy - ful day! Joy - ful day!



Tobacco.

LILLIE D. AVERY. J. E. WHITE

1. What gives my breath an aw - ful smell, And hin - ders me from
2. What keeps me spit - ting all the day On fence and wall, till
3. I oft - en ask the doc - tor why So much of suf - fer -

feel-ing well? One sin-gle word the tale will tell! To-bacco! To - bac-co!
peo-ple say, "I guess he'll spit his life a-way!" To-bacco! To - bac-co!
ing have I? In one short word he makes re-ply, To-bacco! To - bac-co!

CHORUS.

To - bac-co's the curse of the land,..... To - bac-co's the
the land,
curse of the land:..... I pledge you, my friend, I'll
is the curse of the land:

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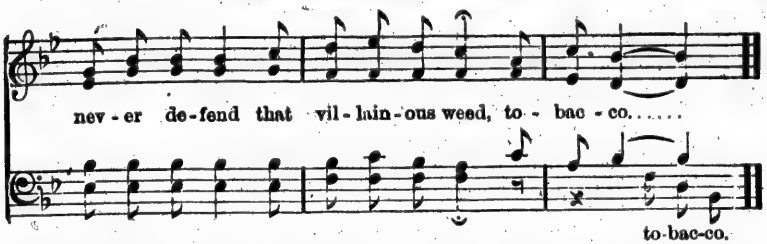
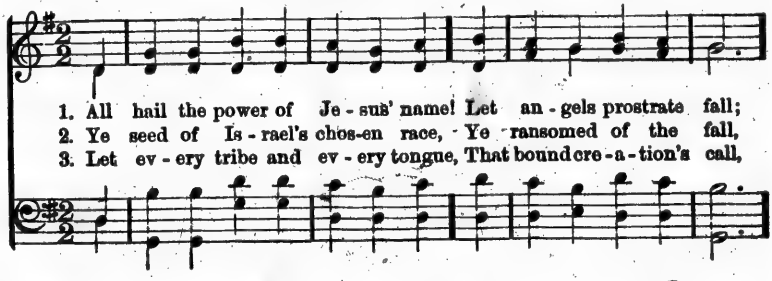


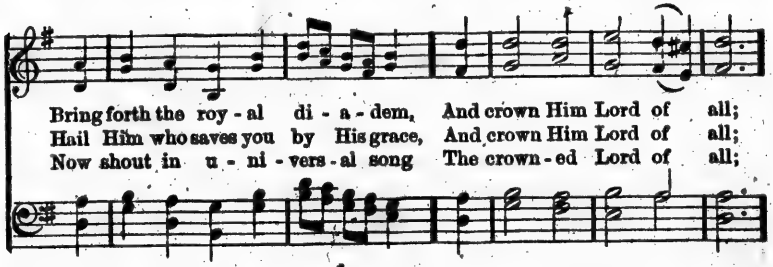
4 I'll then no more my health abuse,
Nor chew this weed nor spit its juice;
I give my pledge to never use
Tobacco! Tobacco!

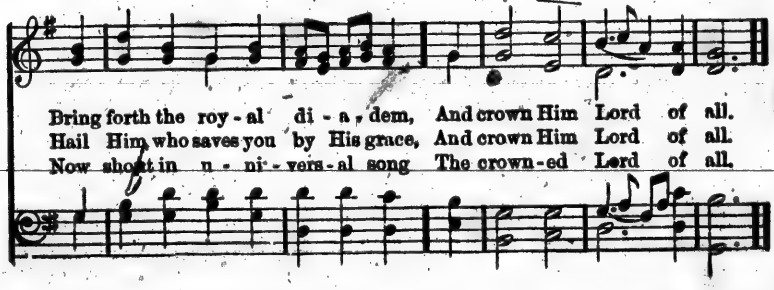
5 I tell you, friends, I will be free!
My passions' slave no more I'll be;
And in my mouth no man shall see
Tobacco! Tobacco!

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

Tune—CORONATION. C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN.

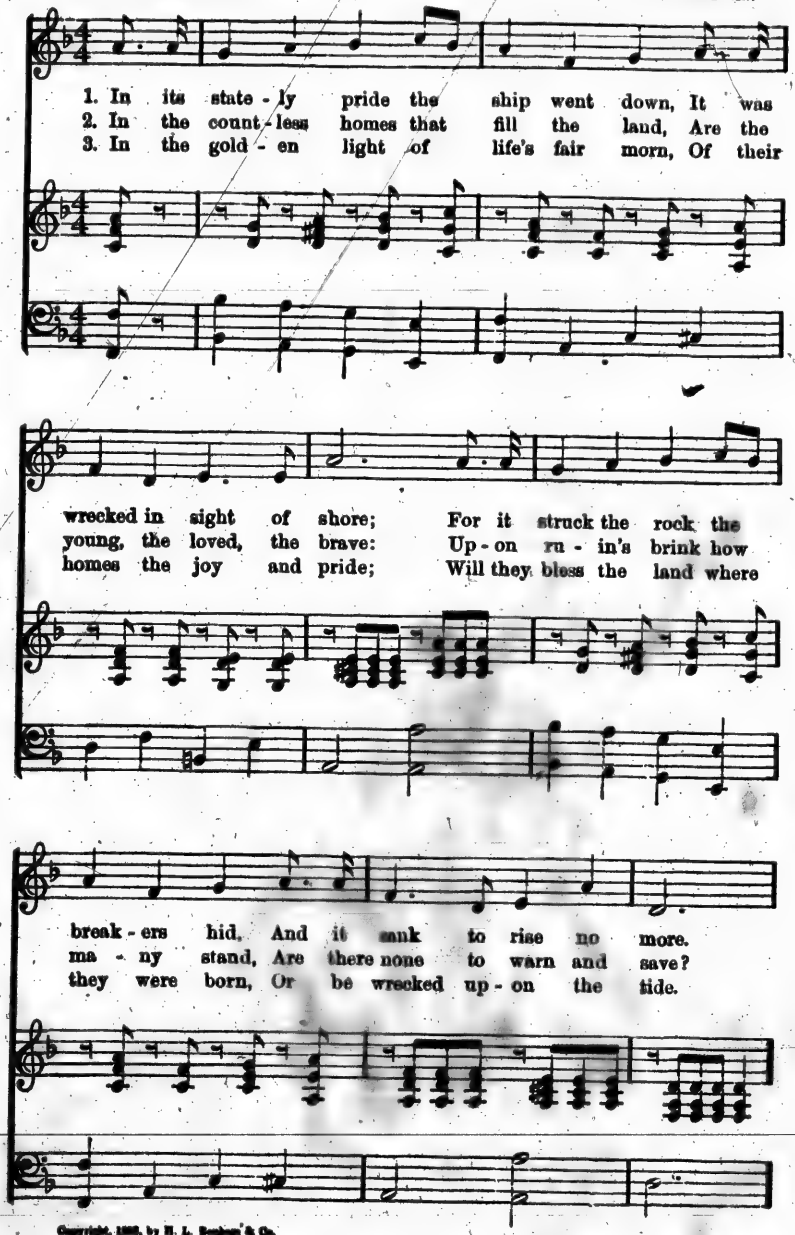






Breakers Ahead.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. J. M. Stillman.



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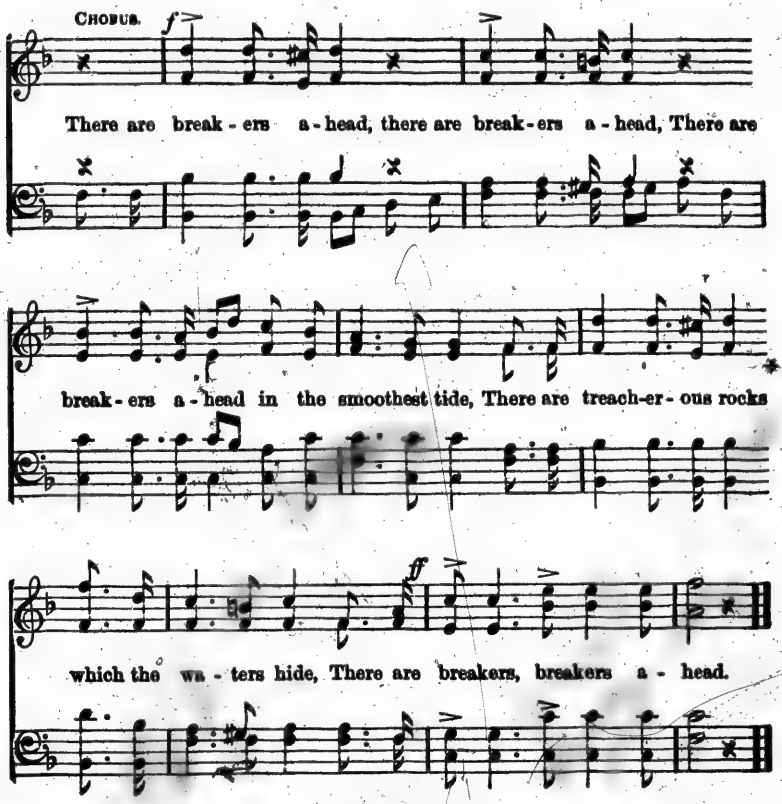

Work, for the Night is Coming.

Tune—WORK SONG. P. M. Key of F.

1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkning,
When man's work is o'er.

Anna L. Walker.

A Little Bow of Blue.

EDWARD CARSWELL. ALFRED LANG.

1. My heart was ver - y heav - y, For my children cried for bread—
2. He came and stood be - side me, And stooped and kissed my face,

I wept to see my lit - tle ones Go sup - per - less to bed;
Where tears but late - ly wip'd a - way Had left a burning trace;

I list - ened for a footstep, As I'd oft - en done be - fore,
Then, as my arm embraced his neck, Sweet hope came back a - new,

Wait - ing for a stag - ger - ing man To stumble thro' the door.
For on his rag - ged coat I saw A lit - tle bow of blue.

But his step came firm and stead - y, And his eyes were clear and true,
And his step came firm and stead - y, And his eye was clear and true,

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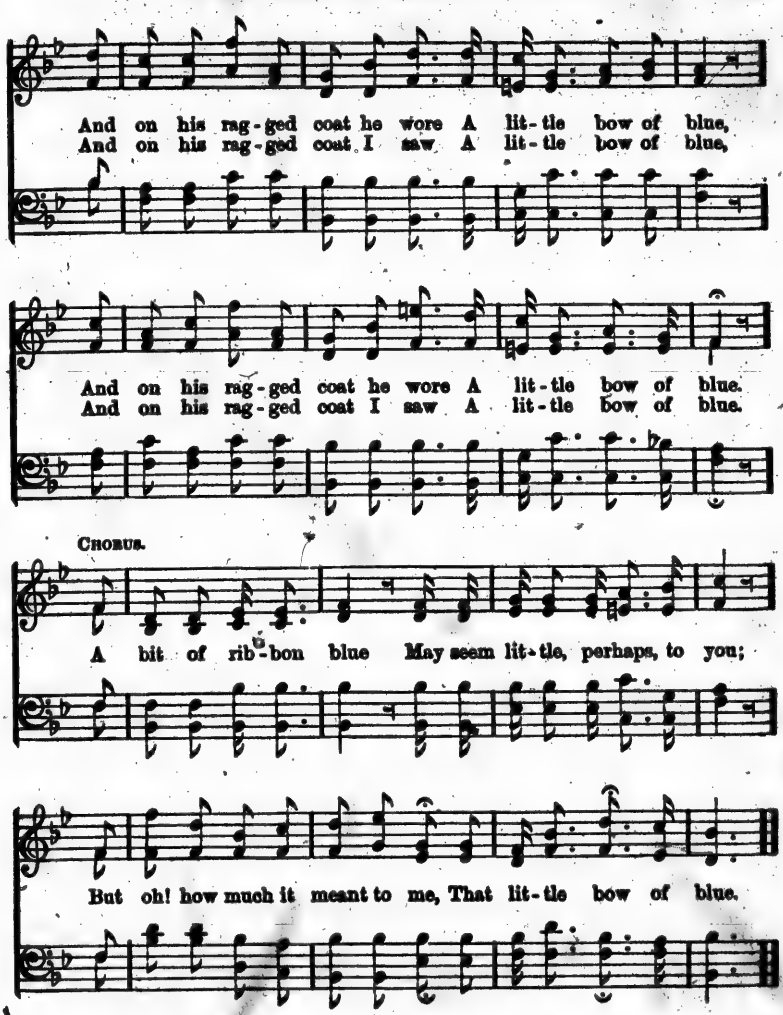


3 We knelt down by the bed-side,
Where the children lay asleep,
And prayed the Lord to give him strength
His new-made vow to keep.
Then to my lifted eyes a bow
Of promise rose in view;
The bow that spanned my brightened sky
Was just a bow of blue.
For his step is firm and steady,
And his eye is clear and true,
And on his manly breast he wears
A little bow of blue.

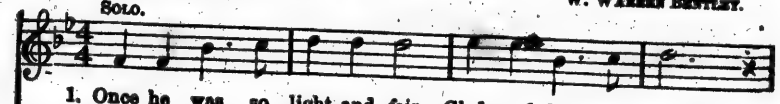
4 And is there one before me now,
Addicted to the cup,
Oh, listen to a woman's prayer,
And give the idol up.
Do, while your heart is warm,
An act you'll never, never rue;
Come, take our vow, and proudly wear
Our little bow of blue.
Then, with step that's firm and steady,
And eye both clear and true,
Wear in your heart and on your breast
Our little bow of blue.

Save the Boy!

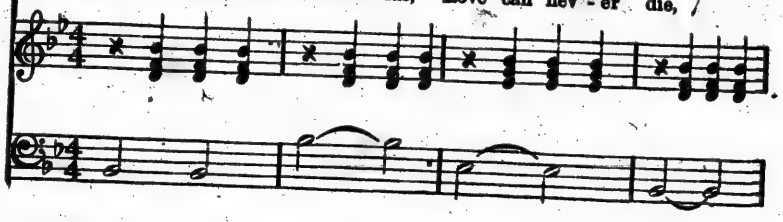
Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.

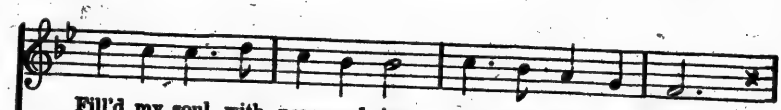
W. Warren Bentley.

Solo.

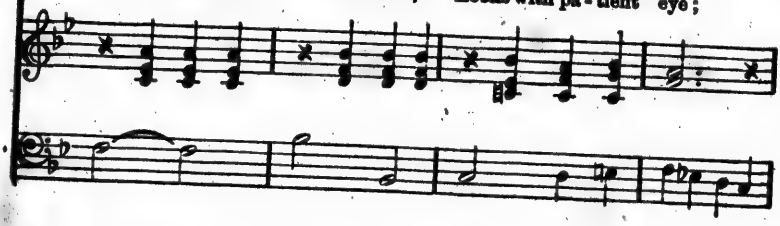


1. Once he was so light and fair, Glad, and light and free,
2. Once he was so brave and true, Shunn'd the tempter's pow'r,
3. Once he was my on - ly hope, Source of joy and pow'r,
4. Tell him, though he's wandered far, Love can nev - er die,

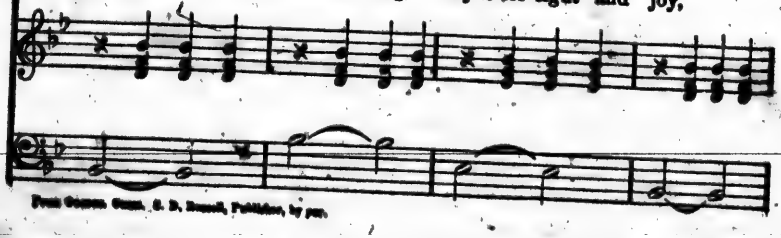




Fill'd my soul with peace and joy, Life was dear to me,
Once for right he firm - ly stood, Till that dread-ful hour;
Then I thought that love might clasp, Hold him to my side;
Lives in hope of his re - turn, Looks with pa - tient eye;



But he took the fa - tal glass, 'Twas a fleet - ing joy,
Bright and sparkling was the cup, Seem'd without al - loy,
But to - day my boy for - sakes Home with all its joy,
Lov - ing hearts have pleaded long, Pray'd for light and joy,



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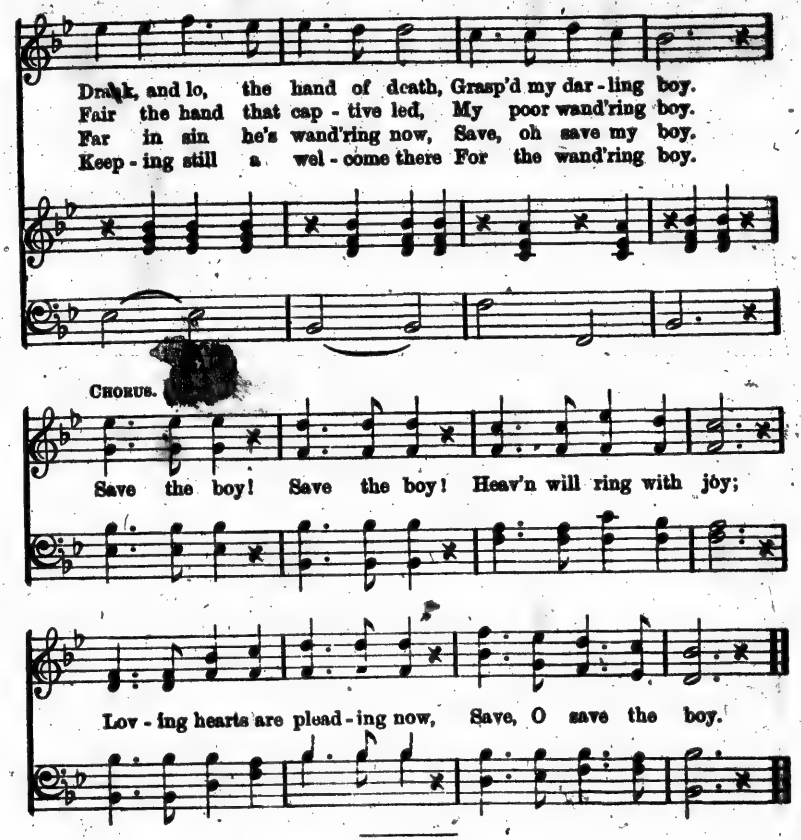

The Right Shall Prevail.

Tune—Sweet By-and-By.

1 When the right over wrong shall prevail,
When the woes of wine-drinking shall cease,
Then all nations and people shall hail
With a shout the grand triumph of peace.

Chorus.—It will come, by-and-by,
When the race out of childhood has grown;
It will come, by-and-by—
Then the age of true manhood shall dawn.

2 Right ordains that the old wrongs shall cease,
And make way for the growth of reform;
Truth and wisdom proclaim from on high
That the triumph of virtue must come.

Chorus.—It will come, by-and-by,
When the sway of foul passion is o'er;
It will come, by-and-by—
Then fair reason shall rule evermore.

The Weed.

Rev. Alfred Taylor

Arranged, H.

1. I'll sing you a song, And it shall not be long, Con - cern - ing a weed that is poi - son; Which cer - tain - ly serves To pub - lic are us - ing by mil - lions. The poi - son-ous stuff, Tak - ing lit - tle boy has - tens to grab it; He buys ten for a cent, And is mat - ter how rank and of - fen - sive; He tries to look brave, But he smok - er is mak - ing it thick - er; He feels such a drouth In - shat - ter the nerves, A poor thing to bring up the boys on.

2. Of this pes - ti - lent weed We have sure - ly no need, Yet the more than enough, With the cost running up tow'rd the bill - ions.

3. The vile cig - ar - ette Is so ea - sy to get That the ea - ger - ly bent On ac - quir - ing the cig - ar - ette hab - it.

4. The boy thinks he's a man When he smokes all he can, No finds he's a slave To a hab - it both foul and ex - pen - sive.

5. The air with the smoke Is so thick that we choke, And the side of his mouth That he hank - ers for stim - u - lant, liq - uor.

Refrain.

Oh! the hor - rid to - bac - co! The dread - ful, of - Oh! the filth - y to - bac - co! The ug - ly out - Oh! the worst kind of to - bac - co! There's nev - er a Oh! the cost - ly to - bac - co! The in - con - Oh! to be rid of to - bac - co! How shall we a -

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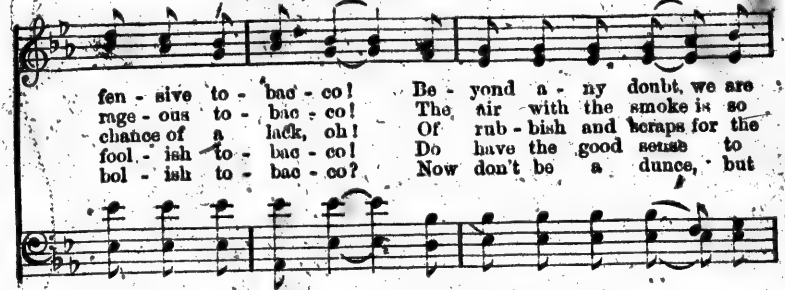
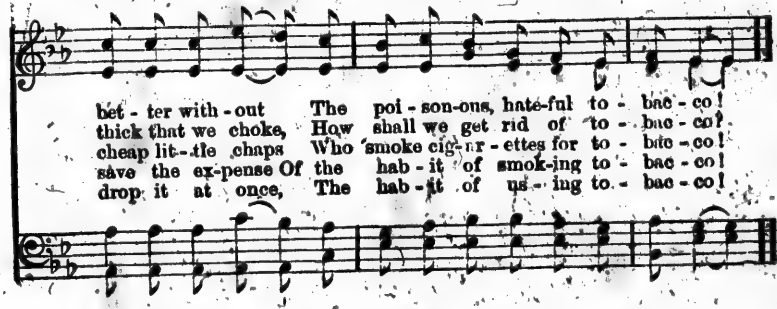


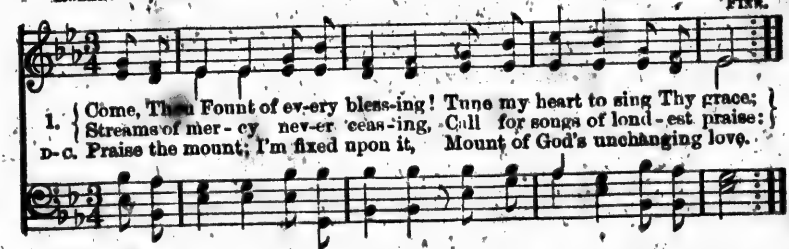
fen - sive to - bac - co! Be - yond a - ny doubt, we are
rage - ous to - bac - co! The air with the smoke is so
chance of a lack, oh! Of rub - bish and scraps for the
fool - ish to - bac - co! Do have the good sense to
bol - ish to - bac - co? Now don't be a dunce, but



bet - ter with - out The poi - son-ous, hate-ful to - bac - co!
thick that we choke, How shall we get rid of to - bac - co?
cheap lit - tle chaps Who smoke cig - ar - ettes for to - bac - co!
save the ex-pense Of the hab - it of smok-ing to - bac - co!
drop it at once, The hab - it of us - ing to - bac - co!

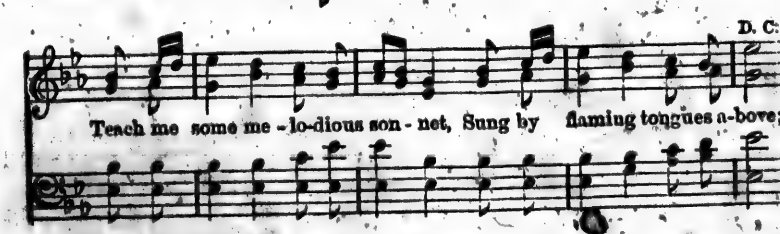
Come, Thou Fount of every Blessing!

ROBERT ROBINSON. TUNE—NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. JOHN WYETH.



FINE.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing! Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise:
D. C. Praise the mount; I'm fixed upon it, Mount of God's unchanging love.



D. C.

Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flaming tongues a-bove;

2 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

A Good Time Coming.

(Theme of Chorus from Freedman's Melody.)

J. E. White.

1. There's a good time com-ing, friends, A good time, a good time;
2. There's a good time com-ing, friends, A good time, a good time;
3. There's a good time com-ing, friends, A good time, a good time;

Cho.—There's a good time com-ing, friends, A good time, a good time;

Fine.

There's a good time com - ing, friends, 'Tis al - most here.
There's a good time com - ing, friends, 'Tis al - most here.
There's a good time com - ing, friends, 'Tis al - most here.

There's a good time com - ing, friends, 'Tis al - most here.

Oh, let us hope to see the day, In the good time com - ing,
Then all shall pledge e - ter - nal hate, In the good time com - ing,
Then let us aid it all we can, In the good time com - ing;

When earth shall glist-en in the ray, Of the good time com-ing.
To all that can in - tox - i - cate, In the good time com-ing;
Yes, ev - 'ry wom-an, ev - 'ry man, In the good time com-ing.

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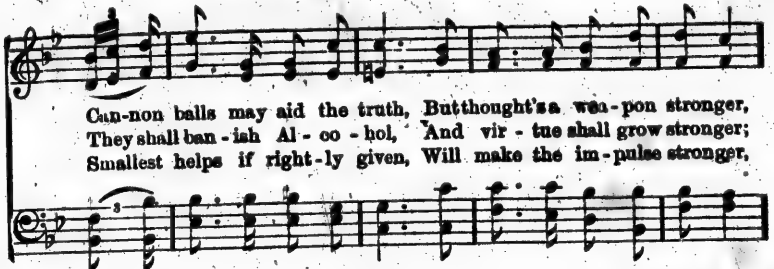
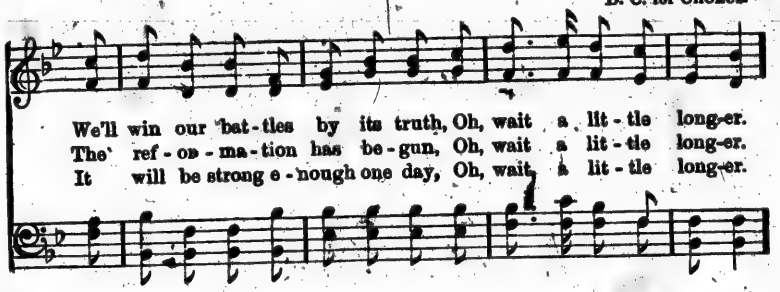


Can-non balls may aid the truth, But thought's a wea-pon stronger,
They shall ban-ish Al-co-hol, And vir-tue shall grow stronger;
Smallest helps if right-ly given, Will make the im-pulse stronger,

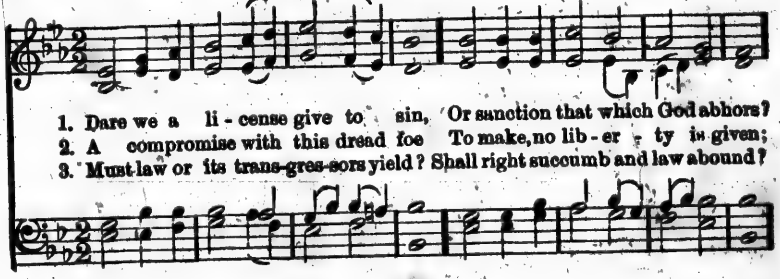
D. C. for Chorus.



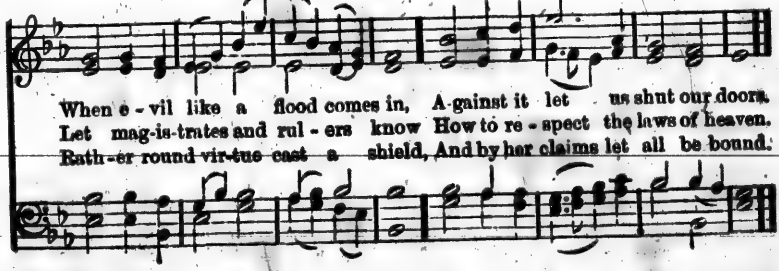
We'll win our bat-tles by its truth, Oh, wait a lit-tle long-er.
The ref-or-ma-tion has be-gun, Oh, wait a lit-tle long-er.
It will be strong e-nough one day, Oh, wait a lit-tle long-er.

Dare We a License Give?

Tune—Duke Street. L. M. John Hatton.



1. Dare we a li-cense give to sin, Or sanction that which God abhors?
2. A compromise with this dread foe To make, no lib-er-ty is given;
3. Must law or its trans-gres-sors yield? Shall right succumb and law abound?



When e-vil like a flood comes in, A-gainst it let us shut our doors.
Let mag-is-trates and rul-ers know How to re-spect the laws of heaven.
Rath-er round vir-tue cast a shield, And by her claims let all be bound.

The Temperance Banner.

E. R. Latta. T. C. O'Kane.

1. Keep the temp'rance ban-ner wav - ing, Bear it on-ward fear-less-ly,
2. They are val - iant-ly en-gag - ing With the foe up-on the field,
3. Both the tip - pler and the drunkard They will res - cue from the grave,

It will lead the temp'rance ar - my To a glo - rious vic - to - ry;
They have ta - ken oath to con - quer, And the en - e - my must yield;
And the smil - ing youths and children From the mon-ster they will save;

Where its folds are grand-ly fly - ing, There are no - ble hearts and true;
They are des - per-ate - ly charg-ing, On the cit - a - del of wrong;
Smiles shall take the place of weep-ing, And the fam-ish - ing be fed;

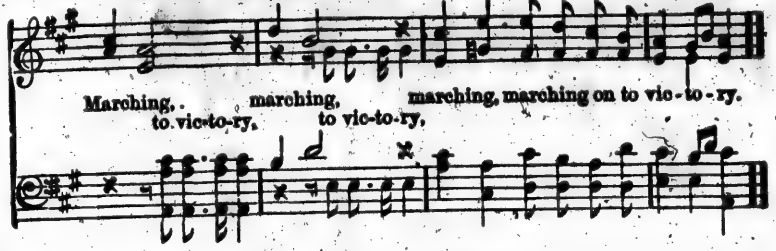
[illegible]ow - ev - er hard the strug-gle, They will fight the bat - tle thro'.
[illegible]e sol - id walls shall crumble, That have stood for a - ges long.
[illegible] might-y temp'rance ar - my, With their ban-ner o - ver-head.

Chorus.

Wav-ing, wav-ing, waving, waving the temp'rance banner high;
the banner high, the banner high,

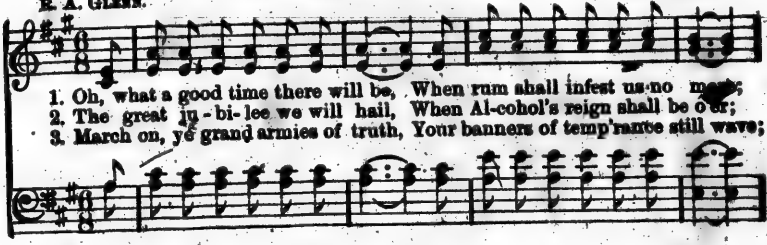
From Redemption's Praise, by per.

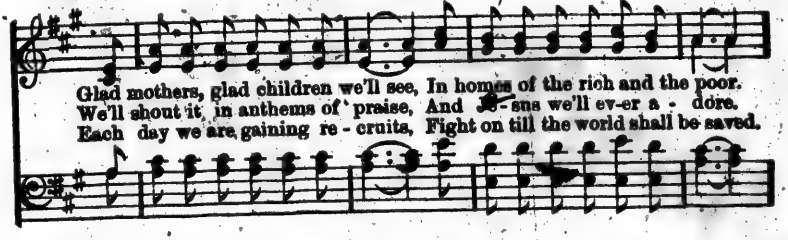
Marching, marching, marching, marching on to vic-to-ry.
to vic-to-ry, to vic-to-ry,



The Great Jubilee.

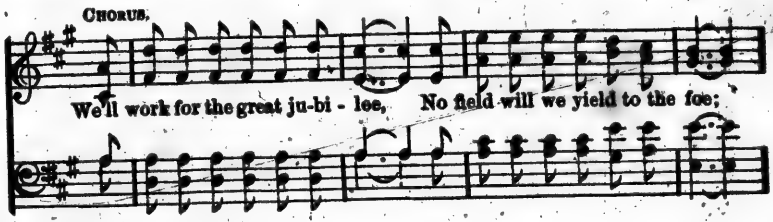
R. A. Glenn. W. T Dale.

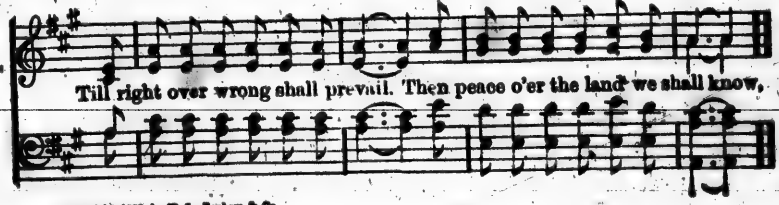




1. Oh, what a good time there will be, When rum shall infest us no more;
2. The great ju-bi-lee we will hail, When Al-cohol's reign shall be o'er;
3. March on, ye grand armies of truth, Your banners of temp'rance still wave;

Glad mothers, glad children we'll see, In homes of the rich and the poor.
We'll shout it in anthems of praise, And Je-sus we'll ev-er a-dore.
Each day we are gaining re-cruits, Fight on till the world shall be saved.





Chorus.

We'll work for the great ju-bi-lee, No field will we yield to the foe;

Till right over wrong shall prevail. Then peace o'er the land we shall know,

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Keep in de Middle ob de Road.

C. H. MEAD.

WILL S. HAYS.

SOLO.

CHORUS

1. For truth and right we take our stand, Keep in de
2. Come, all ye men who love the right, Keep in de
3. We've tried to pray the traf - fic out, Keep in de

SOLO.

mid - dle ob de road; For God, and Home, and Na - tive Land,
mid - dle ob de road; Come aid us in this glorious fight,
mid - dle ob de road; But votes will put the fiend to rout,

CHORUS.

SOLO.

Keep in de mid - dle ob de road. The right shall win if
Keep in de mid - dle ob de road. We'll hurl the rum - king
Keep in de mid - dle ob de road. Let prayers go up while

God be true, Then stand ye, men, and dare to do, Your
from the throne, Then God the Lord shall have his own, And
votes go down, In spite of scoff, or sneer or frown, For

CHORUS.

vows to him a - gain re - new, Keep in de middle ob de road.
lib - er - ty to all make known, Keep in de middle ob de road.
all right ef - forts God will crown, Keep in de middle ob de road.

FULL CHORUS.

Den, chil - dren, keep in de mid - dle ob de road, Den,

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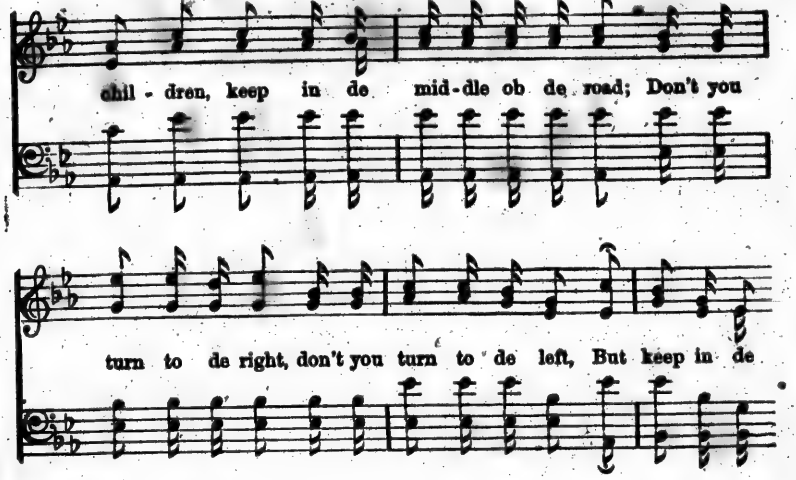
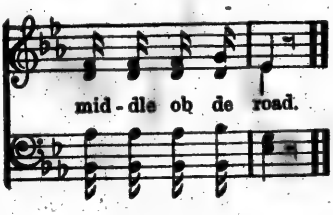




4 Our cause is right, and shall prevail,
Keep in de middle ob de road;
With God there's no such word as fail,
Keep in de middle ob de road.
We fight against the hosts of sin,
'Gainst foes without, and foes within,
But in the end we're bound to win,
Keep in de middle ob de road.
CHO—Den, children, &c.

I Love the Cause of Temperance.

TUNE—SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.

1 I love the cause of temperance,
'Tis good and true, I know;
It gives a joy and blessing
To many a heart of woe;
It makes the home of sadness
A glad and bright abode;
And the drunkard, once so fallen,
Is nearer brought to God.
Lead us onward, O Lord.
Lead us onward, O Lord;
‖: Lead us onward, :‖
Lead us onward, O Lord.

2 Strong drink, impetuous ever,
Sweeps like a rising flood,
And downward beareth many
That once were wise and good;
The poor man from his cottage,
The monarch from his throne,
And the young in life's fair morning,
Are carried swiftly down.

3 I would not be a drunkard,
For all this world can give,
In sorrow and in sadness
A sinful life to live;
But still in words of kindness
I'll ask him to abstain,
And God may yet restore him
To happiness again.

W. Hoyle.

The Ship Intemperance.

M. E. Servoss. T. C. O'Kane.

1. A ship comes o - ver the sea of time, Freighted with hu - man souls; And out on the bil - lows dash - ing high, The rud - der gone, Sails are all tat - tered and torn, And
2. All un - sea - worth - y she left the port, Col - ors were fly - ing fair; A slav - er that buys up hu - man souls, And cry of their an - guish rolls. The masts are bro - ken, the home - ward bound, Freight - ed with vas - sals of drink; To
3. See how she bounds on the sunk - en rocks, Car - ried be - fore the blast, A ship that nev - er could breast a gale, She'll sells them to dark de - spair. The ship In - tem - per - ance sink ere the storm is past. 'Tis on - ly God who can bring to land Shipwrecked and per - ish - ing souls; He

From Redemption's Praise, by per.

high on the crest of roll - ing waves, The ship t'ward the
whirl-pools of woe, she bears them on, Oh, must they, her
sure - ly will hear, so on the strand We'll watch as each

CHORUS.

rocks is borne Oh, pray to God, who a - lone can save,
vic - tims, sink?
break - er rolls.

As you nev - er have prayed be - fore; But look to it well

that you're read - y to help, If a - ny should come a - shore.

Beautiful Home with Temp'rance Blest.

TUNE—"BEAUTIFUL STAR."

1 Beautiful home, with temp'rance blest,
Happy they who find thy rest;
Earth without thee were lost in gloom,
Home ever peaceful, beautiful home!
Cho.—Beautiful home!
Home ever peaceful, beautiful home!

2 Beautiful home beyond compare,
Sweet thy strains of praise and prayer;
Angel voices, they seem to come,
Blending their songs of beautiful home.
Cho.—Beautiful home! etc.

3 Beautiful home! how near to heav'n,
When to thee pure joys are giv'n;
Rest and comfort for all who come,
Home ever peaceful, beautiful home!
Cho.—Beautiful home! etc.

W. Hoyle.

No, Sir!

Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

A. M. Wakefield.

1. Why, my lad - die, to my ques-tion, Ask - ing if with me you'll go Where the ru - by wine is flow-ing, Do you al-ways an-swer "No?"
2. My mother is a tem-p'rance wom-an, And she al - ways says to me, An - swer "No" when - e'er the tempter, Oh, my lad - die, tempteth thee!
3. Ru - by wine, I'll nev - er take it; I have oft - en told you so; Ev - ery time the tempt - er asks me, I shall al-ways an-swer "No!"
4. If I ask you, lad, or las - sie, Sit - ting here be - side the rill, Now to pledge me in cold wa - ter, Will you call me tempter still?

più mosso.

No, sir!

No, sir! No, sir! No,..... sir!

No, sir! No, sir! No, sir! No!

più lento. *rallen.*

No, Sir! No, Sir!

(Tune on opposite page.)

1 Come, my lad, so bright and manly,
Will you drink a glass with me?
We have wine, and beer, and cider,
Take your choice of what you see.
No, sir!

2 Will you have a sip, fair maiden?
Just a little does no harm;
It will give you strength and beauty,
It will heighten every charm.
No, sir!

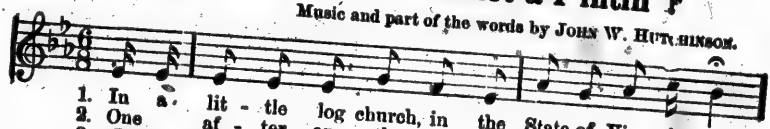
3 We the iron pledge have taken,
Standing resolute and free;
Strong in our determination,
Boys and girls, alike are we.
No, sir!

4 Never, never will we listen
To the tempter anywhere;
To his blandest invitations
We will answer bold and square,
No, sir!

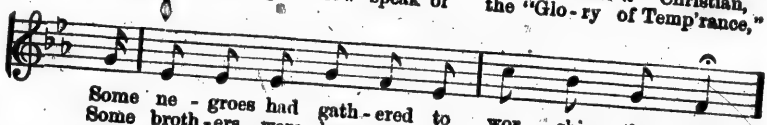
Mrs. Helen E. Brown.

158 Which way is your Musket a-P'intin'?

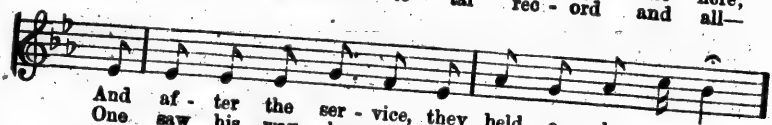
Music and part of the words by JOHN W. HUTCHINSON.



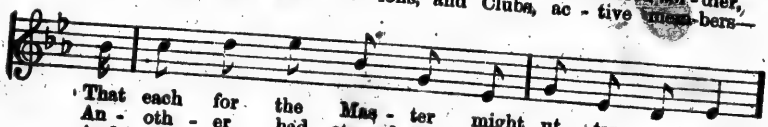
1. In a lit - tle log church, in the State of Vir - gin - ia,
2. One af - ter an - oth - er gave in their ex - pe - rience:
3. "Dear brud - ders and sis - ters, I once was a Christian,
4. Some peo - ple now speak of the "Glo - ry of Temp'rance,"



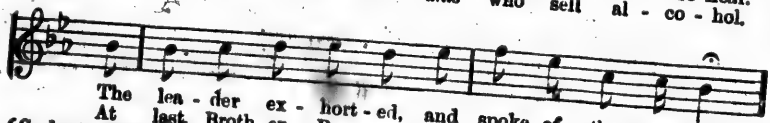
Some ne - groes had gath - ered to wor - ship the Lord;
Some broth - ers were hap - py, some luke - warm, some cold;
I once was as hap - py, as a - ny one here;
And boast of their tee - to - tal rec - ord and all—



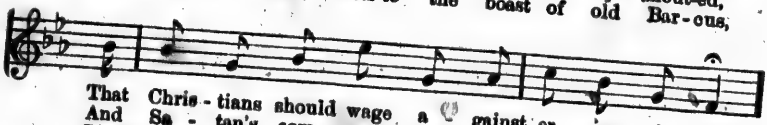
And af - ter the ser - vice, they held a class - meeting,
One saw his way clear to the por - tals of glo - ry,
I fit for the church, like a bat - tle - scarred sol - dier,
Of Lodg - es, and Un - ions, and Clubs, ac - tive mem - bers—



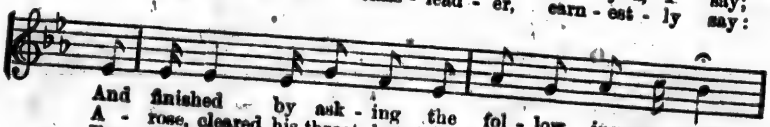
That each for the Mas - ter might ut - ter a word.
An - oth - er had strayed, like a lamb, from the fold.
And stood by her ban - ner when trai - tors were near."
Take *big rents from ten - ants* who sell al - co - hol.



The lea - der ex - hort - ed, and spoke of the war - fare
At last, Broth - er Bar - cus, a ren - e - gade mem - ber,
(*Spoken*) "Hold on, dar!" the lea - der ex - cit - ed - ly shout - ed,
I'd lik - en their boasts to the boast of old Bar - cus,



That Chris - tians should wage a gainst er - ror al - way,
And Sa - tan's com - pan - ion for ma - ny a day;
"Please an - swer the ques - tion I ax you, I say;
And then, with the class - lead - er, earn - est - ly say:



And finished by ask - ing the fol - low - ing ques - tion:
A - rose, cleared his throat, but though vis - i - bly ner - vous,
I'se giv - en you cred - it for all you fit den, sir—
"Hold on, dar, my brud - der, just stick to de ques - tion,

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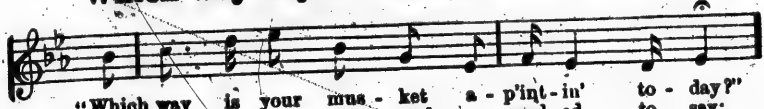
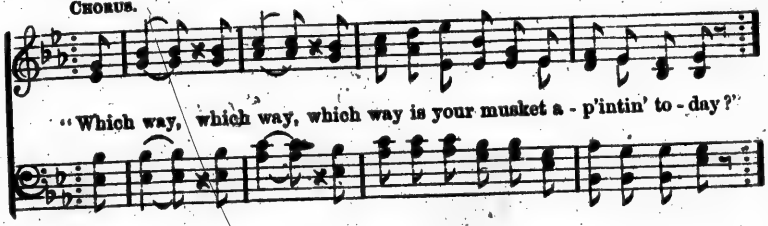


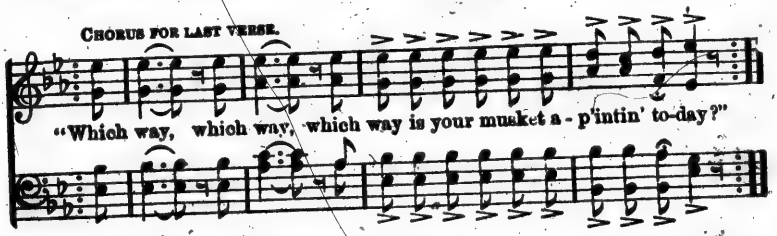
"Which way is your mus - ket a - p'int - in' to - day?"
He fold - ed his arms, and pro - ceed - ed to say:
Which way is your mus - ket a - p'int - in' to - day?"
Which way is your mus - ket a - p'int - in' to - day?"

CHORUS.



"Which way, which way, which way is your musket a - p'intin' to - day?"

CHORUS FOR LAST VERSE.



"Which way, which way, which way is your musket a - p'intin' to-day?"

5 Shall men who are training with bloated distillers,
Whose traffic degrades fair Columbia's fame,
Receive from the people their lofty positions,
And use them to add to a nation's foul shame?
Shall they who bow down in the rumseller's caucus,
And *worship* the master they humbly obey;
Shall *they* lead the nation, by Washington founded?
"Which way are their muskets a-p intin' to-day?"

6 The question, my friends, is of vital importance,
The nation is waiting in anxious suspense;
Each voter can wield a *political musket*,
Then wield it, I ask, in your country's defence!
The issue before us is plain and unclouded—
Shall our nation be ruled by King Alcohol's sway?
I candidly ask *every* qualified voter,
"Which way is your musket a-p'intin' to-day?"

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

TUNE—BETHANY.

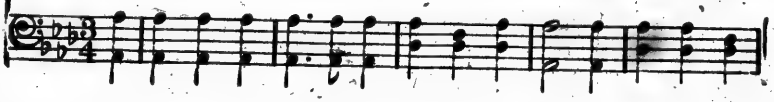
1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be—
|:Nearer, my God, to thee,:|
Nearer to thee!

2 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
|:Nearer, my God, to thee,:|
Nearer to thee!

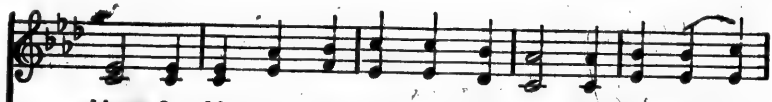
160 I'm Hiding, but Please, Sir, Don't Tell.

Rev. S. W. S. Rev. S. W. Spencer.

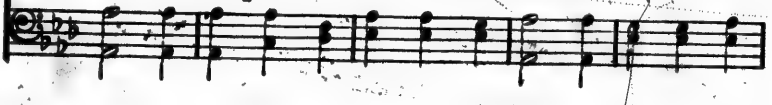
1. With-in a dark gar-ret in ten-e-ment house, A good man dis-
2. From what are you hid-ing a-way thus a-lone? Why lay you up-
3. Who beat you like that, my boy, what was it for? "*My fa-ther*, sir!

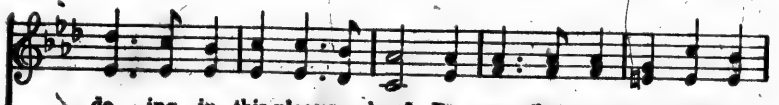


cov-ered one day, A heap, near the raf-ters, of shavings and
on this rude bed? *Your moth-er*, where is she, why does she not
he could not feel; *My fa-ther got drunk*, sir, I'm sor-ry to



chips, On which a poor lit-tle boy lay; Pray what are you
come? He an-swered, "*Please, sir, she is dead*," And *where is your*
tell, *Then beat me 'cos I would not steal*. Kind friends at the





do-ing in this place, my boy? Be sure that you an-swer me
fa-ther, why not go to him? "*Please hush, sir! don't tell him, look*
mis-sion-school told me of God, Of Je-sus, my Sav-iour, and

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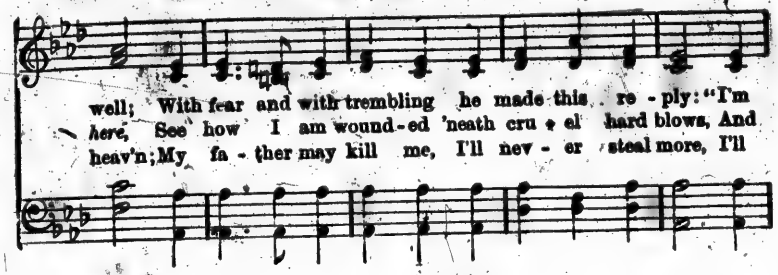
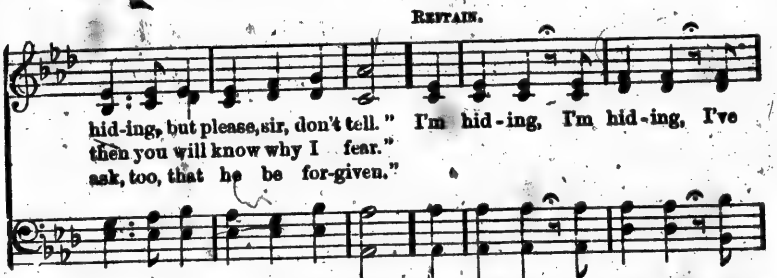
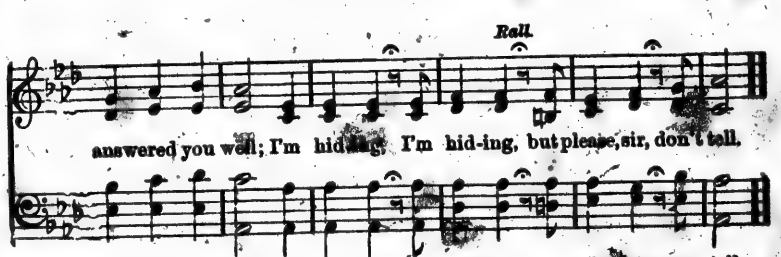




For last verse.—I'm hid-den, I'm hid-den, with



4 You must not stay longer, my boy, you will die,
Wait patiently here till I come:
I'm going away, a kind lady to see,
We'll find you a happier home.
"I thank you, kind sir, but please wait, ere you go
Let me sing you a sweet little hymn;"
Then motherless, friendless, and bruised, and forlorn,
He sang about *Jesus the King.*—Rep.

5 His song at length ended, he said, "Sir, good-by!"
The stranger departed for aid;
But soon he returned, climbed the ladder, and saw
That Jesus had come in his stead.
The chips and the shavings were there as before,
The boy yet lay on the hard bed;
One hand in his bosom, and one by his side,
The dear little fellow was dead!—Rep.

Good News, de Chariot's comin'

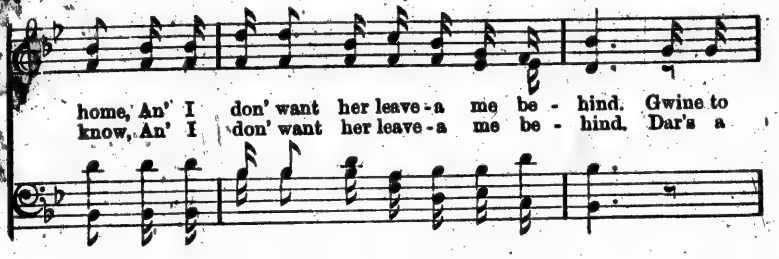
CHORUS.

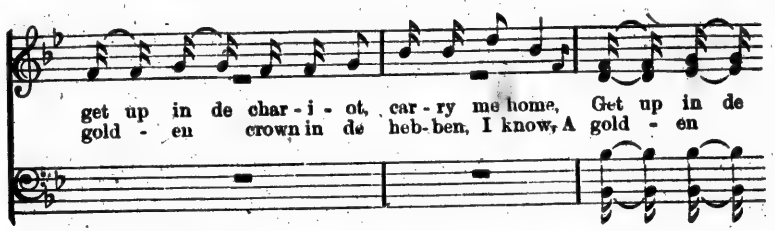
Good news, de chariot's comin', good news, de good news.

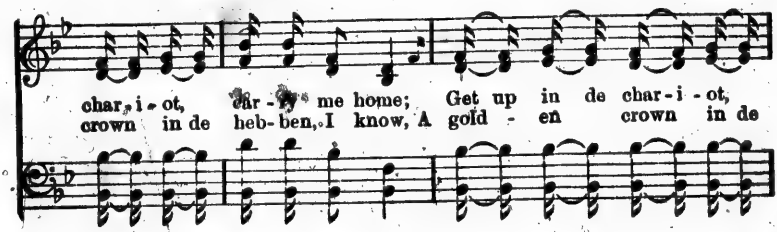
Good news, good news,

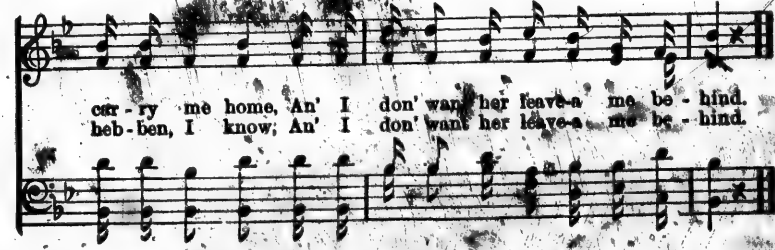
char - iot's com - in', good news, de char - iot's com - in', I don't want her leave-a me be - hind. 1. Gwine to get up in de char - i - ot, car - ry me home, Get up in de char - i - ot car - ry me home; Get up in de char - i - ot, car - ry me
2. Dar's a long white robe in de heb - ben, I know, A long white robe in de heb - ben, I know; A long white robe in de heb - ben, I

From Gems and Plantation Songs, by permission.









3 [illegible] golden harp in de hebben, I know,
A[illegible] harp in de hebben, I know,
[illegible] harp in de hebben, I know,
[illegible] don' want her leave-a me behind.
Dar's silver slippers in de hebben, I know,
Silver slippers in de hebben, I know,
Silver slippers in de hebben, I know,
An' I don' want her leave-a me behind.

Cho.—Good news, de chariot's comin', &c.

Labor On.

E. R. LATTA. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. La - bor on, that right may triumph! Strive with valliant heart and hand!
2. La - bor on, as ye have labored, Ev - ery no-ble cause to aid!
3. La - bor on to crush the monster That is rav-ag-ing the land;

La - bor on the wrong to vanquish, And to drive it from the land!
Think you what has been accomplished By the efforts you have made!
Wrecking both the soul and bod - y, Day and night, on ev - 'ry hand!

There are ma - ny plants of e - vil That cor - rupt-ing fruit will bear,
Do not be dis-couraged, brothers, God will aid you by His grace!
Brothers, give not up the struggle With the frightful demon, drink!

There are ma - ny kinds of er - ror, Running ri - ot ev - 'ry-where!
He will bless your good en-deav-ors For the need-y hu - man race!
Strive to snatch his wretched victims From de - struction's dreadful brink!

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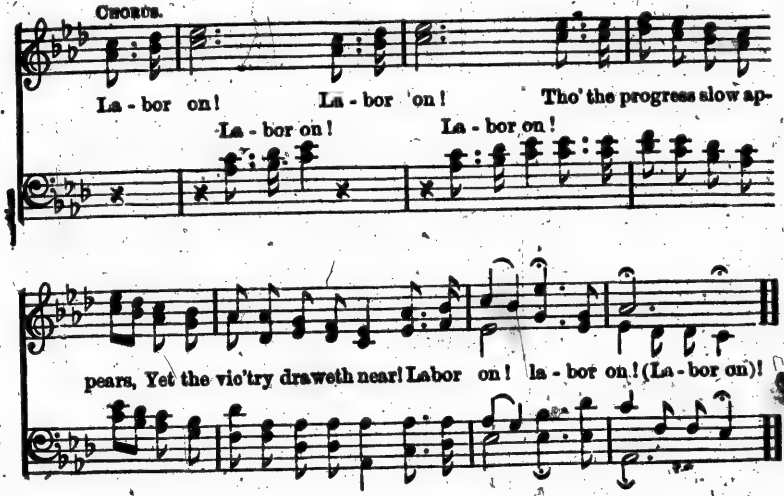
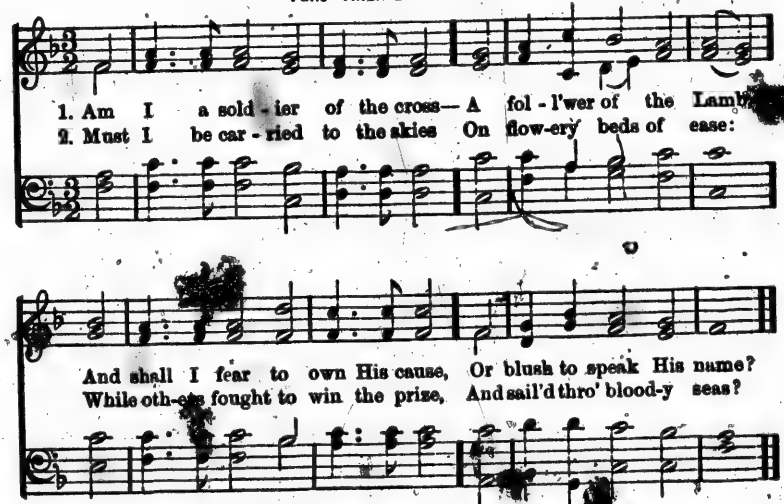


Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Tune—Arlington. C. M. Thomas A. Arne.



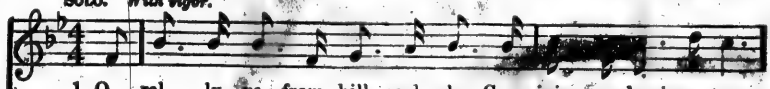
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord,
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

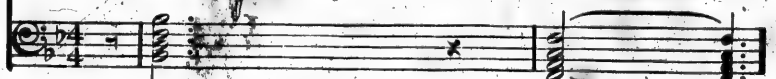
Rally, All.

ELISA H. MORTON. W. T. GIFFE.

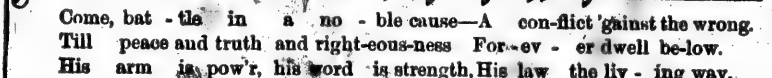
SOLO. *With vigor.*



1. O ral - ly ye from hill and vale, Come join our le-gions strong,
2. In - tem - per-ance and ev - 'ry ill, We'll seek to o - ver-throw,
3. The God of Is - rael's might-y host Is lead - ing in the fray;
4. Oh, when the vic - to - ry is won We'll pitch our tents for aye,

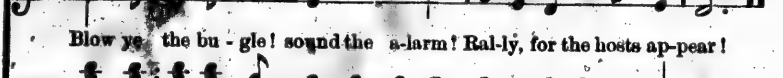


Come, bat - tle in a no - ble cause—A con-flict 'gainst the wrong.
Till peace and truth and right-eous-ness For ev - er dwell be-low.
His arm is pow'r, his word is strength, His law the liv - ing way.
On Ju - dah's plains with-in the light Of Heaven's e-ter - nal day.



CHORUS.

Hear ye the call! ral - ly one and all! Ral-ly, for the foe is near!



Blow ye the bu - gle! sound the a-larm! Ral-ly, for the hosts ap-pear!

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Mourn for the Thousands Slain.

Tune—BOYLSTON. Key of C.

1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the lost, but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

3 Mourn for the lost, but pray,
Pray to our God above
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

The Water Drinker.

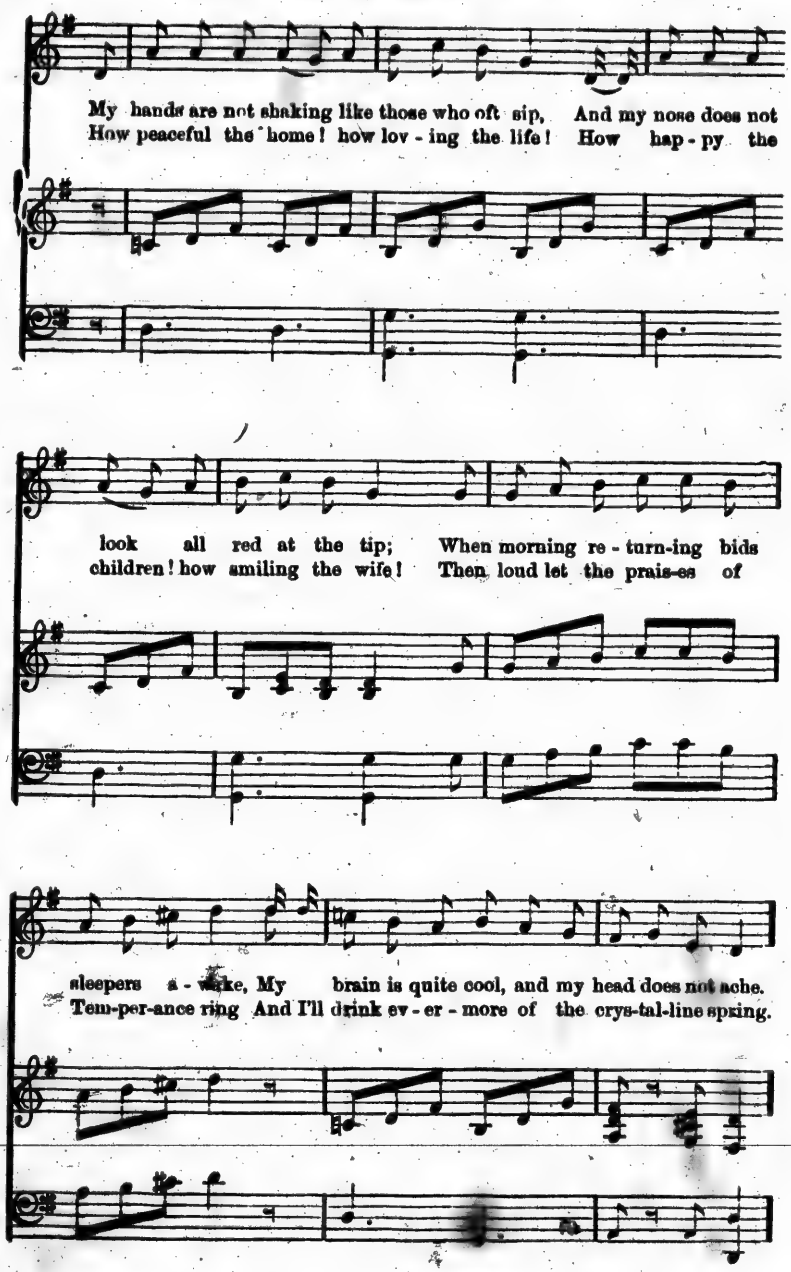
P. M. Hood. Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. I am a drink-er of wa - ter clear, And nev - er take
2. I sing the bless-ings that temp'rance brings, Of health and of

spir - it, or wine, or beer; My eye sparkles bright, 'Tis not
wealth, and of more good thing-s; There's food for the board, And the

swoll - en or red, And my step is steady, my path to tread;
clothing to wear, There is cash for the rent, and some to spare.

From Susan Norris, by per.


My hands are not shaking like those who oft sip, And my nose does not
How peaceful the home! how lov - ing the life! How hap - py the
look all red at the tip; When morning re - turn-ing bids
children! how smiling the wife! Then loud let the prais-es of
sleepers a - wake, My brain is quite cool, and my head does not ache.
Tem-per-ance ring And I'll drink ev - er - more of the crys-tal-line spring.

CHORUS.

No spir - its or wine, or tre - ble X beer, Suit half so well as the wa - ter clear; No spir - its or wine, or tre - ble X beer, Suit half so well as the wa - ter clear.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. Tune—MARTYN. 7. D. SIMEON B. MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high! }
D. C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O receive my soul at last!

D. C.

{ Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; }

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee.
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Drifting Away.

Mrs. C. L. Schacklock. D. B. Towner.

Moderato.

Tenor or Soprano.

1. They are drifting away on the sea of life, On its foaming billows tossed;
2. Let the beacon of hope thro' the darkness shine, For the wand'rers of the wave,
3. They are drifting away from the light of home, They are losing manhood's pride,

Alto.

Inst.

They are weary and faint with the fruitless strife, In a moment they'll be lost.
There is mercy and love in the Fount divine, All the wrecked of earth to save.
They are wrecking their hopes for the life to come, They are drifting with the tide.

Chorus.

drift - ing a - way,.....

Drift - ing a - way,..... drift-ing a - way,

drift - ing a - way,.....

Drift-ing a - way, drifting a - way,

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They are drifting far-ther and far-ther a-way;

They are drifting far-ther and far-ther a-way, Farther and farther a-

drift-ing a-way,.....

Drift-ing a-way,..... drift-ing a-way,

drift-ing a-way,.....

way; Drift-ing a-way, drifting a-way,

far-ther and far-ther a-way.....

They are drifting, drift-ing farther and farther, farther a-way.

They are drifting far-ther and far-ther a-way, a-way.

They are drift-ing farther and farther a-way.....

There's a Better Time a-coming.

Words and Music by J. E. Rankin, D.D. Arr. by J. W. Bischoff.

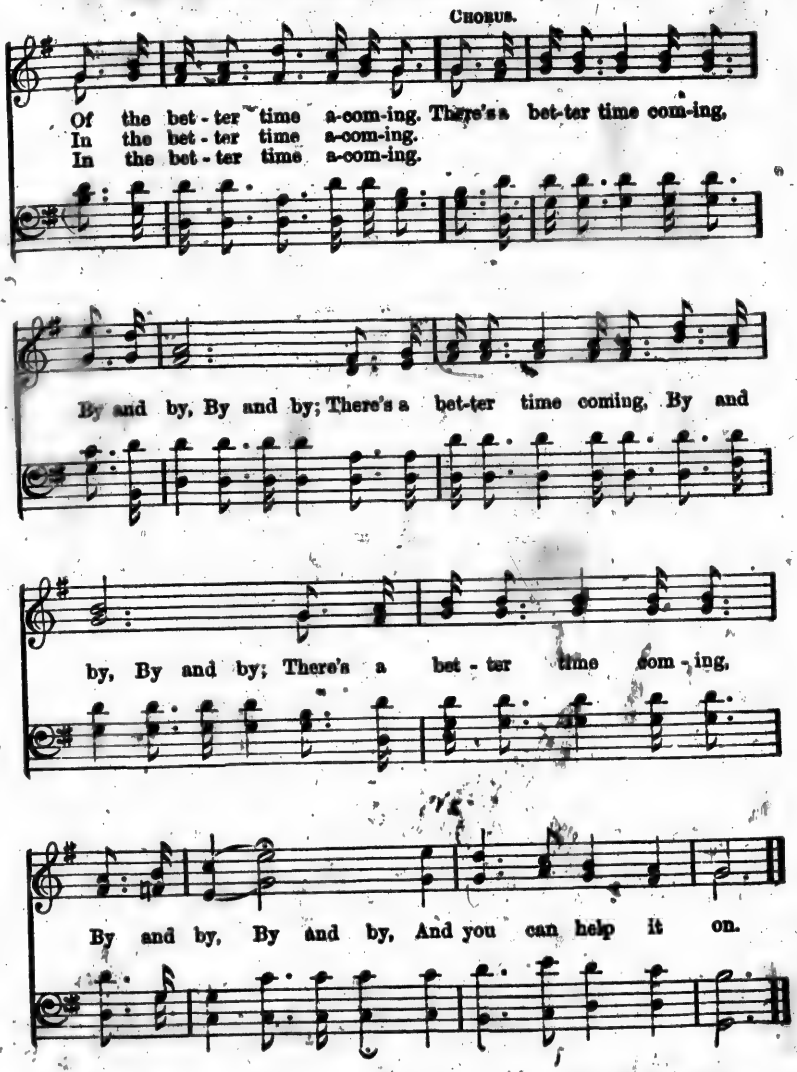
1. There's a bet - ter time a - com-ing, By and by, by and by;
2. There's a bet - ter time a - com-ing, By and by, by and by;
3. There's a bet - ter time a - com-ing, By and by, by and by;

You can catch the glo - ry break-ing In the sky, in the sky;
You can catch the glo - ry break-ing In the sky, in the sky;
You can catch the glo ry break-ing In the sky, in the sky;

Kind the words which shall be spo - ken; Lov - ing
Men no more will tempt each oth - er; Sin - ful
All men's wrongs, then, love shall right them, All men's

hearts no more be bro - ken; And the Cross shall be the to - ken
pas - sions, they will smother; Broth-er, then, be true to broth-er,
bat - tles, love shall fight them, All men's foes we'll win, de - spite them,

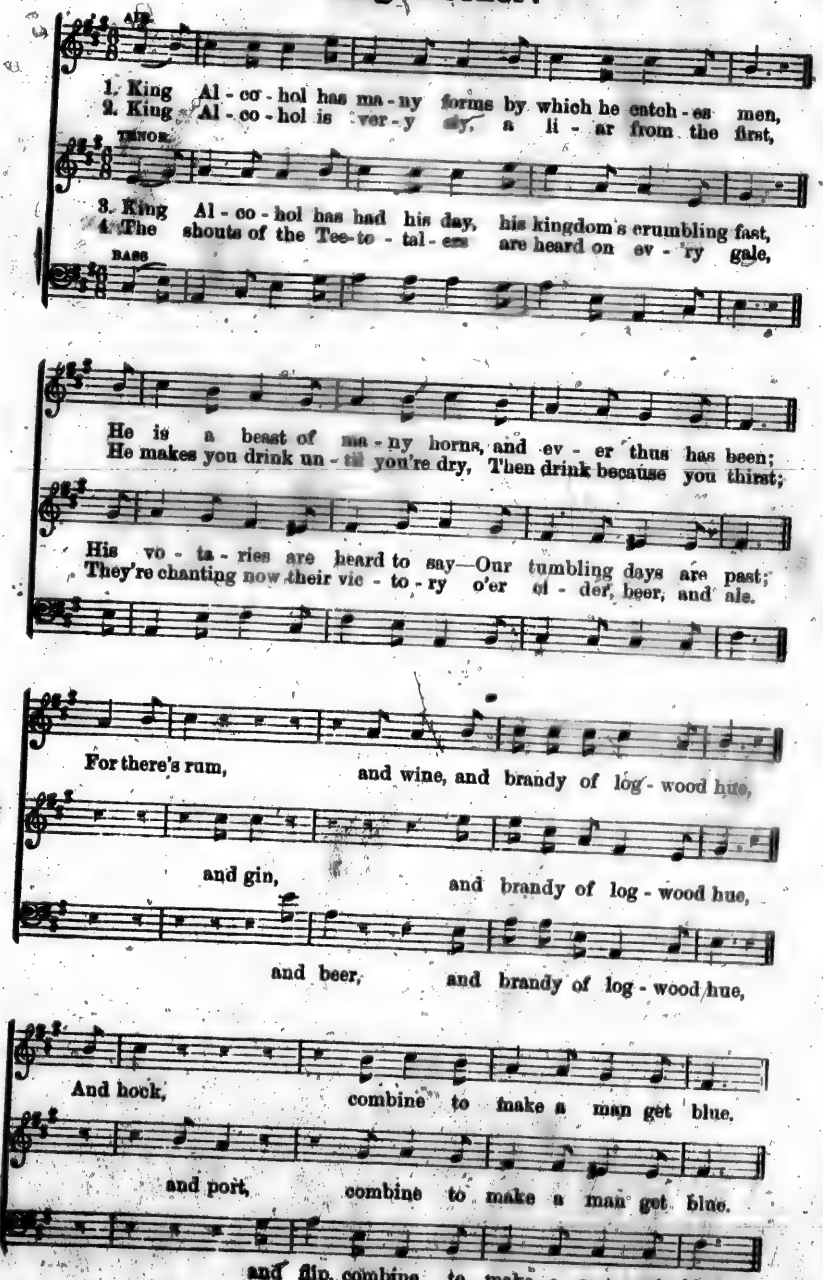
From Gospel Temperance Hymnal, by per



4 There's a better time a-coming,
By and by, by and by;
You can catch the glory breaking
In the sky, in the sky;
We'll be true! we here declare it!
We'll be loyal! now we swear it!
What is needful, do or dare it,
For the better time a-coming. Cho.

5 There's a better time a-coming,
By and by, by and by;
You can catch the glory breaking
In the sky, in the sky;
With the Lord to go before us,
With His banner floating o'er us,
Loud we shout, we shout the chorus,
Of the better time a-coming. Cho.

King Alcohol!



He says, be mer-ry, Cham-
3d v. And now we're mer-ry, Cham-
4th v. And now they're mer-ry, Cham-

for here's good sherry,
3d v. without our sherry,
4th v. without their sherry,

and Tom and Jer-ry,
3d & 4th v. or Tom and Jer-ry,

pagne and Per-ry, and li-quor of ev-'ry hue; 1st & 2d v. Now are not
pagne or Per-ry, or li-quor of an-y hue,
pagne or Per-ry, or li-quor of an-y hue,

and li-quor of ev-'ry hue; 3d v. And now we
or li-quor of an-y hue, 4th v. And now they
or li-quor of an-y hue,

and li-quor of ev-'ry hue;
or li-quor of an-y hue;

these a fiend-ish crew as ev-er a mor-tal knew? Now

are a temp'rate crew as ev-er a mor-tal knew, And
are a temp'rate crew as ev-er a mor-tal knew, And

are not these a fiend-ish crew as ev-er a mor-tal knew?

now we are a temp'rate crew as ev-er a mor-tal knew.
now they are a temp'rate crew as ev-er a mor-tal knew.

The Royal Templars' Battle Song.

J. W. Stead. T. Jones.

f

1. Rouse Templars for the ac - tion, And bold - ly meet the foe
2. The drunkard's wife ex - pects us De - liv - er - ance to bring,
3. Our cause is just and glo - rious, And bless'd by God a - bove,

Which bands in heartless fac - tion, To spread around us woe.
And make the home now wretch - ed, With songs of glad - ness ring.
We'll go to war like Tem - plars, In Hope, and Truth, and Love.

'Twill need a vig - 'rous on - slaught To o - ver-throw the wrong;
The moth-er, bowed with griev - ing, For him, her dar - ling boy,
Then ral - ly round the stand - ard, Full gird - ed for the fight;

pp *f*

But "Im-man - uel" is our war - cry, "God with us" we are strong.
Prays: "Templars, stop the traf - fic, And change our grief to joy."
The time has come for ac - tion, We'll con - quer might with right.

Chorus.

ff

Rouse Templars, rouse to bat - tle, Our am - mu - ni - tion bring;

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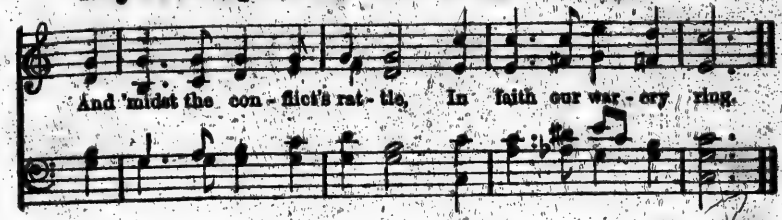
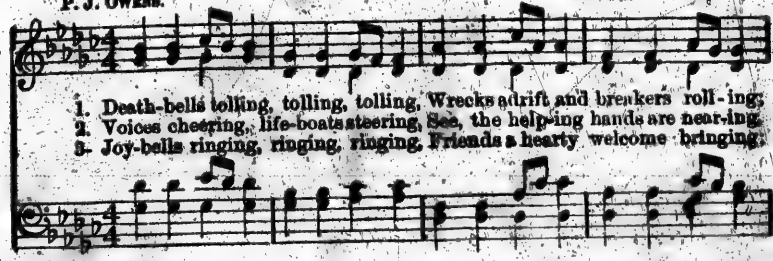
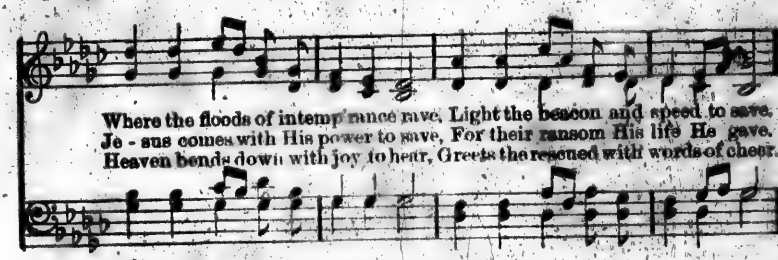
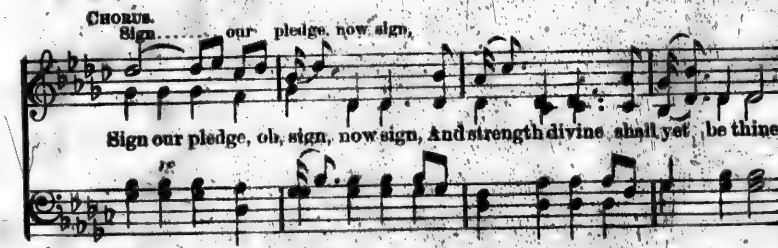


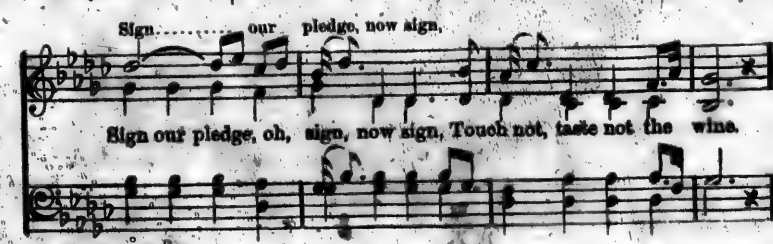
Royal Revival Pledge Song.

P. J. Owens. Chas. Edw. Prior.









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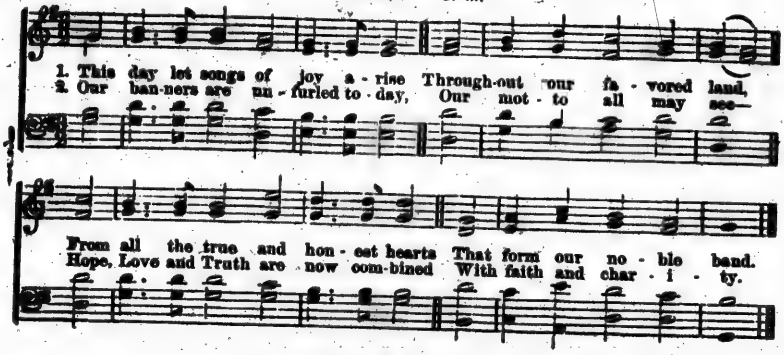
ROYAL DEGREE ODES.

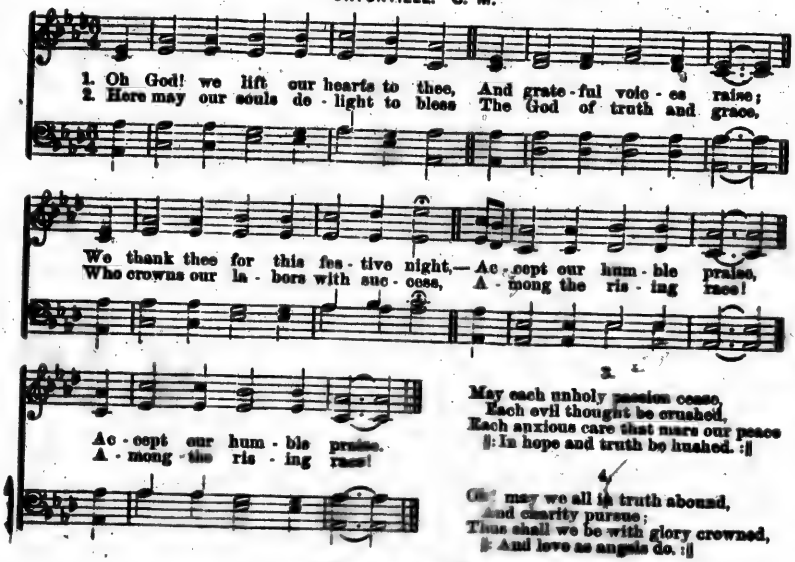
Opening Ode, No. 1.

ARLINGTON. C. M.



Opening Ode, No. 2.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.



2.

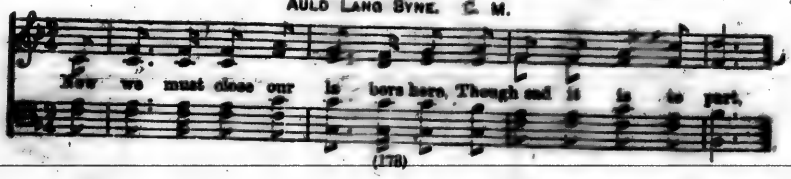
May each unholy passion cease,
Each evil thought be crushed,
Each anxious care that mars our peace
‖: In hope and truth be hushed. :‖

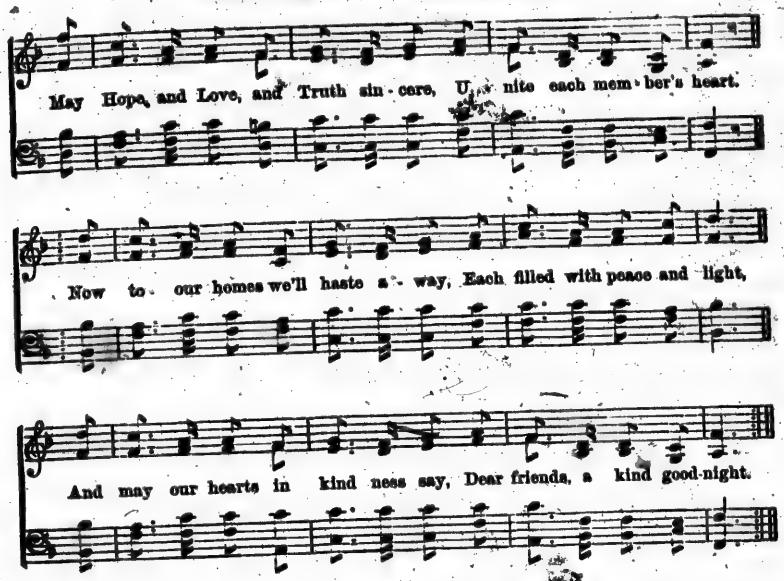
4.

Oh! may we all in truth abound,
And charity pursue;
Thus shall we be with glory crowned,
‖: And love as angels do. :‖

Closing Ode.

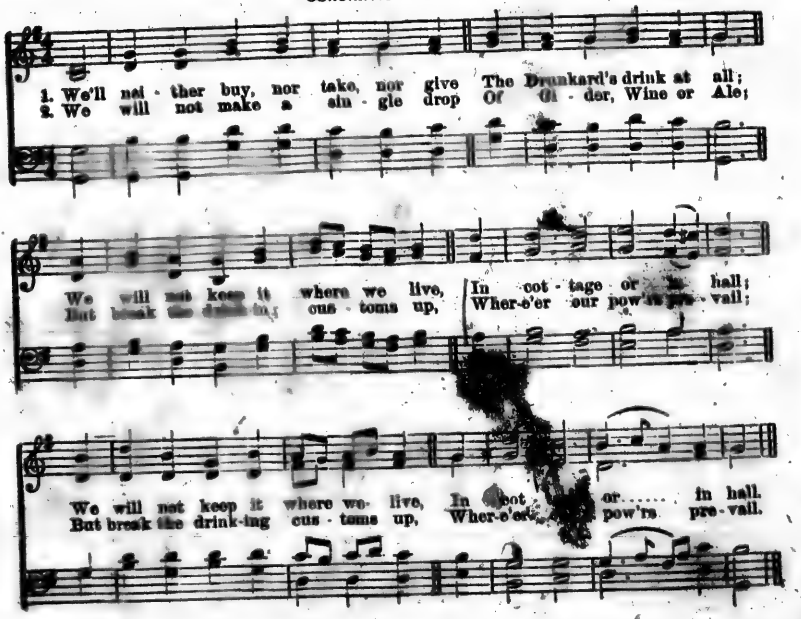
AULD LANG SYNE. C. M.





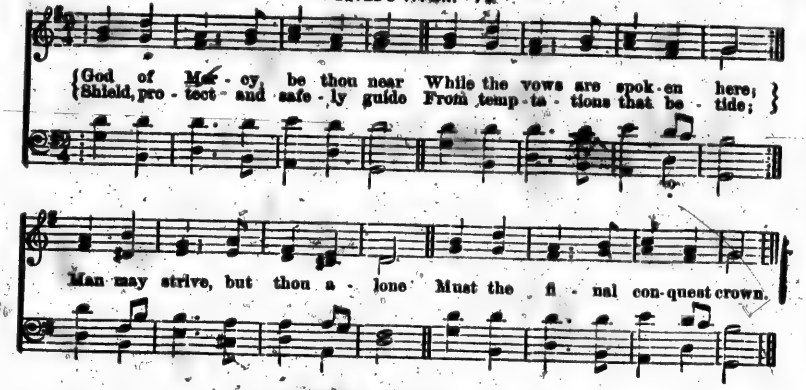
Initiatory Ode, No. 1.

CORONATION. C. M.



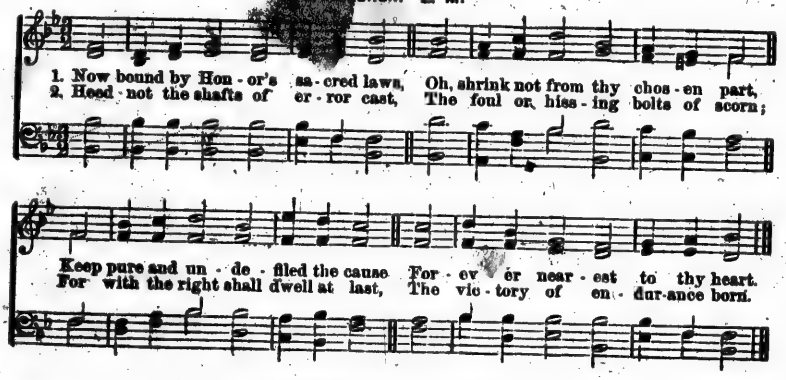
Initiatory Ode, No. 2.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.



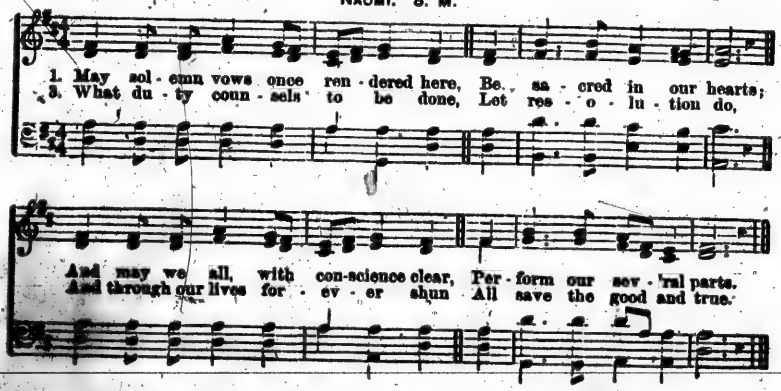
Initiatory Ode, No. 3.

HEBRON. L. M.



Installation Ode.

NAOMI. S. M.



Opening Ode.

SALERNA. C. M.

1. In - to our Coun - cil, bless - ed LOVE, Come with [illegible] - tial smile;
2. Glow in each heart with ho - ly fire, Our spir - [illegible] with Thine,

Bring from the bliss - ful courts a - bove Thy heaven on earth a - while;
Thy faith - ful vo - ta - ries in - spire With char - i - ty Di - vine.

Closing Ode.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow! Praise him, all creatures here be - low!

Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host! Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!

Raising Ode, No. 1.

GIVE. C. M.

1. Hap - py the heart where grac - es reign. Where LOVE in - spires the breast;
2. This is the grace that lives and sings, When faith and HOPE shall cease;

LOVE is the bright-est of the train. And per - fects all the rest.
'Tis LOVE shall strike our joy - ful strings. In the sweet realms of bliss.

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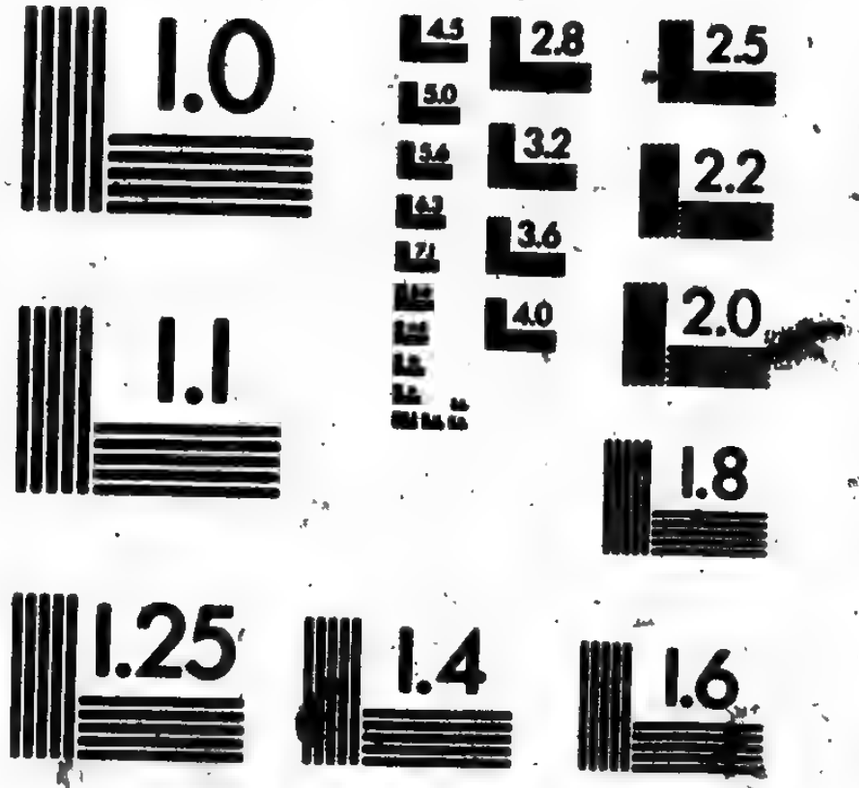
(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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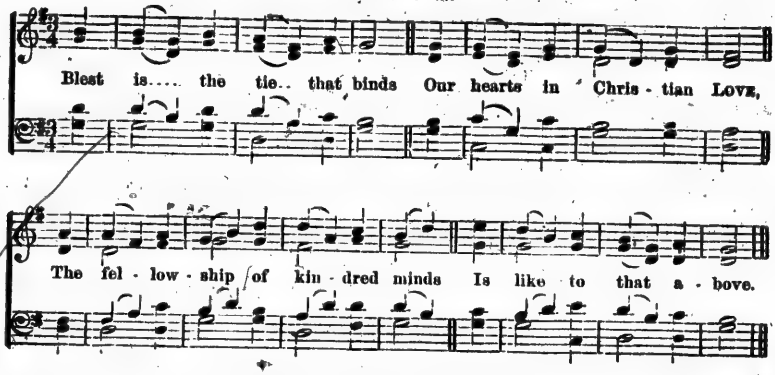
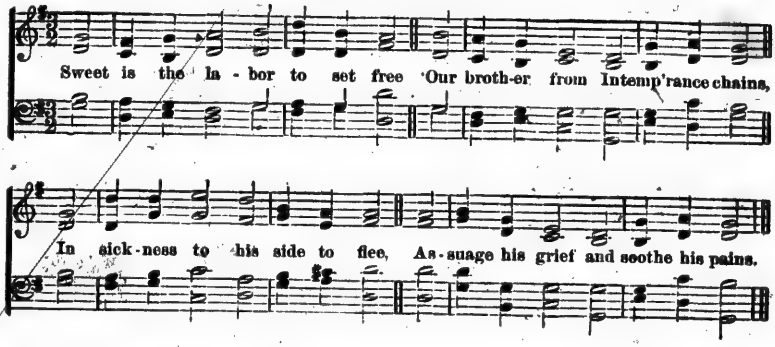
Raising Ode, No. 2.

DENNIS. S. M.



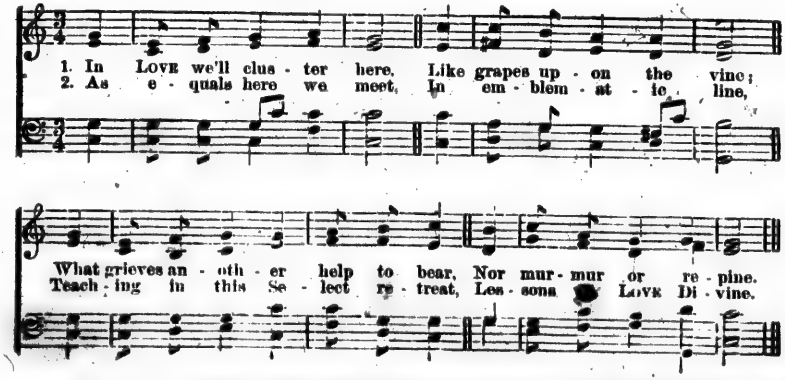
Raising Ode, No. 3.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.



Raising Ode, No. 4.

BOYLSTON. S. M.



Raising Ode, No. 5.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

Be faith - ful, *O broth - er,* thy prom - ise ob - serve; May LOVE for each oth - er our un - ion pre - serve; Keep each ob - li - ga - tion a gem of thy soul— 'Mid ev - ery temp - ta - tion, un - tar - nished and whole, 'Mid ev - ery temp - ta - tion, un - tar - nished and whole.

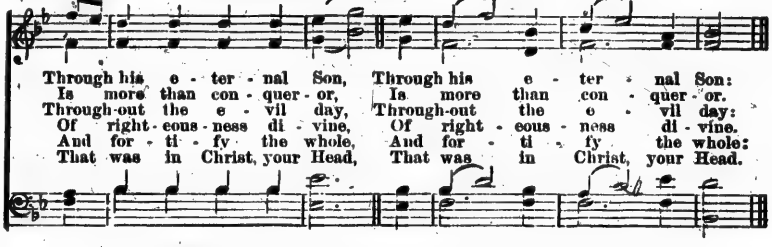
KNIGHT DEGREE HYMNS.

Opening Hymn.

DALLAS. S. M.

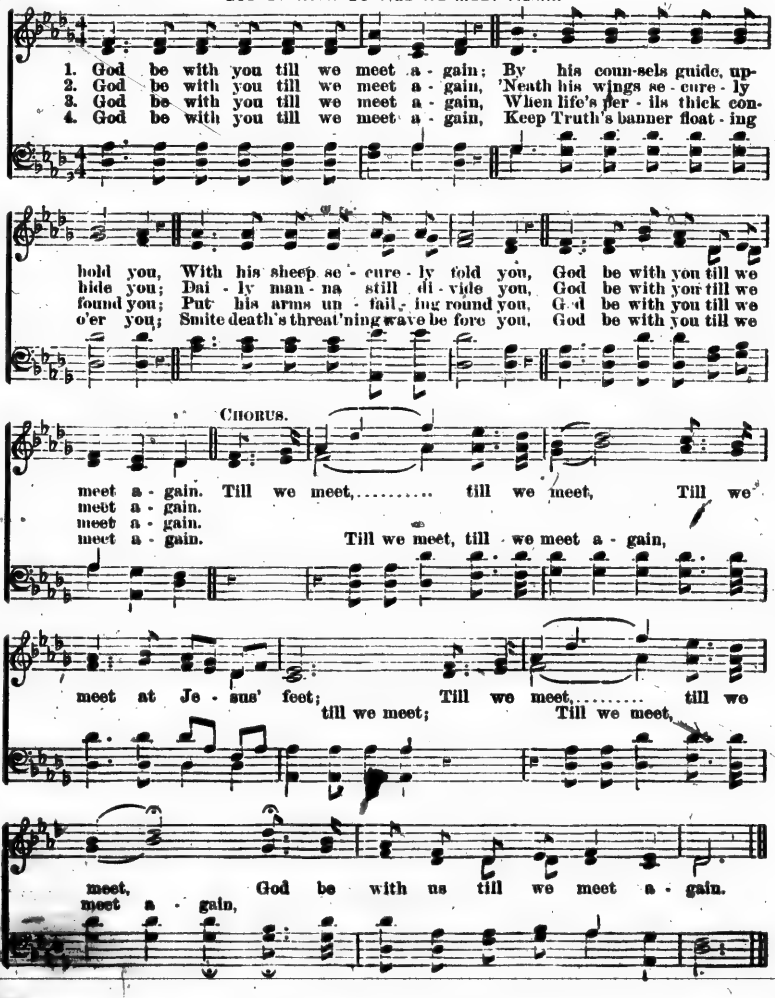
1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mour on, Strong in the strength which God sup - plies, Strong in the strength which God sup - plies.
2. Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in his might - y power, Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts, Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts.
3. Stand then a - gainst your foes, In close and firm ar - ray; Le - gions of wi - ly fiends op - pose, Le - gions of wi - ly fiends op - pose
4. But meet the wiles of night, But mock their vain de - sign, Arm'd in the arms of heav'n - ly light, Arm'd in the arms of heav'n - ly light.
5. Leave no un - guard - ed place, No weak - ness of the soul; Take ev - ery vir - tue, ev - ery grace, Take ev - ery vir - tue, ev - ery grace
6. In - dis - so - lu - bly join'd, To bat - tle all pro - ceed; But arm yourselves with all the mind, But arm your selves with all the mind

Opening Hymn.—Concluded.



Closing Hymn.

"God be with Us till we Meet Again.



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